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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

THE SAVOY EDITION

NEWLY EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are several ways of spelling the name of Shakespeare, and each of them is passionately advocated by some Shakespearean scholar. The obvious question arises, Why not spell it as he spelt it himself? But only five examples of his signature exist, and they give but uncertain guidance. The best known of these signatures is in the British Museum, and, though it is written in a very crabbed hand, it seems to read "Shakspere." This is the spelling adopted by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his *Primer of English Literature*, as it is also by Professor Dowden in his *Primer of Shakspeare*. Knight adopted the same spelling, and appears, in fact, to have been the first to do so, though in the third and fourth folios the final "e" is omitted, and though several Editors had inclined to "Shakespeare." All surnames are subject to variations in the Elizabethan age, and that on the first and second folios, "Shake-speare," appears to have been the usage under the first Stuart. Dr. Johnson is a safe guide in matters where common sense should be predominant, and he gives it as "Shakespeare," the spelling adopted here, if for no other reason, because it includes all the variations. There are other English surnames of similar form, and there is no occasion, as some have done, to make Shakespeare a corruption of "Jacques Pierre," and so to infer that the family was originally French. The name of Nicholas Breakspeare, whose people were of the yeoman class in Hertfordshire, and who rose to be the only English Pope, as Adrian IV., will come into the mind. Of the twenty plays printed separately in quarto during Shakespeare's lifetime, three editions of *Hamlet*; four editions of *Henry IV.*, Part 1; one edition of *Henry IV.*, Part 2; one edition of *King Lear*; one of *Love's Labour's Lost*; two of the *Merchant of Venice*; one of the *Merry Wives*; two of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; one of *Much Ado about Nothing*; one of *Othello*; one of *Pericles*; three of *Richard II.*; four of *Richard III.*; and two of *Troilus*, have all Shakespeare, or more seldom Shake-spear: one only, the *Lear* of 1608, has Shak-speare. It follows, without much doubt, that however he may have signed a legal document, in literature, at all events, his name was *Shakespeare*. It may be worth while to add a few notes. On the monument in the church of Stratford-on-Avon the name is given as Shakspeare: in the parish register it is Shakspere, and the same spelling appears in the three signatures to his will. Of the other two signatures, one is in a copy of Florio's *Montaigne*, and is Shakspere, and one is on a document preserved at the Guildhall, and is contracted, Shaksper, so as to throw little light on the question.

Of the family, birth, and education of our great dramatist we know very little. His father's name was John, a glover in Stratford, who filled in turn many local municipal offices. His mother was Mary Arden, who came of an ancient Warwickshire family. The exact place of his birth is unknown, as is the exact date, but his parents were undoubtedly living in Stratford at the time, for he was baptised in the parish church, 26 April, 1564. After his death, fifty-two years later, namely, 23 April, 1616, it was said that, like Cervantes, he had died upon his birthday. It

is not, however, very likely that a child should be publicly baptised when only three days old. If the biographers of Shakespeare put down nothing but what is certain about him, they would have little indeed to say. At a later period John Shakespeare was living in a house in Henley Street, and it is possible that he occupied it at the time of his son's birth. It, or to be precise, its successor, is now pointed out as "The Birthplace." I shall have occasion further on to explain the meaning of the name and its inventors. Young William is said to have led a wild life, and to have poached on the preserves at Charlcote. But this is unsupported tradition or pure conjecture, as is the story of his having to fly, and being thus driven to seek his fortune in London. All we do know is that the earliest of the plays, *Titus Andronicus*, appeared in 1594, in quarto, but no copy has survived. Some have even doubted its having ever existed. The poem, *Venus and Adonis*, was published in 1593. A pirated edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1597, in which year also *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* were issued in quarto. Mr. Laurence Hutton (*Literary Landmarks of London*) is of opinion that Shakespeare came to London in 1585. That he was already married we know from the registers. He had the bishop's license to marry Anne Hathaway in November, 1582, when he was but nineteen. His wife was twenty-seven. Their first child, Susannah, was born in the ensuing May. In 1585 Anne had twins, Hamnet and Judith, named after a friend, Hamnet Sadler, and his wife. The son died at Stratford in 1595, but the daughters survived their father; both married. Rowe started the theory that he left Stratford on account of some poaching affray in which he was engaged, and by which he offended his great neighbour, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote. It is traditionally reported that this worthy was afterwards caricatured as Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives*, and unquestionably there is a reference to the arms of the Lucy family (Act I., Scene 1).

In London he probably became a player at Blackfriars, a theatre as nearly as possible where the office of the *Times* newspaper now stands. The exact site is still marked by Playhouse Yard. Crosby Place, in Bishopsgate Street, is mentioned in *Richard III.* Shakespeare had a house in the parish of St. Helen, in 1598. Mr. Hutton observes that Crosby Place, Middle Temple Hall, and St. Saviour's Church in Southwark "are the only buildings still standing in London which are in any way—and even these only by inference—associated with him." *Twelfth Night* was acted in the Middle Temple Hall in February, 1601. A brother, Edmund, was buried in the choir of St. Saviour's in 1607. It is quite possible that he was not present on either occasion. He was connected with the Globe Theatre on Bankside, not far from St. Saviour's, on a site now covered by the buildings of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. Mr. Hutton identifies it further as having been "directly behind the houses which in 1885 were numbered 13, 15, and 17, Southwark Bridge Road, on the east side of that thoroughfare, nearly opposite Sumner Street." He held some property in Blackfriars, and in the Library of the Corporation, at the Guildhall, there is the original deed conveying to him a house "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharf." It was close to the King's Wardrobe, and may have been on the site now covered by the house of the Bible Society, or immediately opposite. During his life in London he is said to have frequented the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside and the Falcon, now marked by the Falcon Dock, on Bankside, and in both his name is associated with that of

Ben Jonson. One thing seems to be certain. Unlike too many of his successors on the stage, he constantly made money, and made it for a fixed purpose, namely, that, while still comparatively young, he might retire to the beloved Warwickshire, whose beauties he praised by implication in nearly every play.

Little as we know of Shakespeare's life in London, we know even less of his life after he retired to Stratford in 1610 or 1611. In 1597 he had bought the Great House there, which he improved and renamed New Place. His father, who had about this time obtained a grant of the well-known coat of arms (*or, on a bend, sable, a spear of the field*), died in 1601. In 1602 he bought a small estate in Old Stratford, and had other property there and in the neighbourhood. He was living at Stratford when the Globe Theatre was burnt, in 1613, and Mr. Dowden conjectures that the manuscripts of the plays perished on that occasion. A great fire occurred at Stratford also in 1614; and before the fifty-four houses then destroyed can have been rebuilt, Shakespeare died, namely, in April, 1616. He probably had premonitions and felt his health declining, as his will was signed in the previous month, having been drawn in January. There is an idle story that he died in consequence of a drinking bout with Jonson and Drayton, but there is no record that either of them was ever at Stratford, and it is pretty certain that Shakespeare, who was busied about the marriage of his second daughter to Thomas Quiney, and who was altogether engaged in making settlements and his will, was not in London during the year 1616. He was buried in front of the chancel step in Stratford Church, where a gravestone, on which there are some doggrel verses requesting his "good friend," the visitor, to spare the dust "enclosed here," is pointed out as his. It may be, but there is no name on it. A bust, coloured to imitate life, was set up after his death, and had auburn hair and blue eyes, but in a fit of mistaken zeal it was painted white by Malone, in 1793. The white paint has been removed of late years, the only "restoration" in the church of which we can approve. The object of the restorers has been; as far as possible, to destroy everything Shakespeare can ever have looked upon. A few old monuments remain, but for the rest we can only re-echo the words of Mr. Winter, in his *Old Shrines and Ivy* (p. 31). As an American pilgrim he went to Stratford:—

"The renovation of the Shakespeare church has not (July, 1891) been completed; but only a few things in it remain to be destroyed, and no doubt the final strokes will be delivered within a short time. The glory and the grandeur of that old church cannot, indeed, be entirely despoiled, even by the unserviceable zeal of bigotry and the regulative spirit of button-making convention. Something of venerable majesty must still survive in the gray mossy stones of that massive tower and in the gloomy battlements of nave and chancel, through which the winds of night sigh sadly over Shakespeare's dust. The cold sublimity of the ancient fabric, with its environment of soft and gentle natural beauty and its associations of poetic renown, can never be wholly dispelled. Almost everything has been done, however, that could be done to make the place modern and conventional. The appearance of the church, especially of its interior, has been materially changed. A few of the changes were, perhaps, essential, and these may have been made wisely; and all of the changes have been made with mechanical skill, if not always with taste. A few more touches, and the inside of the ancient building will be as neat and prim as a box of candles. That was the avowed object of the restoration

—to make the church appear as it used to appear when it was built and before it had acquired any association whatever; and that object has been measurably accomplished. But all change here was an injury.”

The authorities lately appealed in the papers for more money “to make the place modern and conventional,” but nothing can now injure it. It is the same in the town. The picturesque old market cross was destroyed in 1821. A little later an old house in Henley Street, traditionally said to have been “The Birthplace,” was rebuilt in imitation, and the real beams and timbers were taken to America, where they were put together again. One or two pretty Elizabethan houses remain in the streets, but New Place has been pulled down, having previously been almost, if not altogether, rebuilt. The Grammar School, where Shakespeare must have learned to write, was threatened a few years ago, but is still standing. The scenery of the neighbourhood is the perfection of the best English type, often described and alluded to in the plays. This alone remains as he saw it, and even the “restorer” is unable to touch it. The cottage of Richard Hathaway, Shakespeare’s father-in-law, still exists and has been secured by public subscription, not, we may hope, for “restoration,” but for preservation. It only remains to be said that a singularly ugly little building, a combined theatre and library, in a foreign style of Gothic as unlike the beautiful English Elizabethan of Shakespeare’s time as the architect could make it, now occupies the site of New Place.

Many questions have been asked as to Shakespeare’s religion, and whole treatises have been written on the subject. We must remember that in 1564, when he is supposed to have been born, Queen Elizabeth had only been six years on the throne, and that the fires of the Marian persecution were not long extinct, while they dwelt still in the memory of a majority of the population among whom he grew up. Also, it was not until after the death of Elizabeth, and five years before the death of the dramatist himself, that what we know as the authorised version of the Bible was first published. The Book of Common Prayer was still under revision, and was in many respects different from what we have now. Hooker, the greatest ecclesiastical authority of the time, was preaching at the Temple while Shakespeare was in London, but in his works, though the Bible is frequently quoted, it has been found impossible to assign the quotations to any one version. Religion, therefore, was in a transitional state; and, like Queen Elizabeth herself, Shakespeare admired the pomp and pageantry of the older ritual, at the same time that his surroundings forced him to conform to the new. In short, although some of his anti-papal expressions in *King John* are quoted to prove his Protestantism they really tell the other way, as they are considerably softened from the sentiments he found expressed in the play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, printed in 1591. It is, at any rate, certain he was no bigot, and his love of his country would, without doubt, lead him to side against the Queen’s enemies and with the reformers. But, in truth, the matter is one as to which, however interesting, we have little or no information. The efforts of editors and searchers have only resulted in leaving us just where we were. We know very little about Shakespeare, but we know still less about his eminent contemporaries, such as Marlow or Greene, Peele or Lyly. The real Shakespeare, the merry or sad, the amative or poetical, the sublime or stately Shakespeare, is to be found only in the plays, and by them alone can we judge justly of the man.

Within the narrow compass of the present essay it would be absurd to attempt any criticism of the plays of the greatest dramatist England—or, shall we say, Europe?—has produced. It will be enough to note certain facts respecting their production, and especially respecting their chronological and literary history. As to criticism, the civilised world has pronounced them supreme in the highest walk of art. They have their faults, but they are human :

Humanum est nescire et errare :

but the very faults endear them to us. We feel that, great as is their genius, they are not too lofty for our just appreciation.

Let us, in the first place, endeavour to trace the beginnings of this wonderful genius.

The two plays produced while Shakespeare was still young to the stage are *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* Mr. Dowden characterises both as work of an earlier period, edited and touched up by Shakespeare for acting purposes. He does not soften the bloodthirstiness of the old English tragedy, but he puts in tender and poetical passages which are foretastes of the power he subsequently developed. In the *Titus* there are verses no one but he, or possibly Greene, could have written. They contrast curiously with the drums and trumpets, slaughter and cruelty, which predominate in the piece. Take such lines as these :—

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

or,

A barren detested vale you see it is ;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe ;

or,

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;

or,

Like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts.

Similes like these transport English woodland scenery to Rome, and betray clearly the handwriting of the Warwickshire poet.

It is the same with *King Henry VI.*, Part 1 :—

Glory is like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

or,

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch ;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth.

and, indeed, all the scene in the Temple Gardens. It is, however, better for critics not to be too sure, and while in the plays just named there are Shakespearean passages, so, too, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which is his undoubtedly and wholly, there are lines as weak as the worst in either of the others. Still, we must always remember that as tradition is nought by itself, though it is a powerful prop to history, so internal evidence, though weak and even foolish alone, may change external likelihood into absolute certainty.

Both kinds of evidence abound as to *Love's Labour's Lost*. First printed in 1598, it had already been acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1597, and Knight places it about 1589, when Shakespeare, "being only twenty-five years of age," was a joint proprietor of the theatre at Blackfriars. That was the year when the famous "dancing horse," a middle-sized bay, named Marocco, about fourteen years of age, was exhibited by Banks in London. The allusion to it is not, of course, conclusive, as it may have been put in any time before 1598. The object of the whole piece is to make fun of the Euphuists, of whose absurdities Sir Walter Scott made such amusing use in *The Monastery*. How Shakespeare learned to write so admirably, as in some of the longer speeches in this play, must always be a mystery. Coleridge said of Biron's speech commencing—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms,

in the Fourth Act, that "it is logic clothed in rhetoric." The transition from the old masques, the tragedies full of bloodshed, the comedies full of grossness, is abrupt and astonishing. Mr. Dowden has well remarked that this "is a dramatic plea on behalf of nature and of common sense against all that is unreal and affected." *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* were printed in the same year, as well as *Romeo and Juliet*. *Henry IV.* (both parts) and *Henry V.* followed; and then we come to what has been termed the middle stage. The whole of Charles Knight's dissertation on this subject should be read by anyone who desires to form an opinion. He makes the early period terminate with the *Taming of the Shrew*, the second with the *Merry Wives*, the third with *Timon of Athens*, and the fourth with *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The plays of Shakespeare's middle period, then, may be identified with those he wrote shortly before he left London and returned home to Stratford. The most important of them, or, at least, that one which is most suitable to the modern stage, is *The Merchant of Venice*. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1598, but may possibly have been in existence a little earlier. The stories of the pound of flesh and of the caskets are both adaptations from older authors, but this is the first play in which Shakespeare put forth his unerring dramatic power, the first in which, however unlikely the plot, however slight the figures, everyone lives and has his several character: all are human, even Shylock. Passing by *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and some other plays, we come to the very farcical *Merry Wives of Windsor*, said to have been written in ten days, at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. It is bright and unflagging throughout—"a sunny play," says Mr. Dowden, "to laugh at if not to love." He does not mention the prominent feeling in our minds as we read it—the consciousness of power in every line, the characters, though they are so lifelike and spontaneous in their action, yet falling into line and grouping themselves like puppets at the waving of the magician's wand. It is but a slight piece, no doubt, but there is not in the whole list of plays one which offers stronger evidence of the dramatist's awakening to a knowledge of his own capacity. The *Merry Wives* first appeared in 1602, but was touched up early in the subsequent reign. The same strength is visible in *Much Ado about Nothing*, which also remains a favourite on the modern stage. To the same period we must attribute *As You Like It*, which was registered with the two last-

named, and, like them, still keeps possession of the stage. Mr. Dowden speaks of the scene of *As You Like It* as "French soil," but Mr. Winter would prefer to make it altogether English, and to see in the forest of Arden an allusion both to Mary Arden, the poet's mother, and also to the fair greenwood region, still called the forest of Arden, in his own Warwickshire. "From his earliest boyhood this region must have been his pre-empted field of exploration and adventure, and must have been haunted for him with stately shapes and glorious visions." It cannot be said that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is contemporary with the plays just named, "holds the stage" equally with them. It is eminently intended to be read, not to be acted. It has been described as a "lofty and lovely expression of a luxuriant and happy poetic fancy." It has been suggested with much plausibility that it was written for a show or masque to be performed in the wedding festivities of one of Shakespeare's friends or patrons, possibly of the Earl of Southampton, who married Elizabeth Vernon, in 1598. Like so many of the other plays, it is full of the Warwickshire landscape, though the scene is laid at Athens, and abounds in those charming rural touches which show not only observation but a pure love of nature. The keynote of the whole is given in the opening lines,

But, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes!

and again,

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night.

Helena describes a country scene in a couple of lines :

Your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

The fairy, in Act ii., sings,

I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

The same act contains an allusion to the boisterous weather and floods which devastated the Midlands in 1594:—

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air.

The last plays Shakespeare wrote in London are probably those enumerated by Knight under the "Third Period, 1601 to 1607." The first is *As You Like It*, already mentioned. It was followed by *Twelfth Night*. "At our feast," writes Mr. John Manningham, a budding barrister of the Middle Temple, in February, 1602, "we had a play called 'Twelve night or what you will,' much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmis in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni." This entry means that *Twelfth Night* was acted probably by, certainly before, the Templars at Candlemas in the beginning of 1602. Knight leaves his usual lines of careful analysis and discerning criticism when he comes to Manningham's little entry. "Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple," he exclaims, "thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we

looked upon that entry!" There is little else to be said about the play. It marks Shakespeare's rise to a level of high comedy which he never exceeded. The fun is continuous and all of the same by no means exuberant quality; and it marks something more. From this time his work has a different tone. The contrast between *Twelfth Night*, the brightest, and *Measure for Measure*, the saddest of the so-called comedies, is as strongly marked as possible. The next step, after the woes of Isabella and Mariana in the Moated Grange, is straight into tragedy. Accordingly, the next drama, if Knight and most of the other critics are right, is *Hamlet*, and *Hamlet* is followed by *Othello*, and *Othello* by *King Lear*. Finally this cycle is closed with *Macbeth*.

There is a reason for these successions and changes. The year 1601 was disastrous to some of Shakespeare's best friends and patrons. It does not seem that he was himself implicated in the foolish attempt at rebellion made by the two earls, Essex and Sussex, but it is certain that their fall and the death of Essex on Tower Green were severe blows, both to his feelings and to his prosperity. As if to accentuate his grief, his father died on the 8th September in the same year. It was said and is reported by Lambarde, whom Elizabeth called "her handsome man of Kent," that the tragedy of *Richard II.* was aimed at the Queen. "Know ye not," she said, "that I am Richard II.," adding, "This tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses." She attributed all to Essex, and it is difficult not to believe that Shakespeare was more closely concerned in the seditious movement of 1601 than we can now exactly define. The whole story is told at great length and with much minuteness by Charles Knight in his volume of *Biography*, to which we must refer the reader who desires further information. Certain it is that heavy gloom overshadowed the dramatist, both in London and at home in Warwickshire, and is reflected in the plays of this period. Knight fancies that Shakespeare went to Scotland in 1602, and there visited the scenery described in *Macbeth*. This is very possible. We do not hear anything of his being in London, and we know he was not at Stratford, where one of his brothers was acting as his agent in further purchases of land. The plays just mentioned are all tragical, and with them were three older plays, which he recast but did not write, namely, *Timon of Athens*, *Cymbeline*, and *Pericles*. Of the last very little would seem to be his, and it is not included in the first folio or the present edition.

He finally retired to his residence at Stratford in 1607 or 1608, only visiting London occasionally; and in the few remaining years of his life he seems to have produced a play, generally a tragedy, every year on the average. In this last period appeared *A Winter's Tale* and *Troilus and Cressida*; and the fulness of his powers is displayed in *The Tempest*. In *Henry VIII.*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* there is no falling off. On the contrary, there are whole scenes in each of them equal to the best work he ever produced, and, indeed, *Henry VIII.*, which is still often acted, contains some of the finest passages in all he wrote. It was probably composed in, or shortly before, 1613, because in June of that year, while it was being acted at Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, the discharge of some small cannon, technically termed "chambers," probably in the first act, set fire to the whole house, which was destroyed. It was, however, rebuilt immediately, and in putting this play of *Henry VIII.* on the stage again we read that the manager introduced the utmost possible magnificence, it being

remarked at the time as something strange that Knights of the Garter wore representations of the robes, stars, and collars of the order. In no piece of the last period of the great dramatist's powers is this stage magnificence more apparent than in what most commentators have agreed to select as the last play of all, *Antony and Cleopatra*, which consists of a series of gorgeous or stately pageants. No such processions and ceremonials, as are described in these last-named plays can have been properly carried out in an open street or in the courtyard of an inn. New stage appliances must have been at hand; and, in fact, we know that a genius of a very different kind was actually at work in London, and was introducing, for the first time in England, the Italian methods of producing stage effects and illusions.

It is evident that about the time of the fire at the Globe and its rebuilding, a change had taken place in the possibilities of the stage. I am inclined to attribute that change to the influence, then commencing to be felt, of Inigo Jones, afterwards so famous as an architect. He was born in 1573, so that he was about nine years younger than Shakespeare. He spent some years travelling in Italy before the close of the century, and would seem then to have learned all that could be learned about stage scenery. Italian pageantry was celebrated, and those illusions by which small things were made to look large, and near things distant, had been heard of but never seen before in our island. From 1605 to 1612 Inigo was busy designing these things. The Queen, Anne of Denmark, was devoted to the stage and especially to masques; and her son Henry, Prince of Wales, to whom Jones was surveyor, was equally fond of them. He was thus in full working order at the very time when Shakespeare, indulging his taste for magnificence, was preparing plays for the Globe, for the Inns of Court, for the Queen at Somerset House or Hampton Court, and for Prince Henry at St. James. It was over a play at Whitehall that Jones and Jonson quarrelled. This was in 1610. Jones must have known Jonson or he could not have quarrelled with him, and if he knew Jonson how could he have escaped knowing Shakespeare, who was acknowledged already as the greatest living dramatist? A careful examination of the numerous drawings of stage scenery by Inigo Jones, which still exist, may bring to light some that were specially designed for plays of Shakespeare.

The theatre, as it was before this revolution, probably contained little or no scenery, in the modern sense of the word. A curtain on which a view was painted formed the more elaborate background to a play. A curtain on which no view was painted probably sufficed in most places. The only drawing known to exist of the Elizabethan period is by a Dutchman called De Witt, who in 1596 sketched the interior of the Swan, which was then newly built and stood near the more famous Globe. The drawing is in the University Library at Utrecht, where it was discovered by Dr. Gaedertz, who published an account of it. The Swan was round, with a movable stage in the centre. There were three tiers of seats, labelled *Sedilia*, separated by two galleries. Most of the spectators stood round the stage, literally in the pit, where, occasionally, the stage having been removed, a bear could be baited or a main of cocks fought. In fact, as late as 1672 the Red Bull in Clerkenwell was still like a modern circus, but open to the sky, only the galleries being roofed. In 1879 Lady Pollock published a view, taken in or before 1632, in her *Amateur Theatricals*, of a stage as arranged for the performance of Alabaster's

Roxana. "The stage of which we have here a picture has no such attractions as those to which Addison objected; it relies upon the simplest methods of suggesting all that is to be in the minds of the audience. The curtains and balustrade at the back serve for the watch-tower from which a herald speaks, for Juliet's balcony, and for the aside appearance of any characters in the plays." It is one of the merits of the dramas of William Shakespeare that though they—or a majority of them—were written for such a stage as that just described, they bear, and in many cases are the better for, every improvement in scenic illusion which recent years have invented.

Some acute critics have made a careful study of Shakespeare's metres. It has been thought, with much probability, that they will furnish a trustworthy guide to the date, or at least the succession, of the plays. For elaborate arguments on the subject we may refer the reader to the writings of Professor Dowden and to the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright. There are many other essays on the same subject, but these two seem to be the most important, although Dr. Guest's *History of English Rhythms* should be recommended to the advanced student. The rules of prosody were little known and almost unfixed in Shakespeare's time. For the most part he adopted what is often called heroic metre, and his lines scan into ten syllables, alternately accented:—

The sailors sought for safety by our boat.
Comedy of Errors, i. 1.

but, in order to strengthen the effect he wishes to produce, this regularity is departed from, and we have in *The Tempest* (i. 2) such lines as—

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since.

So, too, and with the same object, lines are broken off:—

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Measure for Measure, iii. 1.

As Mr. Wright remarks, "To these 'licenses' we may add verses sometimes with one and sometimes with two additional feet, and many half verses, and some a foot too short." Professor Dowden reasons on these irregularities, and asserts that they form a kind of internal evidence respecting the chronology of the plays. The verse of Shakespeare passed through a regular series of changes in such wise that we can date a play, or think we can, by the versification. It "admits of exact scientific estimation." Of course it must not be pressed too far, but a few lines might be selected from each play and a student asked to date the play by them. Shakespeare began by making line and sentence conterminous. Take the opening lines of one of the early plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death, etc.

Here are no broken lines, no double feet at the end, no running on, but simple, stately, ten-syllable verse. It is the same nearly all through this particular play. If, however, we take a later one, we find a complete change in the methods of versification. M. Furnivall has even calculated the proportion of unstopped lines

in each of the two classes of plays. So also with double endings: when they are rare we may suppose a play to be early. When they are common, it is probably late. A couple of lines from *The Tempest*; first acted in 1611, near the close of the poet's career, shows the truth of the comparison:—

Pros. Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are you not my father?

The prevalence of rhyme is a sign of an early play. In the later, Shakespeare, conscious of his powers, and experienced in the expression of his thoughts, admitted nothing that could impede or fetter them. Further on a list of the plays in chronological order will be found, together with the reasons which have led scholars to assign the date to each. Here it will be best not to dwell too long on the mechanical side, on the form or versification or language, but on those characteristics which force all readers to acknowledge Shakespeare's place as above that of every other English poet.

The universality of his genius is the first thing that strikes us. It divides itself naturally into two qualities. He astonishes by his knowledge in the first place. He ransacks all nature for the fact he requires at the moment. The late Mr. William Blades made a list of the various employments that have been attributed to Shakespeare by different writers. It is to be found in *Shakespeare and Typography*, a little book written to prove that the dramatist was a printer. According to the list he was, at one time or another, a butcher, a schoolmaster, a woolman, a skewer sharpener, a farmer, a lawyer, a surgeon, a physiologist, a psychologist, a soldier, a sailor, a musician, a botanist, an ethnologist, a naturalist, and an alchemist among other things. To this list may be added the evidence that he was a falconer, a tailor, a gardener, an architect, a student of folklore, of the Bible, and of angling; and, while we are about it, we may mention the theory that Shakespeare's plays were written by Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban's.

All these and other theories have their origin in recognising the knowledge shown by the dramatist of subjects which might have been considered beyond his ken. At the very beginning of the volume we have an example. The description of a ship in a heavy sea, the behaviour of the officers and crew, and the final shipwreck, are in the nautical language of the time. Their brevity is characteristic of Shakespeare. He has no fads. A man who had enjoyed such varied experiences never drags any of them in. He knew all about maritime affairs. They are there when they are wanted. They are dismissed like one of the characters when they have played their part. He must have studied ships and the sea for some time before he could write about them as he does, but he never intrudes his experiences or expects his reader to be interested in them except in so far as they conduce to the elucidation of his plot. This restraint, then, astonishes the reader almost as much as the knowledge. The "universality" of Shakespeare's genius, in what he has told us as well as in what he has left untold, calls forth our admiration and wonder. His knowledge of the sea is so extensive and accurate that it has led many critics to think he must have spent some part of his life on board ship. But if we take almost any other of the innumerable subjects on which he touches, we find him equally at home, equally conversant, and equally reticent. Mr. Blades

almost proves that he was a printer, fully proves that he was thoroughly acquainted with the art of printing as practised at that period, and shows that he made constant allusions to it.

We have mentioned architecture, and may examine his writings to find out what he knew of that art. As with his seamanship, he is thoroughly well-informed. In fact, Mr. Gotch, the architect, and other writers have noted the fact that we owe to him alone an adequate account of the Elizabethan procedure in designing and building a house. In all the plays there are allusions to buildings, in many there are descriptions. He evidently admired what was good. Even Falstaff is struck by the beauty of Shallow's house: and in *Twelfth Night* we remember that Sebastian would go sight-seeing:—

Let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame
That do renown this city.

And in *The Tempest* we have—

The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples

of Prospero's vision. But the most important passage is in the Second Part of *Henry II.* (i. 3) where Bardolph describes the architectural methods of the day:—

When we mean to build
We first survey the plot, then draw the model:
And when we see the figure of the house
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all?

He next speaks of the situation, the sure foundation, the questioning of surveyors, and other operations, such as calculating the cost, lest—

Like one that draws the model of a house,
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds.

The word "architect" occurs in Shakespeare's works, but in this passage apparently only surveyors are mentioned, and Mr. Gotch makes use of it to prove that surveyors and architects were the same. To my mind, Lord Bardolph proves that the building was designed and planned chiefly by the person most concerned, namely, the owner himself. Mr. Gotch shows, in a paper read before the Architectural Association in 1892, that this was the case in Shakespeare's day, when certainly Hatfield, Burghley, and Cobham, to name only three, were designed by their owners, and Shakespeare's allusions to house building are accurate to the smallest particular.

The close observation of human character is coupled with an equally close observation of nature. References to green pastures, to woods and trees and fields of corn, to cliffs and rocks and torrents, are common throughout the plays. In them, too, but still more in the Sonnets, we have mention of birds and their songs.

Country life, landscape and birds are combined with summer insects and flowers, with oaks and osiers and velvet leaves, and the wind, the rain and the sunshine, to produce the effect he sought for. Nothing of the kind comes amiss to him. It has always been assumed that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there is a reference to the stormy weather and floods which visited England in the summer of 1594. Titania upbraids Oberon with having caused them:—

Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.

Some thirty lines follow in which we read of contagious fogs, of pelting rivers, of empty folds and unreaped fields, of the pale moon, and all "the progeny of evil." The scene is laid in a wood near Athens, but all the picture is drawn in Warwickshire. It would be easy to multiply quotations from passages like this one. They abound in the comedies, and are also numerous in the historical plays and the tragedies. Here are six lines from *King John* which paint a picture worthy of Turner:—

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.

In *Henry VIII.* Wolsey finds no better simile for his fall than one direct from nature:—

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls.

These comparisons and descriptions are most frequent in the tragedies, as in a few lines from *Romeo and Juliet*:—

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light
And flecked darkness.

They abound in *Hamlet* and in *King Lear*. The King in *Hamlet* asks of his hand—

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?

And Hamlet himself speaks of the picture of his father—

A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill.

Everyone remembers the famous description of the scenery near Dover, from which to this day one steep height is known as Shakespeare's Cliff (*King Lear*, iv. 6.).

Macbeth is so full of "local colour" that many have believed the dramatist visited Scotland in 1602 before he wrote it. The King observes—

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself;

and there are throughout the whole play references to the breezy heights so unlike anything Shakespeare could have seen between Stratford and London.

The pages of Shakespeare show very plainly that he was well acquainted with what we term field sports. They were not sports, but necessities, when the population of all England was not equal to that of London now, and countless wild beasts roamed over open chases and forests and had to be destroyed for protection or for food. Wolves were common in the uncultivated lands of Northampton, Rutland, Oxford, Essex, Huntingdon and Buckingham, in the reign of Henry IV., as we gather from a deed quoted by Blount. If so, they were probably quite as common in the forest of Arden; but by the time of Shakespeare, though traditions and tales in plenty must have survived, the wolf was probably extinct in England, though it survived in Scotland and Ireland and was common in France. Wild boars were numerous in Sherwood and Arden, and their existence is commemorated in the heraldry of the old families of Lincolnshire, Kent, Yorkshire, Suffolk and Essex, as well as Warwickshire. Shakespeare probably refers to one in the Second Part of *Henry IV.*—

Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

A frank was an enclosure in which a boar could be surrounded and penned in without being caught, and could be killed when he was sufficiently fat. The silver boar of Richard III. was no doubt wild, and was a badge of the manor or honour of Windsor. The Boar's Head in Eastcheap has long disappeared, but the sign, carved in stone, is now in the museum at the Guildhall.

Deer are frequently mentioned in the plays, and were no doubt plentiful in Warwickshire in Shakespeare's time. An oft repeated tradition has it that killing deer in the preserves of Charlecote led to his leaving Stratford. It is not probable that any red deer existed there, but the fallow deer, and possibly the roe, alone. There are many allusions to deer hunting, and in *Love's Labour's Lost* we have ladies joining in the "shoot," as it is called, and taking their stand by a bush where, as the princess laughingly observes, they may "play the murderer." In the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* (iii. 1) two keepers watch for deer with crossbows. Guns were in use, however, and are very distinctly mentioned as "birding pieces" in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (v. 5). In *Cymbeline* (iii. 4) there is a mention of "the elected deer," a deer, no doubt, selected from the herd. A whole scene (iv. 2) is devoted to deer hunting in *As You Like It*, and from Shakespeare's use of huntsmen's technical terms, it is evident he knew all about it. Foxes, polecats, hares, badgers, wild cats or catamounts, and other denizens of the forests are frequently named in the plays, as well as weasels, dormice, squirrels and hedgehogs. But throughout there is more notice of birds than of beasts, and there are more allusions to falcons than to any other birds. It is easy to understand that in days when guns were scarce, when slings and arrows were the most useful weapons, and when, moreover, hunting was not so much a diversion as a business, falcons would be very frequently employed, and every one who lived a country life would be

familiar with falconers' jargon and understand allusions to jesses, lures, hoods, mews, soaring, stooping and so forth. The falcon chiefly mentioned is of course the peregrine, but there are notes also about the stanniel and the eyas-musket. Mr. Harting, in his delightful *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, to which the reader is referred for further notes on falconry, explains these terms for us. The stanniel is identified as the kestrel, a charming little hawk, easily tamed, with all the characteristics of a "noble" falcon, except the strength and courage. Ladies and children may pet kestrels to accustom their hands to hawks, but, except as playthings, they are useless. In *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5) we have Malvolio called a stanniel, and Mr. Harting interprets the word as a contraction of "standgale," a country name of the "windhover" or kestrel, from its pretty way of breasting the breeze and hanging motionless on the wing. The only other English bird which does this is the kingfisher. The eyas-musket is mentioned in the *Merry Wives*, and means a male sparrow hawk brought up from the nest. This is one of the smallest of the birds trained by falconers, and, in the east, is held in the hand and actually thrown at the quarry. On this account possibly its name was given to a small gun, even as falconet was the name given to a different kind of fowling piece.

Allusions to falconry occur in many places, and often two or three times in the same play. In the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, we read—

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark:

and in the body of the same play—

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

Act iv., Sc. 1.

If we go through this passage we are struck with the complete knowledge of the subject displayed. "Falcon" is always feminine. The female peregrine is much larger than the tiercel, or male bird. She is much more esteemed as being so much more powerful. A careful trainer does not allow his falcon to be fed up or gorged till she has done her day's work, "for then she never looks upon her lure," but flies perhaps to some distant rock or tree and sleeps. This is especially the case if she is "a haggard," that is a wild hawk and trained, not brought up from the nest. A haggard, but for her wildness, is always to be preferred as stronger and more skilful in taking game than an eyas or nestling. There are several keepers' calls. The commonest is a whistle of two notes, but for a distance a peculiar holloa is necessary, and when crying the keeper waves the lure. A great object in training is to persuade the hawk under all circumstances to come to the lure. For this purpose it is always baited with a small piece of meat, something to reward and occupy the falcon, which must never be disappointed. The lure itself is usually a horseshoe decorated with wings and weighted with lead, so that

the hawk cannot carry it, to teach her not to carry off game that she has killed. The kites that bate and beat are simply ill-behaved falcons, whom the keeper maligns as kites, for no one ever troubled himself to train a real kite, though Mr. Salvin had a tame one. They bait, or flutter, off their stand and beat their wings on the ground and refuse to obey the trainer, who, by watching them for many hours at a stretch, at length succeeds in tiring them out.

The word *eyas* occurs several times in Shakespeare, and is usually a term of affection. The dramatist in his experience of falconry knew how engaging a young hawk is, with his bold, plucky ways, his affection for his teacher, and the beautiful brown eyes so quick to follow every movement and every sound. The tassel gentle, or tiercel gentle, as a male *eyas* peregrine is named, is a most charming bird, and one of the difficulties of falconry is not to pet him so as to prevent his soaring high and ranging wide. Juliet longs "for a falconer's voice, to lure this tassel gentle back again." Elsewhere (*Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 2) Shakespeare speaks of the falcon and the tercel. In *Hamlet* we read of "an eyrie of children, little eyasses." Another technical term is "mew." The word is used still in London and some other towns to denote a stable. Originally it meant a place for keeping hawks. The king's hawks, when he lived at Westminster, were kept at the neighbouring village of Charing Cross. The King's Mews were established in 1377, and were turned into stables in 1537 and finally cleared away in 1830, when Trafalgar Square was placed on the site. To "enmew," a derivative, occurs in *Measure for Measure* (iii. 1), and means to enclose or guard as a hawk holds a fowl he has taken. Another term is "jesses." These are the short leather thongs on the hawk's legs which enable the falconer to keep it steady on the fist: Othello says of Desdemona (iii. 3), "If I do prove her haggard"—that is wild or wandering—"though that her jesses were my dear heart strings, I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind to prey at fortune." When a hawk flies down a wind there is sometimes a difficulty in reclaiming it. A falcon some years ago flew down the wind from near Belfast, in pursuit of a woodcock, and was found and shot, forty-eight hours later, at Aberdeen. "Pitch," another term in falconry, refers to the soaring of a hawk to obtain a pitch, or height, from which to drop on his prey. In the First Part of *Henry VI.* Warwick says he can judge

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

and in *Henry V.* the Dauphin praises his horse by comparing his paces to those of a falcon:

When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air.

In all these examples and others Shakespeare evidently refers to the peregrine. Goshawks and sparrow-hawks were also used in falconry in his time, but they are termed "ignoble," while peregrines, gerfalcons, merlins and even little hobbies are "noble." The difference is in the colour of the eye and the length of the wing. The eye of the noble falcon is always brown, of the ignoble yellow or white. The second quill feather of the merlin's wing is the longest. In the sparrow-hawk it is the fourth or fifth. The short-winged hawks do not soar: and Page, in the *Merry Wives*, probably refers to a sparrow-hawk when he says—

I have a fine hawk for the bush.

In cover a soaring merlin would be useless. In *Macbeth* one of the portents of the king's death is that—

On Tuesday last
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

But the most remarkable of these passages occurs at the beginning of the second act of the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* The King and Queen are at St. Alban's, hawking with Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloucester. They are "flying at the brook," that is heron hawking, and, though the wind is high, "Old Joan," evidently a favourite, has flown a pitch above the rest, which gives occasion for pious reflections on the part of Henry:—

To see how God in all his creatures works.
Yes, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

And he adds—

To which Suffolk rejoins—

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

And Gloucester asserts—

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

The image is carried farther by subsequent speakers, but these lines are enough to show what importance Shakespeare as a practical falconer attached to the high pitch of a well-trained falcon.

Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with the other members of the falcon family. The eagle occurs several times, as in *Henry VI.*, Part 3, where Richard refers to his father as "that princely eagle"; and the Roman eagle is twice named in *Cymbeline*. In the *Taming of the Shrew* there are several lines (ii. 1) on the buzzard, a very ignoble hawk indeed, its taking a turtle being ridiculed as no more a likely feat than if the turtle should take the buzzard. In *Hamlet* the prince describes his own mental condition:

I know a hawk from a handsaw, | A

an expression frequently explained to mean a "heronshaw." The First Part of *Henry IV.* (iv. 1) has another puzzling passage:

All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bathed.

Some read "wing the wind," and other readings have been proposed. Douce gives much attention to the passage, and asserts that "estrige" means a goshawk, and that the same bird is mentioned in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where we read of anger:

And in that mood the dove will peck the estrige.

Certainly a goshawk, like a buzzard, belongs to the category of ignoble hawks, and certainly also he is subject to fits of ill-temper or sulkiness so strong that he would probably even let a turtle dove peck at him without noticing the insult. Quite otherwise meant is the allusion in the Third Part of *Henry VI.*:—

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons.

There can be little doubt of the correctness of Douce's interpretation of *estrige*. There was a manor in Nottinghamshire, held by the service *mutandi unum estricium*, mewing a goshawk. Hawks are named twice in one of the *Sonnets* :—

Some glory in their birth
Some in their hawks and hounds,

and again,

Love is
Of more delight than hawks or horses :

but we cannot, of course, assert that Shakespeare does not mean falcons in such passages.

The crowing cock, "strutting chanticleer" as he is called in the *Tempest* (i. 2), is frequently mentioned, as is the hen, at least once in the speech of Volumnia, in *Coriolanus* (v. 2). Crows and choughs are in *King Lear* (iv. 6), as being seen at Dover, but Mr. Saunders observes that choughs have not been recognised eastward of the cliffs of Dorsetshire for many years past. Nightingales were admired for their song in Shakespeare's days :

And twenty caged nightingales do sing,

in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. 2). Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale*, mentions the lark, the thrush and the jay ; and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (iii. 1) are—

The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill,
The throistle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey.

There remains the martlet, or swallow, which flits so prettily into the first act of *Macbeth* :—

This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, frieze,
Buttress or coign of vantage, but this bird
Has made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

The other birds most often spoken of by Shakespeare are larks, though he observed all English birds and loved their singing.

Melodious birds sing madrigals

in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.

The prettiest of these allusions is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

Your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear.

In the xxixth *Sonnet*, and also in *Cymbeline*, we have the lark at Heaven's gate :

Hark, hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,

and again,

Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.

as is this enumeration it shows that Shakespeare, as compared with Bacon, was ignorant of what we call "horticulture." Bacon divides his list by months, and especially chooses what will suit "the climate of London." Shakespeare makes no distinction. His open air plays are full of wild flowers, and their scenery is, with one remarkable exception, not that of London, but that of the old forest of Arden in South Warwickshire. The exception is to be found in the famous scene in the Temple Garden, in the First Part of *King Henry VI.*, which at least proves that in Shakespeare's time, if not earlier, roses of two colours were grown. Plantagenet says:—

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me,
and Somerset rejoins—

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me,
But if we may argue from the mention of briars and thorns, the roses, even within a garden, were wild. In *Love's Labour's Lost* the perfume of roses is mentioned

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air,
"Roses in bud" and "roses blown" occur just afterwards. In the *Sonnets* we find, as we might expect, a great many passages in which the rose is named. The very first simile in the very first sonnet concerns the rose:—

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
In the xxxvth—

Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud,
The lxxvth is all about them:—

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their m'ked buds disclosed
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwood'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

The touch of melancholy, so often associated by Shakespeare with roses and other flowers, is well illustrated in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen lies down on the grass to rest:—

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

The contrast these lines and passages present to Bacon's remarks and list of flowers in his famous essay, *Of Gardens*, would be enough to refute the silly theory that he wrote the plays. But no such refutation is necessary.

The chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's plays is a matter upon which most of the editors and critics have been almost unanimous. There are differences as to certain plays, but not many. All agree that *Romeo and Juliet*, in a pirated and imperfect form, was the first to be printed. That was in 1597. Yet *Romeo and Juliet* cannot be the first written. Mr. Dowden's arrangement is probably the

The robin is mentioned once or twice. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Speed judges that Valentine is in love from various "special marks," such as sighing, weeping and so forth, and because he could

Relish a love song like a robin-redbreast.

Shakespeare's familiarity with flowers has been a constant subject of remark. At least two books have been published about it. Mr. Beisley wrote *Shakespeare's Garden*, and Mr. Ellacombe *The Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*. Almost every play has mention of flowers, and in some there are many mentions. The garden of his day was very different from anything of the kind now. There can be little doubt that in Elizabethan times it was primarily intended for a pleasance and secondarily for an orchard, and that the growth, cultivation and enjoyment of flowers for their own sake was a very subordinate object. True, the number of flowers was then very limited. Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia had not been searched for fuchsias, geraniums, orchids and lilies, nor had budding and grafting been used for the improvement and variation of anything more beautiful to the eye than apples and pears. Remembering this, and remembering, too, how seldom flowers of any kind are mentioned by the poets and playwrights contemporary with Shakespeare, we are surprised how much he makes of them. Mr. Beisley, treating only of twenty-six plays, names at least sixty different flowers. Almost all are more or less what we call wild. Not one, that is, seems to have been in any way cultivated, except that roses, violets and a few others were brought within sheltering walls, and were allowed to grow under the fruit trees. In Paul Hentzner's description of the gardens at Theobalds in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there is much about arbours, fruit trees, herbs, labyrinths, fountains and marble pillars, but not a single flower is mentioned. The best account of the gardens of Shakespeare's time is to be found here and there in the delightful pages of Mr. Reginald Blomfield's book, *The Formal Garden in England*. The garden of Kenilworth at the time of the queen's visit had sanded walks, obelisks of porphyry, balustrades and coats of arms, and was "planted with apple trees, pears and cherries." Bacon describes a garden in his *Essays*, and mentions in a single paragraph as many flowers as there are in all Shakespeare, showing that plants were then beginning to be cultivated as flowers, and not merely as the blossoms of fruit trees. In *Measure for Measure*, Angelo's garden is really a vineyard:—

He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that garden is a planced gate.

In *Hamlet*, in a well-known and oft-quoted passage, we have mention of rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies and violets, and we read also of "long purples," a kind of orchis, called sometimes "dead men's fingers." In *Othello* we meet with poppies and a medicinal plant, colocynth. The primrose, harebell and marigold are in *Cymbeline*. In *A Winter's Tale* we find daffodils, saffron, rosemary, rue, violets, lavender, carnations, gilliflowers and others. The cowslip, dogrose, wild thyme, oxlip, violet, woodbine, muskrose and eglantine figure in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In other plays occur camomile, clover, cockle, fleur de lis or fleur de luce, furze or gorse, hawthorn, marjoram and peonies. Long

best that can be made. In his *Literature Primer on Shakspeare* he begins with *Titus Andronicus*, but most critics only allow that this play was touched up and improved by Shakespeare. It was included in the First Folio, having been entered at Stationers' Hall as early as February 1593.

King Henry VI., Part 1, was first printed in the folio, but seems to belong to the same period as the foregoing, and was probably not written but only improved by Shakespeare.

Love's Labour's Lost is Shakespeare's own work. In quarto, it first appeared in 1598 and bore his name on the title.

The Comedy of Errors is also an early work, but was not printed till it appeared in the folio of 1623.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona also first appeared in the folio, but Mr. Dowden places it here, from the internal evidence of the language and metre.

A Midsummer Night's Dream was first printed in quarto in 1600. It is sometimes thought to have been written for the wedding of Shakespeare's friend and patron, the Earl of Southampton, who married Elizabeth Vernon in 1598, but the praise of single blessedness (Act I., Scene 1) goes against this idea.

King Henry VI., Part 2, and *King Henry VI.*, Part 3, belong to the same period, but Part 2, in quarto, if it ever existed, has been lost. Part 3 appeared in that form in 1595.

King Richard III. was printed in quarto in 1597.

Romeo and Juliet was published in quarto in the same year (1597), and was the poet's first genuine effort in romantic tragedy.

King Richard II. appeared in quarto in the same year as the two foregoing, but was greatly added to and retouched in an edition issued in 1615. Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have referred to this play towards the end of her life, but as there were others on the same subject it is not certain.

King John comes next, according to Mr. Dowden, being founded on an older play. The first authentic edition is that in the folio of 1623.

The Merchant of Venice first appeared in quarto in 1600, but had been at least two years in existence before it was printed, and Mr. Dowden assigns it to 1596.

King Henry IV., Parts 1 and 2, may be described as one play in ten acts. They were entered at Stationers' Hall in 1598, but only Part 1 exists now in quarto of that date. The earliest date of Part 2 is 1600.

King Henry V. seems from internal evidence to have been written in 1599. The first quarto edition, 1600, was pirated and is imperfect. The play was recast before the writer's death, and appears in the folio of 1623 greatly amended.

The Taming of the Shrew first appeared in the folio, and seems to have been only Shakespeare's in part. A play with nearly the same name came out in 1594, and was improved into the present version.

The Merry Wives of Windsor must have been written for, if not actually at the command of, Queen Elizabeth. It was printed in quarto in 1602, and retouched, with allusions to King James, before inclusion in the folio edition.

Much Ado about Nothing was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1600, and bears Shakespeare's name in the quarto edition.

As You Like It was entered in the same year, having probably been written in 1599, but no copy is known to exist earlier than the first folio.

Twelfth Night also occurs first in the folio, but was acted in the Middle Temple Hall as early as the beginning of 1602.

Julius Cæsar was produced in the year 1601, but in the printed form is first found in the folio of 1623.

Hamlet was printed in quarto in 1603.

All's Well that Ends Well is probably the play mentioned by Meres in 1598 as *Love's Labour's Won*, but the first edition is that of the folio in 1623.

Measure for Measure first appears in the folio.

Troilus and Cressida first appeared in quarto in 1609, and was reprinted in the same year.

Othello appeared in quarto in 1622, after Shakespeare's death, but Mr. Dowden is of opinion that it was written in or about 1604.

King Lear was printed in quarto in 1608, but was acted towards the end of 1606.

Macbeth first appears in the folio, but was acted at the Globe in 1610.

Antony and Cleopatra was probably in existence in May, 1608, but the earliest edition now known is that of the folio of 1623.

Coriolanus was first published in the folio: by the metrical test the critics adjudge it to 1608.

Timon of Athens, which cannot be wholly by Shakespeare, appeared first in 1623.

Cymbeline appears first in the folio.

The Tempest first appeared in the folio, but was probably written in 1610.

The Winter's Tale was seen at the Globe in 1611 by Dr. Forman, but was first printed in the folio.

King Henry VIII. was acted in 1613, when an explosion of "chambers," or small cannon, set fire to the Globe Theatre. It was first printed in 1623. Some passages are considered by the best judges to have been written by Fletcher.

The text has throughout been conformed as far as possible to that of the first folio edition, the spelling having been modernised, and such stage directions as seemed absolutely necessary having been inserted.

LONDON,

1 October 1896.

THE TEMPEST.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

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, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
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, } spirits.
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

It is improbable that Shakespeare had any special place or island in his mind when he wrote this play. Lampedusa, a dependency of Italy, near the coast of Tripoli, and Corcyra, one of the Ionian Islands, have been named by commentators. Bermuda (i. 2) is described as a distant place. The time also is left to conjecture. The text is very correct. The seamanship is almost faultless. This play is the first in the folio editions, and was probably written in 1610 or 1611.

THE TEMPEST.

Act I.

Scene I.—A Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mas. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mas. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. *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.

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

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boason?

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.

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.*

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare, lower, lower! bring her to: try with main-course. A plague [A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo] upon this howling: they are louder than the weather or our office: yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noise-maker. 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.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. 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,

This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at widest to glut him.

A confused noise within.

Mercy on us.

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children.

Farewell, brother: we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with 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 walkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, (Who had no doubt some noble creature in her) Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:

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

Mir. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm:

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one; thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

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

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,
Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art: wipe thou thine eyes, have
comfort.

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

Sit down,

For thou must now know farther.

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

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee 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
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. 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?

Pro. Thou hadst; and more, Miranda. But
how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark-backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st at here thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

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

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence?

Or bless'd was 't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd
thence,
But blessedly help 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.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio—

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

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them: who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping; new created
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.

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

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal
royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with th' King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor Milan)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. 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.

Pro. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, bearkens 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 darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

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

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

Mr. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, 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,
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Pro. 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
Against what should ensue.

Mr. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.

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

Mr. Would I might
But ever see that man.

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

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

Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
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,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I 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-
cursors

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

Pro. My brave spirit,
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
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 leapt; cried, *Hell is
empty,*

And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit:
But was not this nigh ashore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. 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 bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
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.

Pro. 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-ver'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
Which I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
(Which I dispersed) they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean floe,
Bound sadly home for Naples;

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

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

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

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
the 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.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing: Hast thou
forgot

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

Ari. No, sir.

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

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must

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

Pro. 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 abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

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

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

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

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

Pro. Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o'th' 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.

Pro. 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.

Pro. But as 'tis,

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 a wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say! there's other business
for thee:

Come thou tortoise, when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition: my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

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!

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

Side-stitches 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.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strok'dst me and made much of me,
wouldest 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,
Which first was mine own king : and here you styme
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

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

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done :
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. 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 wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made thee known. But thy
vile race

(Though thou didst learn) had that in 't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
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!

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

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.

Pro. So, slave, hence. *Exit Caliban.*

*Enter Ferdinand and Ariel, invisible, playing
and singing.*

Ariel's song. Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtied when you have, and
kiss'd

The wild waves whist :
Foot it fealty here, and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen
bear.

Hark, hark!
Dispersedly. *Bow-wow.*

Ari. The watch-dogs bark :

Dispersedly. *Bow-wow.*

Ari. *Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanti-
cleer*

Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? 't the air or
the earth?

It sounds no more ; and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet 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
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen. Ding-dong.
*Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,
bell.*

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

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

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

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about : believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. 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 might'st
call him

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.

Pro. It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
free thee

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.

Pro. How? the best?
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.

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

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.

Pro. Soft, sir, one word more.
They are both in either's powers; but this swift
business

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.

Pro. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor: come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscels, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

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

His 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.

Pro. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who makest a show, but darrest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

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

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

Pro. 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
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow. Speak not for him.

Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—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.

Alo. Prithee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

Gon. Sir,

Seb. One: tell.

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

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

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

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.

Alo. 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.

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.

Ant. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss 't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly 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.
Gov. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gov. How lush and lusty the grass looks. How green.
Ant. The ground indeed is 'tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gov. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gov. 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.
Gov. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gov. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a plague 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.
Gov. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gov. I assure you, Carthage.
Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. 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.
Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gov. Ay.
Ant. Why, in good time.
Gov. 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.
Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
Gov. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fished for.
Gov. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alc. 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 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?
Fra. 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 swollen 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 He came alive to land.
Alc. 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.
Alc. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
 By all of us, and the fair soul herself. Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam should bow: we have lost your son,
 I fear for ever; Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault 's your own.
Alc. So is the dear'st o' the 'loss.
Gov. 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.
Gov. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gov. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gov. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gov. 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; No occupation: all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty;—
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for-gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, 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.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle;

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

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo.

Gon. And—do you mark me, sir?

Alo. Prithee no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not 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.

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

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

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

All sleep except Alo., Seb. and Ant.

Alo. 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.

Alo. 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

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

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

Trembles 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.

Oh!

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

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant.

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

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

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 if the moon's too slow, till new-born

chins

Be rough and rasorial; she that from whom

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

again,

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

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

Seb. Methinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if '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,
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.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
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.

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

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, with music and song.

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,

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 awake.*

Alo. 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.

Alo. 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.

Alo. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
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,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our
weapons.

Alo. 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.

Alo. Lead away.

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

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

Scene II.—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 archin-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 trifles are they set upon me,

Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

Their prickles at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness. *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.

Tri. 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 pailfuls. What have we here, a man or a
fish? dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a

fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind
of, not of the newest poor-John; a strange fish:

were I in England now (as once I was) and had
but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but

would give a piece of silver: there would this
monster make a man; any strange beast there

makes a man: when they will not give a doit to
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see

a dead Indian. 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
B 5

come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; 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.

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 soury 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,
But none of us cared for Kate ;*

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !

*She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !*

This is a soury 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 salvages and men of Ind, ha ? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afraid now of your four legs ; for it hath been said ; as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me : Oh !

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 hart ; 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, eat : 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.

Tri. 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.

Tri. Stephano !

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

Tri. Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—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 here ?

Tri. 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.

Cal. Aside. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

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.

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

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou cannot swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Tri. O Stephano, hast any more of this ?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

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

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

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ; I afraid of him ? A very weak monster : the man i' the moon ? A most poor, credulous monster : well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

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

Tri. 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.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Tri. 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.*

Tri. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

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 tilberts, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scameis from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

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.

Tri. 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, high-day! high-day, freedom, freedom, high-day, freedom!

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 enjoind 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, 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't, And yours it is against.

Pro. 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 nest to say so.

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 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, 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 skillless of; but, by my modesty (The jewel in my dower) I would not wish Any companion in the world but you, Nor can imagination form a shape Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; I would not so, and would no more endure This wooden slavery than to suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak. The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service, there resides To make me slave to it, and for your sake Am I this patient log-man.

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 'f the world Do love, prize, honour you.

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

Pro. Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between '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, The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,

And prompt me plain and holy innocences.
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
farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! *Exeunt.*
Pro. 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.—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.

Tri. 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.

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned 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.

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

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
hest a good moon-calf.

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

Tri. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am
in case to juggle 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?

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

Tri. Lord, quoth he! That a monster should
be such a natural!

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

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

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
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.

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.

Tri. Why, I said nothing.

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

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou 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. Yes, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee
asleep.

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy
patch!

I do beseech thy greatness give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not
show him

Where the quick freshes are.

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

Tri. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll
go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Tri. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits
and hearing too? A plague 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
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonparial : I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

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 ?

Tri. 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 ?

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

Sings. 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 ?

Tri. 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.

Tri. O, forgive me my sins.

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

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
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.

Tri. 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.

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

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Island.

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir,
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod indeed

Through forth-rights and meanders : by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

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

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

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

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

Seb. I say to-night : no more.
Alo. What harmony is this ? My good
friends, hark.

Gon. Marvellous sweet music.

Solemn and strange music, and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

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

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.

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

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

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

Pro. Praise in departing.
Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

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

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alo. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at '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.

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

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy, 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.

Alo., Seb., &c. draw their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Whound 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-
ministers

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

Against your peace. These 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,
And a clear life ensuing.

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

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

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

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

In this strange stare?

Alo. 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
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 Sebastian and Antonio.

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.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda.

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

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

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

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the markiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st sug-
gestion

Our worse Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd,

Or Night kept chain'd below.

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

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaneer 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
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

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

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel* : do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well : I conceive. *Exit.*

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

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

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel* ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly.

Enter Iris.

No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. *Soft music.*

Iri. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich less
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And fat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims
Which spongy April, at thy heat betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy
broom-groves,

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,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Juno descends.

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
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iri. 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
I have forsworn.

Iri. 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
sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

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

Jun. 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.*

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

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

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

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
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 wise.
Makes this place Paradise.

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

Pro. Sweet, now, silence :

Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There 's something else to do : hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iri. You nymphs, call'd *Naiads*, of the wind-
ring brooks,

With your saged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command,
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

*Enter certain Reapers (properly habited) : they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, to-
wards the end whereof Prospero starts sud-
denly and speaks, after which, to a strange,
hollow and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban* and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot

Is almost come. 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.

Pro. 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,

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

Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am ver'd,

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is

troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,

If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,

And there repose, a turn or two I'll walk

To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

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

come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy

pleasure?

Pro. Spirit;

We must prepare to meet 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.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these

varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with

drinking,

So full of valour that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like unback'd colts they prick'd their

ears,

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,

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.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither

For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. *Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

And as with age his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Even to roaring. Come, hang them on this line.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistening apparel, &c. 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. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you: look you,—

Tri. 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.

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

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

Tri. 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.

Tri. 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.

Tri. Oh, ho, monster! we know what belongs

to a frippery, O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,

I'll have that gown.

Tri. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool, what do you

mean

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.

Tri. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't

like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment

for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I

am king of this country. *Steal by line and*

level is an excellent pass of pate; there's another

garment for 't.

Tri. Monster, come put some lime upon your

fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear

this away where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll

turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,

in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them

about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury: there, Tyrant, there: hark, hark.

Cal., Ste. and Tri. 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.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour
Lies 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.

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

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

Pro. I did say so,
When first I 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 linc-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,
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.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

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

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

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

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

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt. The strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
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,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. *Solemn music.*

*Here enters 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
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 Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell,
I will discase me, and myself present
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.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

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

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Erit.*

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

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

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

Alo. 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?

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

Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all,
Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.

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. The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No:
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alo. 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.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

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

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

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

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth: their words
Are natural breath: but 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

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
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.

Alo. 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 mer-
ciful,

I have curs'd them without cause. *Kneels.*
Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compass thee about!
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!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alo. 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
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.

Alo. I am here:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

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

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

Alo. 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,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle: and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alo. 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.

*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 the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

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

Ari. To *Prospero.* Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. To *Ariel.* My tricky spirit!

Alo. These are not natural events, they
strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld 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 more diversity of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good and gallant ship: our master

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. Was 't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alo. 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.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infect your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business, at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. Come hither,
spirit,

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. *Exit Ariel.* How fares my
gracious sir?

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

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano
and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

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

Tri. If these be true spirits which I wear in my
head, here 's a goodly sight.

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.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me, and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

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

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
they

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

Tri. 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-blowing.

Seb. Why how now, Stephano?

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

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

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

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

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell,

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it 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!

Pro. Go to, away!

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where

you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Exit Cal., Ste. and Tri.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train

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

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

Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel, chick
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well. 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:
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. *Exit.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DUKE, father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.
Servants, Musicians.

The date at which the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written has not been decided.

The story belongs to 1529, when the Emperor held his court at Milan.

It first appeared in the folio edition of 1623, together with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour Lost*, and *A Comedy of Errors*, forming the group described by the critics as "the Early Comedy."

The scene is successively laid at
Verona, Milan, and the
neighbourhood of
Mantua.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act I.

Scene I.—Verona.

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 sluggard's d at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu: Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel. Wish me partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, (If ever danger do environ thee) Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy bead's-man, 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, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

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

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

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

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

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However: but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly 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 yok'd by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells; so eating love

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turned to folly, blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee, That art a 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.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

Val. As much to you at home: and so, farewell. *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 metamorphos'd me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time;

War with good counsel, set the world at naught;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Spe. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

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

Spe. 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,

As if the shepherd be a while away.

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

Pro. I do.

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

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Spe. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Spe. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

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

Spe. 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.

Spe. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spe. 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 nods.*] Did she nod?

Spe. Ay.

Pro. Nod ay? why, that 's noddy.

Spe. 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.

Spe. 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.

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

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

Spe. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly, having nothing but the word *noddy* for my pains.

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

Spe. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

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

Spe. Open your purse, that the money and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

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

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

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

Spe. 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 her mind. Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Spe. 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,

Exit Speed.

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

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.—Julia's Garden.

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 parie encounter me, 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 Eglamour?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

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

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

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

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

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

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's 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,

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 you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter; It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe,

Ay.

Fig, fig: how wayward is this foolish love,

That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

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

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

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou steep then?

Luc. To take a paper up,
That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

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

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

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

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

And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No madam; 'tis 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.

Luc. Indeed I hid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble
me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

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

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

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

To be so anger'd with another letter.

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,

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,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

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

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

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down;

Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

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

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you
see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

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

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

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out.

Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities,

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said that Proteus, your son, was meet;

And did request me to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to
that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,

And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition

I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteeme,
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!

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

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

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

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

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily grac'd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

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

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

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

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

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent
after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go;
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd,
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love,
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you,
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers *No*. *Exit.*

Act II.

Scene I.—Milan. The Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Speed and Silvia.

Spe. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on,

Spe. 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!

Spe. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah!

Spe. She is not within hearing, sir.

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

Spe. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

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

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

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

Spe. She that your worship loves?

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

Spe. Marry, by these special marks: first, you
have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your
arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like
a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had
the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had
lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that
had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that
takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing;
to speak pining, 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?

Spe. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Spe. 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, to not
an eye that sees you, but is a physician to com-
ment on your malady.

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

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

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

Spe. Why, sir, I know her not.

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

Spe. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

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

Spe. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Spe. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-
favoured.

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

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Spe. 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.

Spe. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Spe. Ever since you loved her.

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

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

Val. Why?

Spe. 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?

Spe. 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.

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

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

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

Spe. And have you?

Val. I have.

Spe. Are they not lamely writ?

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

Spe. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

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

Spe. Oh! give ye good even, here 's a million of manners.

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

Spe. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoind 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 clerly done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Val. Madam, they are for you.

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

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

Sil. And, when it 's writ, for my sake read it over.

And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

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

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

And so good-morrow, servant. *Exit.*

Spe. 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?

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

Val. To do what?

Spe. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Spe. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Spe. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

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

Val. No, believe me.

Spe. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

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

Spe. Why, she hath given you a letter.

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

Spe. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Spe. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well: For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Spe. 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.

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.

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

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy: And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not Julia for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness:
My father stays my coming: answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
Julia, farewell: 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.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Eseunt.

Scene III.—Verona.

Enter Launce and a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, 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 worsor 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.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with care. What 's the matter? Why weepst thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. 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?

Laun. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and in losing thy master, lose thy service, and in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. 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.

Pan. Come: come away, man, I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir: call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

Eseunt.

Scene IV.—Milan. The Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed and Duke.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Spe. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Spe. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Spe. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeiters.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of 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.

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

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

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

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire.

Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

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

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

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

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

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your country-
man?

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

Duke. Hath he not a son?

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

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together,
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus (for that's his name)
Made use and fair advantage of his days:

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)

He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while,
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,
I'll 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 enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

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

SZ. 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.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus: Mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome
hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

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

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

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

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

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

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

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

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. 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, Thurio, Speed and Ser.

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, your 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 chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow.

O gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked names of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills;

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And of so great a favour growing proud,

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggadism 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 sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her alone, 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
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 necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Exit.

Pro. I will.—

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 Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my seal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. *Exit.*

Scene V.—Verona.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Spe. Launce, by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, *Welcome.*

Spe. Come on you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

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

Spe. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Spe. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Spe. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spe. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

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

Spe. What an ass art thou, I understand thee not.

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

Spe. What thou sayest?

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

Spe. It stands under thee, indeed.

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

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

Laun. Ask my dog, if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Spe. The conclusion is then, that it will.

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

Spe. 'Tis well that I get it so: but, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Spe. Than how?

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

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

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

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

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

Spe. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Will thou go?

Spe. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The Duke's Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn?

To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn?

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;

And even that power, which gave me first my oath,

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast 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.

Unheeded 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 preferred
 With twenty thousand souls confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Silvia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious to itself;
 And Silvia (witness heaven, that made her fair)
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentines.
 This night he meaneth, with a corded ladder,
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor.
 Now presently, I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

Exit.

Scene VII.—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 engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.
 Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
 Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
 Much less shall she, that hath Love's wings to fly,
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus.
 Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
 Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my
 soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pin'd in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
 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 damm'st it up, the more
 it burns.
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
 rage;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with 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 besem some well-reputed page.
 Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your
 hair.
 Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.
 Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
 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 lik'st, Lucetta.
 Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth
 a pin.
 Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute
 me
 For undertaking so unstead a journey?
 I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.
 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 displeas'd when you are gone:
 I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
 Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances as infinite of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
 Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
 Jul. Base men, that use them to so base
 effect!
 But 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 lov'st me, do him not that
 wrong
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
 Only deserve my love by loving him;
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note of what I stand in need of,
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence.
 Come; answer not, but to it presently:
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

Eseunt.

Act III.

Scene I.—Milan. The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while, We have some secrets to confer about.

Exit Thurio.

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

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal, But when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, My duty pricks me on to utter that, Which else no worldly good should draw from me. Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, This night intends to steal away your daughter; Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates, And should she thus be stol'n away from you, It would be much vexation to your age. Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows, which would press you down (Being unprevented) to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care, Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her company, and my court; But fearing lest my jealous aim might err, And so, unworthily disgrace the man, (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,) I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which thyself hast now disclosed to me. And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean

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

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

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

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a while,

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

Val. I know it well, my lord, and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter. Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, forward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty, Neither regarding that she is my child, Nor fearing me as if I were her father: And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her, And, where I thought the remnant of mine age Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, I now am full resolv'd 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?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan 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 ago I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,) How, and which way, I may bestow myself, To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

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

Val. A woman sometimes 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 begot more love in you: If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; For why, the fools are mad, if left alone. Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For, *Get you gone*, she doth not mean, *Away!* Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces; Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

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

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

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

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground, And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords, To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

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 thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
blest'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortunes:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should
be.*

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why Phaeton (for thou art Meropé's son)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder, overweening slave,

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories

I'll give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
Exit.

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-
ment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,

Is self from self,—a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom,
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

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

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

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

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

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

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine,
a word.

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

So much of bad already 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.

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?

Laun. 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.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,

With them upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became

them,
As if but now they wax'd pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

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 dolor.

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

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.

Lau. 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. 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.

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

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

Spe. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.
What news, then, in your paper?

Lau. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Spe. Why, man, how black?

Lau. Why, as black as ink.

Spe. Let me read them.

Lau. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Spe. Thou liest; I can.

Lau. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot
thee?

Spe. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Lau. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother. This proves that thou canst not
read.

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

Lau. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed.

Spe. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Lau. Ay, that she can.

Spe. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Lau. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing
of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Spe. Item, *She can sew.*

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

Spe. Item, *She can knit.*

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

Spe. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Lau. A special virtue; for then she need not be
washed and scoured.

Spe. Item, *She can spin.*

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

Spe. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

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

Spe. Here follow her vices.

Lau. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Spe. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in
respect of her breath.*

Lau. Well, that fault may be mended with a
breakfast. Read on.

Spe. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Lau. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Spe. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

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

Spe. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Lau. 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.

Spe. Item, *She is proud.*

Lau. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy,
and cannot be ta'en from her.

Spe. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Lau. I care not for that neither, because I love
crusts.

Spe. Item, *She is curst.*

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

Spe. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

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

Spe. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Lau. 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.

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

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

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit.*

Lau. More hair than wit; it may be I'll prove
it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and there-
fore 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?

Spe. And more faults than hairs.

Lau. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!
Spe. And more wealth than faults.

Lau. Why that word makes the faults gracious.
Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as
nothing is impossible,—

Spe. What then?

Lau. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master
stays for thee at the North-gate.

Spe. For me?

Lau. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath
stayed for a better man than thee.

Spe. And must I go to him?

Lau. Thou must run to him, for thou hast
stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Spe. Why didst not tell me sooner? plague of your love-letters.

Law. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll alter, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *Exit.*

Scene II.—The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio and Proteus.

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

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

The. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

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

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman (According to our proclamation) gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

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

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

Proteus. the good conceit I hold of thee (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

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

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

Pro. I do, my lord.

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

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was 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?

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 spoken in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do: 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can 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.

The. 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 *revolt*, and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumphish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

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

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough,

You must lay lime to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes

Should be full fraught with servicable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity;

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans

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 deploring dump: the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

The. And thy advice this night I'll put in

practice:

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently,

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. 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.—A Forest.

Enter Valentine, Speed and certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you.

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Spe. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.

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.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona:

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

3 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy.
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We 'll have him —sirs, a word.

Spe. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parody to you.

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all;

We 'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.

Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

Exeunt.

Scenes II.—Milan.

Enter Proteus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musicians and Silvia.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer.

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved;
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurms my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her

window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

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.

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 a while.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're llycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she
That all our swains commend her?*

*Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such graces did lend her,*

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling:

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
 But, *Host.* doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
 Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I will tell you what *Launce* his man told me,—he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

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

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you, I will so plead,
 That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewell.

Escunt Thurio and Musicians.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. (above). I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Proteus*, as I take it.

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

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

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

Thou subtle, perjured, false, dialoyal man:

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

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

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet *Valentine* thy friend,

Survives, to whom thyself art witness

I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

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

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

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

Or, at the least, in hers, sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam; if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If '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,
 Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
 And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
 That wait for execution in the morn.

Jul. *Host.* will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies *Sir Proteus*?

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

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

Escunt.

Scene III.—Milan.

Enter Eglamour (and Silvia, above).

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

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
 One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. *Sir Eglamour*, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself,
 According to your ladyship's impose,
 I am thus early come, to know what service
 It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
 Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast-loved, and I have heard thee say,

No grief did ever come so near thy heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*,

To *Mantua*, where I hear, he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*,

But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
 plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company, and go with me;

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

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,

As much I wish all good befortune you.

When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At *Friar Patrick's* call,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.
Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Milan.

Enter Launce, Proteus and Julia.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I 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 gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a little 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?* *Aymarry, 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. Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

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

Jul. In what you please, I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. How now, you wretched peasant.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

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

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

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

Pro. But she received my dog?

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

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

Laun. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was 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, Partly that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my business, For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout; But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour, Which (if my augury deceive me not) Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth: Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently, and take this ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia: She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.

She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry *Alas*?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia.

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

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, *Alas*!

Pro. Well; give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter:—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, his home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. *Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.

I am my master's true confirm'd love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,

As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

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. Oh: he sends you for a picture?

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.
Though his false finger has 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?

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

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsok
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 judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part.
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, poisoning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, mov'd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left;
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st
her.

Farewell.

Exit.

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you
know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself:

Here is her picture: let me see; I think
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low: and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That 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.

Enter Eglamour and Silvia.

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!—Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen: go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Ezeunt.*

Scene II.—Milan.

Enter Thurio, Proteus and Julia.

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thur. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

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

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

Thur. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

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

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

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

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thur. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

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

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

Thu. What says she to my valour?

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

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

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh say; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus; how now Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. *Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her.

I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour

Than for the love of reckless Silvia. *Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. *Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. *Exit.*

Scene III.—The Forest.

Enter Silvia and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

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

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us; But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood, There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled,

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio, and Outlaws.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns;

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Least, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was,

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia:

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What hallooing, 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?

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you

(Though you respect not aught your servant

doth.)

To hazard life, and rescue you from him

That would have forced your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;

But by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most

unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your

presence.

Sil. Had I been seiz'd by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me:

Oh 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.

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

belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,

For whose dear sake, thou didst then rend thy

faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths

Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'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.

Sil. O heaven!

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

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

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes : nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me : now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjurd to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most
accurst

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst ?

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 commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest ;
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy !

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.

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 cam'st 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 !

Jul. Behold her that gave aim 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.

Out. A prize : a prize : a prize !

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say ! it is my lord the
duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine ?

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death :

Come not within the measure of my wrath :

Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch ;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Duke. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I :

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not :

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love :

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived,

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace, the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal,

Are men endu'd 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

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him, he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than
boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd :

Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered :

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeunt.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
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, } followers of Falstaff.
PISTOL, }
NYM, }
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.
MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her daughter, in love with Fenton.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

The scene is laid at Windsor and the neighbourhood, but there is considerable doubt as to some of the sites named. Very few are mentioned in early editions, but it is easy to identify Windsor Park, Old Windsor, Frogmore, and Eton. Datchet Mead is now enclosed in the Home Park. Herne's Oak probably stood in a hollow on the north side of the Castle, now filled up. A quarto edition of the play, as acted "before her Maiestie," was published in 1602. It was greatly enlarged in the folio of 1623 and subsequent editions.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I.

Scene I.—Windsor; and the neighbourhood.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page and Simple.

Sha. 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.

Sle. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and coram.

Sha. Ay, Cousin Slender, and *Cuat-alorum*.

Sle. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Sha. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sle. 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.

Sha. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well: it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Sha. The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat.

Sle. I may quarter, coz.

Sha. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Sha. Not a whit.

Eva. 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.

Sha. The council shall hear it, it is a riot.

Eva. 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.

Sha. Ha, o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure brings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Sle. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. 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-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.

Sle. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Sle. I know the young gentilewoman, she has goot gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Sha. Well, let us see honest Master Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the knight Sir John is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the door for Master Page. What hoa! Got pless your house here.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and here young Master Slender: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worshipp well: I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Sha. 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, as: with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Sha. Sir, I thank you: by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Sle. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Sle. You 'll not confess: you 'll not confess.

Sha. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Sha. Sir: he's a good dog, and a fair dog, can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within: and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Sha. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Sha. 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.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?

Sha. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Sha. Tut, a pin: this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight, I have done all this:

That is now answered.

Sha. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in council: you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good words.

Fal. Good words? good cabbage; Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Sle. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese.

Sle. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Sle. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*. Slice, that's my humour.

Sle. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *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.

Eva. Ferry 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.

Eva. The tevil and his tam: what phrase is this? *he hears with ear?* why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purses?

Sle. 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 shovelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeard Miller: by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner: Sir John, and master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bibbo: word of denial in thy labras here; word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Sle. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say *marry trap* with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me, that is the very note of it.

Sle. 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?

Bar. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered: and so conclusions passed the careires.

Sle. 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.

Eva. So Got-udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in, we 'll drink within.

Sle. 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.

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.

Sle. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here. 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 Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Sha. 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?

Sle. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Sha. Nay, but understand me.

Sle. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions; Master Slender, I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Sle. 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.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Sha. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Sle. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. 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?

Sha. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Sle. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Sha. That you must:

Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Sle. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Sha. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz : What I do is to pleasure you, coz : can you love the maid ?

Sle. 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 content ; but if you say *Marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. 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.

Sha. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Sle. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la !

Sha. Here comes fair Mistress Anne ; would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

Anne. The dinner is on the table, my father desires your worship's company.

Sha. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will ! I will not be absence at the grace.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir ?

Sle. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Sle. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth : go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow : 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.

Sle. I' faith I'll eat nothing : I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Sle. I had rather walk here, I thank you, I bruised my shin the other day, with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three weneys 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 ? the town ?

Anne. I think there are, sir, I heard them talked of.

Sle. 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.

Sle. That's a 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.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come ; we stay for you.

Sle. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir : come, come.

Sle. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Sle. Mistress Anne : yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir, pray you keep on.

Sle. Truly I will not go first : truly-la ! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Sle. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome : you do yourself wrong, indeed-la ! *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. 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.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet : give her this letter ; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page ; and the letter is to desire, and require her to solicit your master's desires, to Mistress Anne Page : I pray you be gone : I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheese to come. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter ?

Host. What says my bully rook ? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host ; I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier ; let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor (Cesar, Keiser, and Pheazar). I will entertain Bardolph : he shall draw ; he shall tap ; said I well, bully Hector ?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke : let him follow : let me see thee froth, and live : I am at a word : follow.

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.

Bar. It is a life that I have desired : I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight : wilt thou the spigot wield ?

Nym. He was gotten in drink : is not the humour conceited ?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box : his thefts were too open : his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. *Convey* : the wise it call. *Steal !* foh : a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy : I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town ?

Pist. I ken the wight : he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol : indeed, I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste : I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to

make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her: she discourses: she carves: she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

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.

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 iliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

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 cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

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.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly, Sall 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 honour of the age, French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirtd page.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullan holds:

And high and low beguile the rich and poor. Teeter I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, Which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to 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.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee: troop on. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius and Fenton.

M. 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.

Rug. I'll go watch.

M. Quick. Go, and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal: and I warrant you, no tall-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault: but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

M. Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

M. Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

M. 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.

M. Quick. How say you?—oh, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes indeed, does he.

M. 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—

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

M. Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man: go into this closet; he will not stay long. What, John Rugby? John: what John, I say? go, John, go enquire for my master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *And down, down, adown 'a.* [*Singing.*]

Cai. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys: pray you go and vetch me in my closet, *un botier verd*; a box, a green-a-box. Do intend vat I speak? a green-a-box.

M. Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you: I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man he would have been horn-mad.

Cai. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, si fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à le cour—la grande affaire.*

M. Quick. Is it this, sir?

Cai. *Quoy, mette le au mon pocket, dépêche quickly:*

Here is dat knave Rugby?

M. Quick. What, John Rugby, John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Cai. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a-your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Cai. By my trot: I tarry too long;—Od's-me! *qu'at j'oublié:* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varid I shall leave behind.

M. Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Cas. O *diabie, diabie!* vat is in my closet? Villainy, *larron*: Rugby, my rapier.

M. Quick. Good master, be content.

Cas. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

M. Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Cas. What shall de honest man do in my closet: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

M. Quick. I beseech you be not so phlegmatic: hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me, from Parson Hugh.

Cas. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth: to desire her to—

M. Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Cas. 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.

M. Quick. This is all indeed-la: but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Cas. Sir Hugh send-a-you? Rugby, *baillies* me some paper: tarry you a little-a-while.

M. Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly 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 nois, the French doctor, my master, I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

M. Quick. 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.

Cas. You, jack 'nape: give-a this letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de park, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here.

M. Quick. Alas: he speaks but for his friend.

Cas. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine host de de Jarsteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

M. Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-ger.

Cas. 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.

M. 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.

Fen. Who's within there? hos!

M. Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Fen. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

M. Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fen. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

M. 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.

Fen. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

M. 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?

Fen. Yes, marry have I, what of that?

M. Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, 'tis 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 allicholly and musing: but for you—well, go to—

Fen. 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.

M. 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.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

M. Quick. Farewell to your worship: truly an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not: for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—out upon 't: what have I forgot? *Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scene I.—Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Page, Ford, Pistol, Nym, Mistress Quickly, Host and Shallow.

M. Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

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 wrot 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.

M. Ford. Mistress Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

M. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you : you look very ill.

M. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that ; I have to show to the contrary.

M. Page. 'Faith but you do in my mind.

M. Ford. Well : I do then : yet I say, I could show you to the contrary : O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

M. Page. What 's the matter, woman ?

M. Ford. O woman : if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

M. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour : what is it ? dispense with trifles : what is it ?

M. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so : I could be knighted.

M. Page. What ? thou liest ! Sir Alice Ford ? These knights will hack ; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy entry.

M. 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 un-comeliness, 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 *Greensleeves*. What tempest I trow threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor ? How shall I be revenged on him ? I think the best way were, to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like ?

M. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of Page and Ford differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more) : and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two : I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

M. Ford. Why this is the very same : the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us ?

M. 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.

M. Ford. *Boarding*, call you it ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

M. 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 pawed his horses to mine host of the Garter.

M. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty : O, that my husband saw this letter : it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

M. 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.

M. Ford. You are the happier woman.

M. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

Ford. Well : I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs :

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another, Ford, he loves the gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot : prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Aecton 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.

Ford. I will be patient : I will find out this.

Nym. 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. Adieu.

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a ? here 's a fellow frights English out of his wite.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, 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.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now, Meg ?

M. Page. Whither go you, George ? hark you.

M. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ? I am not melancholy : Get you home : go.

M. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now : will you go, Mistress Page ?

M. Page. Have with you : you 'll come to dinner, George ? Look who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

M. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : she 'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

M. Quick. Ay, forsooth; and I pray how does good Mistress Anne?

M. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

Exeunt M. Page, M. Ford and M. Quick.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, alvays: 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.

Ford. I do not misdoout 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. How now, mine host?

Host. How now, bully-rook: thou 'rt a gentleman: cavaleiro-justice, I say.

Sha. 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.

Sha. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter: a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Sha. 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.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight? my guest-cavalier.

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook: only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress, said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight: will you go, mynheers?

Sha. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Sha. 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.

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.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Pistol, Robin, Mistress Quickly, Bardolph and Ford,

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 laboons: 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 Picket-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 heaven 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?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

M. Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

M. Quick. Not so; an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

M. Quick. I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer; what with me?

M. Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

M. 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—

M. Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

M. Quick. Are they so? heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well; Mistress Ford, what of her?

M. 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.

M. 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 rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a oup 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.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

M. 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?

M. 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 jealous man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

M. 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.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

M. 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?

M. 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.

M. 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 anything; 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, this news distracts me. *Exeunt M. Quickly and Robin.*

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.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack, go thy ways: I'll make more of thy old body than I have done: will they yet look after thee? wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bar. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor: ah ha, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to, via!

Ford. Bless you, sir.

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.

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.

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 fol-

lies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of their own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, with 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.

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: *foe'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, need I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a jewel, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this,*

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,

Pursuing that 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?

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.

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 propesterously.

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?

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?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor. They say the jealous wittoly 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. 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: Barbasen, well: yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends. But cuckold, wittoll-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. Heaven be praised for my jealousy: eleven o'clock the hour, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three hours too soon, than a minute too late; fie, fie, fie! Cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! *Exit.*

Scene III.—Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Cai. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Cai. Vat is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Cai. 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.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your rapier, Jack, I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear: here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully-doctor.

Sha. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Master Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Cai. 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 Æsculapins? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian King; Hector 'of Greece, my boy!

Cai. I pray you bear vitness, that me have stay, six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Sha. 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.

Sha. 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.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Sha. 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 shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur Mockwater.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Cai. By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman: scurry-Jack-dog-priest: by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. 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.

Cai. Me tanck 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.

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?

Sha. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Master Doctor.

Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.

Cai. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheath 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. Cry'd-game? said I well?

Cai. By gar, me danck you vor 'dat: by gar, I love you: and I shall procure-a you de good guest: de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Cai. By gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

Scene I.—Frogmore.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. 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.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. *Exit.*

Eva. Pless my soul: how full of cholere I am, and trembling of mind: I shall be glad if he have deceived me; how melancholies I am? Pless my soul!

*To shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow, &c.*

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals:—
When as I sat in Pablon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.*

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. 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.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Sha. 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.

Ste. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Sha. 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?

Eva. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Master Parson.

Eva. 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.

Sha. I have lived four-score years, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides: a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Ste. O sweet Anne Page!

Sha. It appears so by his weapons: keep them sunder. Here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Sha. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-me speak a word with your ear; wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Cai. By gar, you are de coward: de Jack dog: John ape.

Eva. 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.

Cai. *Diable!* Jack Rugby: mine *host de Jars* teer: have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians-soul, now look you:

this is the place appointed, I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Cai. 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, 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 burned sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Sha. Trust me, a mad host: follow, gentlemen, follow.

Ste. O sweet Anne Page!

Cai. Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall scurvey-cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you follow. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

M. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant, you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

M. 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?

M. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

M. Page. He, he, I can never hit on 's name: there is such a league between my Goodman and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

M. Page. By your leave, sir, I am sick till I see her. *Exeunt M. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them: why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles as easy as a cannon will shoot

point-blank twelve score: he 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. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked, for it is as positive, as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Shallow, Page, Caius, &c.

Sha. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Sha. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Ste. 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.

Sha. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Ste. 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.

Cai. Ay, be-gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurb-a-Quickly tell me so mosh.

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 buttocks, he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild prince and Pouns: 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.

Sha. Well, fare you well. We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

Cai. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewell, my hearts, I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. 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.—Ford's House.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Servants, Robin and Falstaff.

M. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

M. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

M. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

M. Page. Come, come, come.

M. Ford. Here, set it down.

M. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

M. 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.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I have told them over and over, they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin.

M. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

M. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

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.

M. 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.

M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy master, I am alone: Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

M. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiss me.

M. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumption; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why now let me die, for I have lived long enough: 'Tis the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

M. 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.

M. 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.

M. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, 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.

M. 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 lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and small like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

M. 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 rock of a lime-kiln.

M. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind, I'll deserve it.

M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. 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.

M. Ford. Pray you, do so, she's a very tattling woman. What's the matter? How now?

M. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

M. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

M. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

M. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you! How am I mistook in you!

M. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

M. 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.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. 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.

M. 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.

M. 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.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't, O let me see 't: I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel, I'll in.

M. 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—

M. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John! Go, take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl staff? Look how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius and 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?

Ser. To the laundress, forsooth.

M. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck. Buck, buck, buck, ay, buck: I warrant you buck, and of the season too; it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants.*] 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: so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page: up gentlemen, you shall see sport anon.

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousias.

Cai. 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.

M. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

M. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

M. Page. What a talking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket?

M. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing: so throwing him into the water, will do him a benefit.

M. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain, were in the same distress.

M. 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.

M. 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.

M. 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?

M. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

M. Page. Heard you that?

M. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford? Do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

M. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

M. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay: I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Cat. Be 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.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cat. 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?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Cat. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-the third.

Ford. Pray you go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Cat. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Page's House.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Mistress Quickly, Page and Mistress Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy father's love,

Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my ex-
pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies,

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fen. 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

Cannot attain it, why then,—hark you hither!—
Sha. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly, my
kingsman shall speak for himself.

Slc. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't, slid, 'tis
but venturing.

Sha. Be not dismayed.

Slc. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not
for that, but that I am afraid.

M. Quick. Hark ye, Master Slender would
speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's
choice:

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

M. Quick. And how does good Master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Sha. She's coming; to her, coz: O boy, thou
hadst a father.

Slc. 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.

Sha. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slc. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman
in Gloucestershire.

Sha. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slc. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,
under the degree of a squire.

Sha. He will make you a hundred and fifty
pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for
himself.

Sha. 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.

Slc. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slc. My will? Od's-heartings, that's a pretty
jest indeed: I ne'er made my will yet, I thank
Heaven: I am not such a sickly creature, I give
Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you
with me?

Slc. 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.

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.

Fen. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

M. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to
my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. 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.

M. Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fen. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and man-
ners,

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.

M. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better
husband.

M. Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the
earth,

And bow'd to death with turnips.

M. 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.

Fen. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

M. 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.

Fen. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-
night,
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy
pains.

M. Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune.
A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through
fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I
would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would
Master Slender had her: or, in sooth, I would
Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for
them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll
be as good as my word, but 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! *Eseunt.*

Scene V.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Bardolph, I say—

Bar. Here, sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't.
Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a bar-
row of butcher's offal? and to be thrown in the
Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick,
I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and
give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The
rogues alighted me into the river with as little re-
morse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's
puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know
by my aise, that I have a kind of alacrity in
sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I
should drown. I had been drowned, 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.

Bar. 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.

Bar. Come in, woman.

M. 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.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no pullet-sperm in
my brewage. How now?

M. 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.

M. Quick. Alas, the day! good-heart, that was
not her fault: she does so take on with her men;
they mistook their direction.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-
man's promise.

M. Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it
would yearn your heart to see it: her husband
goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once
more to come to her, between eight and nine: I
must carry her word quickly; she'll make you
amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bid
her think what a man is: let her consider his
frailty, and then judge of my merit.

M. Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

M. Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

M. Quick. Peace be with you, sir.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he
sent me word to stay within: I like his money
well. Oh, here he comes.

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 deter-
mination?

Fal. No, Master Brook, but the peaking Cornuto
her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a con-
tinual 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.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not
find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have
it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives 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. Yes: 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 should 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.

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 half-penny 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.

Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, William and Evans.

M. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

M. 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.

M. 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: how now, Sir Hugh, no school to-day?

Eva. No: Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

M. Quick. Blessing of his heart!

M. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

M. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

M. Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say *Od's-nouns*.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *favr*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

M. Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a *stone*, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No; it is *lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is good, William: what is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*: pray you mark: *genitivo, hujus*. Well: what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, child. *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

M. Quick. *Hang-hog* is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *foactive* case, William?

Will. *O.—Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William, *foactive*, is *caret*.

M. Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

M. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your *genitive* case plural; William?

Will. *Genitive* case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitivo—horum, harum, horum.

M. Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case; fie on her, never name her, child!

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

M. Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hic, and to hack; which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

M. Page. Prithee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be preaches. Go your ways and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag-memroy. Farewell, Mistress Page.

M. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh: Get you home, boy,—Come, we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page and Servants.

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?

M. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Eva. What ho, gossip Ford: what ho!

M. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

M. Page. How now, sweetheart, who 's at home besides yourself?

M. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

M. Page. Indeed!

M. Ford. No, certainly: speak louder.

M. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

M. Ford. Why?

M. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so 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.

M. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

M. 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.

M. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

M. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

M. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

M. 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.

M. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

M. 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.

M. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

M. 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.

M. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguised.

M. Ford. How might we disguise him?

M. 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.

M. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

M. 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.

M. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

M. Page. Quick, quick, we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. *Exit Fal.*

M. 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.

M. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel: and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards.

M. Ford. But is my husband coming?

M. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

M. 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.

M. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

M. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight.

M. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet!

We cannot misuse him enough:

We 'll leave a proof by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, *Still swine eats all the draf.*

M. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it up.

2 Ser. Fray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, Shallow and 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 gin, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford: you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog.

Sha. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir: come hither, Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

M. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if thou suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face, hold it out. Come forth, sirrah.

Page. This passes!

M. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

M. 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.

M. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Sha. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford: this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity. Let me for ever be your table-sport. Let them say of me, *As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.* Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

M. 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.

M. Ford. Why it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cousing 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 daubry as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you, come down, I say!

M. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

M. Page. Come, Mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat-her. Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you runnion, out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you.

M. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

M. Ford. Nay, he will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great beard; I spy a great beard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

M. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

M. Ford. Nay, by the mass that he did not: he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

M. Page. I 'll have the cudgel halloved, and hung o'er the altar, it hath done meritorious service.

M. Ford. What think you? May we with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

M. 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.

M. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

M. 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.

M. 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.

M. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bar. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen, they speak English?

Bar. Ay, sir, I'll call them to you.
Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay: I'll sauce them, they have had my house a week at command: I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, I'll sauce them. *Come.* *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

M. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife, henceforth do what thou wilt:

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
 Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand

(In him that was of late an heretic)

As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:

Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Eva. You say he has been thrown in the rivers: and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

M. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd

horns,

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a

chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you

know

The superstitious idle-headed old

Received, and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do

fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:

But what of this?

M. Ford. Marry, this is our device,

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his

head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape, when you have brought him

thither,
 What shall be done with him? What is your

plot?
M. 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,

And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffus'd song: upon their sight

We'll, in great amazement will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him why that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths, he dares to tread

In shape profane.

M. Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the supposed fairies pinch him, sound,

And burn him with their tapers.

M. 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.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours:

and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the

knight with my tabor.

Ford. That will be excellent, I'll go buy them

visards.

M. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the

fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,

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.

M. Page. Fear not you that; go get us pro-

perties

And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures

and fery honest knaveries.

M. 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. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaff, Bardolph, Evans and Caius.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss: brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee. Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! A fat woman! The knight may be robbed: I'll call: bully-knight, bully Sir John: speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend: my chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie!

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?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Bar. Owt, alas, sir, cozenage: mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bar. 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 Faustus.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain, do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead; of Colobrooke, of horses and money: I tell you for good will, look you, you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlotting-stocks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Cas. Ver' is mine host *de Jarteer*?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Cas. 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: der is no duke dat the court is know to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight, I am undone. Fly, run: hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

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 *primera*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

M. Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffered more for their sakes; more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

M. Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tallest 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.

M. 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.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me, my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. 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.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page, Who, mutually, hath answered my affection (So far forth, as herself might be her choicer), 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:
Tonight at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now,

sir,
Her mother, 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, 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 visarded, 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?

Fen. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests, that you 'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—The Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Mistress Quickly and Ford.

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!

M. 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 M. Quickly.*] 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 whip 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.—The 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.

Sle. 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 *num*; she cries *budget*, and by that we know one another.

Sha. That's good too: but what needs either your *num*, or her *budget*? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

M. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

M. Page. Fare you well, sir, 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.

M. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

M. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights, which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

M. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

M. Page. If he be not amazed he will be mocked. If he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

M. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

M. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

M. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak!
Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Park.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you, follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come, trib, trib,
Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Page, Ford, Mistress Quickly and Pistol.

Fal. The Windsor bell has 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 draw to the complexion of a goose: a fault done first in the form of a beast, O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault, in the semblance of a fowl, think on't Jove, a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, in the forest. Who comes here, my doe?
M. 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 *Greenleeves*, hail kissing-comits, and snow erings. Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

M. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

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!

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford, M. Page. Away, away.

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.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

M. 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 unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry, Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

Eva. Where's Beds? 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.

M. Quick. About, about: Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out. Strew good luck, onphes, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order, look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower, Each fair intalment, 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, The expulture that it bears: green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see: And, *Hony 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 orcharctery, A way, disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom, round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle-earth.
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.

M. Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

M. 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,

*Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

Pinch him, fairies, mutually: pinch him for his villainy.

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.*

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Dr. 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.

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd you now. Will none but Hens the hunter serve your turn?

M. 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 the 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.

M. 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 as 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 foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. 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.

M. 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 bell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

M. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. 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 plummert o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. 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.

M. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Sle. Whos, ho, ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now? How now, son? Have you despatched?

Sle. Despatched? I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't: would I were hanged la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Sle. 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 swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Sle. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Sle. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

M. 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.

Cai. Ver is Mistress Page? by gar, I am cozened, I ha married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar. A boy, it is not Anne Page, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in green?

Cai. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes 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?

M. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amase her. Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love:

D

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,
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand irreligious cursèd 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,
 What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are
 chas'd.

M. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Master
 Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days:
 Good husband, let us every one go home,
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
 Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir John:
 To Master Brook, you yet shall hold your word.
 For he, to-night, shall sleep with Mistress Ford.

Exeunt.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other like gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
CLOWN.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.
ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCESCA, a nun.

Most of the commentators assume that this play was written between 1601 and 1608. It does not occur among the early quartos, and the first printed edition is in the folio of 1623. There is no record of its having been acted in the lifetime of Shakespeare; and, while it has always enjoyed the esteem of poets and painters, the plot is of too unpleasant a character to suit it to the modern stage. The scene is laid in a wholly fictitious Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act I.

*Scene I.—The Duke's Palace.
Enter Duke, Escalus and Lords.*

Duke. Escalus.

Esc. 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
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which, we would not have you warp; call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo:
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Esc. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues; they on thee!
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor.
Both thanks and use; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo:
In our remove be thou at full yourself:
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 mettle,

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a heaven'd and prepar'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you,
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good: give me your hand,
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
Esc. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you, Fare you well. *Exit.*
Esc. 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 plea:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. I'll wait upon your honour. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke with the other dukes come
not to composition with the King of Hungary,
why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
King of Hungary's.

2 Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal!

Luc. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why? 'twas a commandment, to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions: 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.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Luc. In any proportion or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Luc. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou art a three-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?

Luc. I think thou dost: and indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. 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 Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there 's Madam Juliet. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Street.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Cla. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Cla. Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not, so, yet still 'tis just.

Luc. Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

Cla. 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.

Luc. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment: what 's thy offence, Claudio?

Cla. What but to speak of would offend again.

Luc. What, is 't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir, you must go.

Cla. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. Is lechery so looked after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed, You know the lady, she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order. This we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke, Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness, Or whether that the body public, be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up I stagger in: but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen sodiacs 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.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Cla. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:—

This day my sister should the cloister enter And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state, Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy: bid herself assay him: I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men: beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason, and discourses, And well she can persuade.

Luc. 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.

Cla. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two hours.

Cla. Come, officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father, throw away that thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland,
(For so I have strewed it in the common ear)
And so it is received: now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown 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's
More mocked than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you 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,
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,
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 V.—A Nunnery.

Enter Isabel and Francisca.

Isa. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fra. Are not these large enough?

Isa. 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.

Luc. Ho! peace be in this place!

Isa. Who's that which calls?

Fra. 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 vowed, you must not speak with
men,

But in the presence of the prioress;
Then if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperity: who is't that calls?

Luc. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isa. Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Luc. Gentle and fair: your brother kindly
greet's you;

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me! for what?

Luc. For that, which if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isa. Sir, make me not your story.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my
familiar sin,

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart: play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isa. You do blaspheme the good in mocking
me.

Luc. Do not believe it: fewness and truth, 'tis
thus;—

Your brother and his lover have embraced;
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.

Isa. Someone with child by him?—My cousin
Juliet?

Luc. Is she your cousin?

Isa. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their
names

By vain, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. O, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (myself being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His giving-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind: study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath picked 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.

Isa. Doth he so seek his life?

Luc. Has censured him already,
And as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For 's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poor
Ability 's in me, to do him good.

Luc. Assay the power you have.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and
kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. I'll see what I can do.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. 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.

Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu. *Exit.*

Act II.

Scene I.—Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Provost, Servants and Justice.

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.

Esc. 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 straight in virtue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wish-
ing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attained th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred 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
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes; what knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell
me

When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must
die.

Esc. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Pro. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio be executed by nine to-
morrow morning; bring him his confessor, let
him be prepar'd, for that 's the utmost of his
pilgrimage. *Exit Provost.*

Esc. 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.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a commonwealth 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.

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.

Esc. 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?

Clow. He cannot, sir: he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir: a tapster, sir: one that serves a
bad woman: whose house, sir, was, as they say,
plucked down in the suburbs.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven,
and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir: whom I thank heaven is an
honest woman.

Esc. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house is a naughty house.

Esc. 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.

Esc. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, but as she spit in his face, so she
defied him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it: before these varlets here, thou
honourable man, prove it.

Esc. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child: and longing (saying 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.

Esc. Go to: go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being 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.

Fro. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Fro. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clo. 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.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well, then—

Esc. 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.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. 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?

Fro. Allhallond-Eve.

Clo. 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?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. 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,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Exit.

Esc. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esc. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour mark his face?

Esc. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Esc. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Esc. Why, no.

Clo. 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.

Esc. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here? justice or iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou catiff: 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.

Esc. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked catiff?

Esc. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what 's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you born, friend?

Fro. Here in Vienna, sir.

Esc. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Fro. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Esc. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Esc. 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.

Fro. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Esc. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. 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.

Esc. 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.

Esc. 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.

Esc. 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?

Esc. To my house. Fare you well: what 's a clock, think you?

Jus. Eleven, sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Jus. I humbly thank you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there 's no remedy:

Jus. Lord Angelo is severe.

Esc. 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.*

Scene II.—Angelo's House.

Enter Provost and Servant.

Ser. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I 'll tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you do; I 'll know

His pleasure, may be he will relent. Alas

He hath but as offended in a dream,

All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for 't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter provost?

Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. 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.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Pro. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted, See you the fornicatress be removed, Let her have needful, but not lavish means, There shall be order for 't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. Save your honour.

Ang. Stay a little while; you are welcome: what 's your will?

Isa. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well, what 's your suit?

Isa. 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?

Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die, I do beseech you let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why, every fault 's condemned ere it be done:

Mine were the very cipher of a function

To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

Isa. O just but severe law:

I had a brother then. Heaven keep your honour.

Luc. Give 't not over 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.

Isa. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isa. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieves at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isa. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isa. 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 sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isa. Too late? why, no: I, that do speak a word

May call it back again. Well, believe this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longe,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have slipp'd like him, but he like you

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isa. 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.

Luc. Ay, touch him: there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

And you but waste your words.

Isa. Alas! alas!

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once,

And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? O think on that,

And mercy then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,

It is the law, not I, condemn your brother,

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.

Isa. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He 's not prepar'd for death; even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There 's many have committed it.

Luc. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
bath slept:

Those many had not dared to do that evil
If the first, that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils
Either now, or by remission 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.

Isa. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isa. 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.

Luc. That 's well said.

Isa. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splittest the unwedgeable and guarded oak,
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured
(His glassy essence), like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep: who with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Luc. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent,
He 's coming: I perceive 't.

Pro. Pray heaven she win him.

Isa. We cannot weigh our brother with our-
self,

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Luc. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl, more o' that.

Isa. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Luc. Art advis'd o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon
me?

Isa. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
know

That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense
That my sense breeds with it; fare you well.

Isa. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isa. Hark, how I 'll bribe you: good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isa. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Isa. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserv'd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.

Luc. Go to: 'tis well; away.

Isa. Heaven keep your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isa. At what hour to-morrow,

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isa. Save your honour!

Exeunt Lucio, Isabella and Provost.

Ang. From these, even from this virtue.

What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? ha!
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
her,

That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth good us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strump-
et

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 Prison.

Enter Duke, as Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Pro. 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.

Pro. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report; she is with child,
And he that got it, senten'd: a young man,
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Pro. As I do think to-morrow.

I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

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 toward 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,
That respects me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pity of him. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—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: yes, my gravity
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood,
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest. How now? who 's
there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that
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. How now, fair maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. 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.

Isa. 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.

Isa. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isa. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices. It were as
good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's
images

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy,

Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put mettle in restrained means

To make a false one.

Isa. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in
earth.

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 stained?

Isa. 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 account.

Isa. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this,

I (now the voice of the recorded law)

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life,

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

Isa. Please you to do 't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isa. That I do beg his life, if it be sin
Heaven let me bear it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me,
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isa. 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 enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isa. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law, upon that pain.

Isa. 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,
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?

Isa. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. 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?

Isa. 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.

Isa. O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out
To have what we would have,
We speak not what we mean;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isa. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves,

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:
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.

Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isa. 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.

Isa. I know your virtue hath a licence 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.

Isa. Ha! Little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose. Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for 't.
Signu me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretched throat I'll tell the world
aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein,
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit.

Isa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval,
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 fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred 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.—The Prison.

Enter Duke, as Friar, Claudio and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I have hope to live, and am pre-
par'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
art,

Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy sight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble,

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means
valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy-
self,

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not
certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor,
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee; friend hast thou none.
For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
nor age

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied old: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lies hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear.
That makes these odds all even.

Cla. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company!

Pro. Who 's there? Come in, the wish deserves
a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Cla. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isa. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Pro. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's
your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I
may be concealed. *Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Cla. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isa. 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 lieger;
Therefore your best appointment make with
speed,

To-morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedy?

Isa. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Cla. But is there any?

Isa. 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.

Cla. Perpetual durance?

Isa. Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint
Though all the world's vastidity you had
To a determined scope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

Isa. O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Cla. 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.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Cla. The princely Angelo?

Isa. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damndest body to invest and cover
In princely guards; dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou might'st at be freed?

Cla. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank
offence
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isa. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him, That thus can make him bite the law by the nose, When he would force it? Sure it is no sin, Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

Isa. What says my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearful thing.

Isa. And sham'd life, a hateful.

Cla. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isa. Alas, alas!

Cla. 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.

Isa. O you beast! O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield my mother played my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isa. O fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. 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.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you awhile.

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 judgment with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. 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. Provost, a word with you. *Exit Claudio.*

Re-enter Provost.

Pro. 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.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

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?

Isa. 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 advising, to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isa. 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 miscarried at sea?

Isa. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married: was affianced to her 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 befel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both; her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isa. 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.

Isa. 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.

Isa. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your 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?

Isa. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo, if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Duke, as Friar, Elbow, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Elb. Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir: for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah!

Clow. But yet, sir, I would prove.

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given these 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: he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Clow. I spy comfort, I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Luc. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clow. Yes faith, sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Clow. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Luc. No, indeed will I not, Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage if you take it not patiently: why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Clow. You will not bail me then, sir?

Luc. Then, Pompey, nor now: what news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Exeunt Elbow, Officers and Clown.

Luc. Go to kennel, Pompey, go: What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. 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.

Luc. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Luc. 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.

Luc. 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?

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Luc. The duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Luc. 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.

Duke. Wise? Why, no question but he was.

Luc. 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.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Luc. 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?

Luc. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Luc. 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?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Luc. Why? The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light: would he were returned. Farewell, good friar, I prithee pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays: say, that I said so. Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality can censure 'scape. Back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus and Provost.

Esc. 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.

Pro. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Esc. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his Holiness.

Esc. 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 as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. 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?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepared? I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

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.

Esc. 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 extreme 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 straightness of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. *Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go:
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking:
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow.
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side:
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things?
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall by the disguised
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. *Exit.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—The Moated Grange.

Enter Mariana and Boy singing.

SONG. Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
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 anybody inquired for me
here to-day? much upon this time have I promised
here to meet.

Mar. You have not been inquired after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is
come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a
little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some
advantage to yourself.

Mar. I am always bound to you. Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isa. 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,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads,
There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
this way?

Isa. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't,
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isa. 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.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isa. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mar. 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.

Mar. Will 't please you walk aside? Exit.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.
Welcome, how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isa. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. 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.
Exit.

Scene II.—The Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Pro. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but
if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and
I can never cut off a woman's head.

Pro. 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.

Clo. I will be content to be a lawful hangman:
I would be glad to receive some instruction from
my fellow partner.

Pro. What ho, Abhorson! where 's Abhorson,
there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Do you call, sir?

Pro. 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.

Abh. Fie upon him, he will discredit our
mystery.

Pro. Go to, sir, you weigh equally: a feather
will turn the scale. Exit.

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look. Do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abh. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Paining, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abh. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him.

Pro. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abh. Come on, clown, I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. 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. *Erit.*

Pro. Call hither Barnadine and Claudio: Th' 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?

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour,

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones; He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! by and by, I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father. *Erit Claudio.*

Enter Duke, as Friar.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good provost: who call'd here of late?

Pro. None since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then ere 't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Pro. 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. Now are they come.

This is a gentle provost; seldom when The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste, That wounds th' unassuming postern with these strokes.

Pro. 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?

Pro. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Pro. Happily

You something know: yet I believe there comes No countermand: no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Pro. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you sverre 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.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. 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 th' offender friended. Now, sir, what news?

Pro. 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.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Pro. 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 satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Pro. 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.

Pro. 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?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Pro. 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.

Pro. 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 show'd him a seeming warrant for it,—it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: there is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite: for the which, you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Pro. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. 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.

Pro. 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 anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. 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?

Pro. I know them both.

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 un-

folding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Prison.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house. There is 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 Dissy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey, the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-beir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight, the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abh. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnardine within.

Bar. A plague o' your throats: who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir, the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abh. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Abh. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? What 's the news with you?

Abh. 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.

Clo. 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.

Enter Duke, as Friar.

Abh. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now think you?

Duke. Sir, induc'd 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

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 anything to say to me, come to my ward: for thence will not I to-day. *Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows, bring him to the block.

Pro. 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.

Pro. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever, One Ragosine, 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 Ragosine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently, the hour draws on Prefixed by Angelo: see this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done, good father, presently: But Barnardine must die this afternoon, And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done, Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio, Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yonder generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant, *Exit.*

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.

Now will I write letters to Angelo (The provost he shall bear them), whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home: And that by great injunctions I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city: and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Pro. 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.

Pro. I'll make all speed. *Exit.*

Isabella within.

Isa. Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isa. 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.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other, Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isa. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel, Injurious world, most damnèd Angelo.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,

Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven,

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow: nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor

Give me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isa. 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 combinèd by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holy order

If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even, Friar, where's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Luc. 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.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. 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.

Luc. 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. *Eaeunt.*

Scene IV.—Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Esc. 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?

Esc. 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?

Esc. He shows his reason for that: to have a deepatch 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.

Esc. I shall, sir. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'ed 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 But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,

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.—Without the Town.

Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: The provost knows our purpose and our plot, The matter being afoot, keep your instruction And hold you ever to our special drift, Though sometimes you do blench from this to that

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valencius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate— But send me Flavius first.

Pet. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haete: Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *Ezeunt.*

Scene VI.—A Street.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isa. 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.

Mar. Be ruled by him.

Isa. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physick That's bitter to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar Peter—

Isa. O, peace, the friar is come.

Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke He shall not pass you:

Twice have the trumpets sounded.

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon

The duke is entering: therefore hence, away!

Ezeunt

Act V.

Scene I.—City Gate.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio and Citizens at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met; Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy return be to your royal grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks 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, When it deserves, with characters of brass, A fortified 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.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isa. Justice, O royal duke, veil your regard Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice, Reveal yourself to him.

Isa. 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, 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,—

Isa. By course of justice! *Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isa. 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?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange. *Isa.* 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.

Isa. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute As Angelo, even so may Angelo In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms, Be an arch villain. Believe it, royal prince, If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more, Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty If she be mad, as I believe no other, Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing on thing, As e'er I heard in madness.

Isa. 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?

Isa. I am the sister of one Claudio, Condemned upon the act of fornication To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo. I (in probation of a sisterhood) Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger.

Luc. 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,

Isa. That's he indeed. *Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

Luc. No, my good lord, Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then, Pray you, take note of it: and when you have A business for yourself, pray heaven you then Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to 't.

Isa. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale, *Luc.* Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i' the wrong To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isa. I went To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isa. Pardon it, The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter: proceed.

Isa. In brief, to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneel'd, How he refell'd me, and how I replied (For this was of much length) the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter. He would not, but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust Release my brother; and after much debatement, My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isa. O, that it were as like as it is true.

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice. First, his integrity Stands without blemish. Next it imports no reason That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isa. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above, Keep me in patience, and with ripened time Unfold the evil, which is here wrapp'd up In countenance. Heaven shield your Grace from woe,

As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer! To prison with her! Shall we thus permit A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us? This needs must be a practice;

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isa. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?

Luc. 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 swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Luc. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Pet. 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,
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?

Pet. 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 vonches) misreport your Grace.

Luc. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Pet. Well: he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: upon his mere request
Being come to knowledge that there was com-
plaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear
Whensoever he's convicted. First for this
woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it:
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?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her show her face, and after, speak.

Mar. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mar. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mar. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither
maid, widow, nor wife?

Luc. My lord, she may be a punk: for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had
some cause to prattle for himself.

Luc. Well, my lord.

Mar. 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.

Luc. He was drunk then, my lord, it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou
wert so to.

Luc. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mar. 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?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mar. 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.

Mar. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the look-
ing on:

This is the hand which with a vowed contract
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Luc. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this
woman,

And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition: but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity. Since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
her

Upon my faith, and honour.

Mar. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words
from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden house,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confix'd 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 infernal women are no more

But instruments of some more mighty member

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke.

Ay, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone: think't thou
thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
oath,

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;
Let him be sent for.

Pet. Would he were here, my lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint;
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers. *Exit.*

Esc. My lord, we'll do it throughly; Signior
Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, honest in
nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Esc. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: we shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esc. Call that same Isabel here once again, I
would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give
me leave to question; you shall see how I'll
handle her.

Luc. Not better than he, by her own report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I think, if you handled her
privately she would sooner confess, perchance
publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Enter Duke, as Friar, Provost and
Isabella.*

Esc. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at
midnight.

Esc. Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewoman
denies all that you have said.

Luc. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of,
here, with the provost.

Esc. In very good time: speak not you to him,
till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come, sir, did you set these women on to
slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esc. 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.

Esc. The duke's in us: and we will hear you
speak,

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed
friar,

Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man? but in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from
him,

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him: we'll
tonze you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose:
What, unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot: the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esc. Slander to the state! away with him to
prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior
Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my lord: come hither, Goodman
baldpate, do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice; I met you at the prison, in the absence
of the duke.

Luc. O, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Luc. 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.

Luc. 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 my-
self.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now,
after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. 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
giglets too, and with the other confederate com-
panion.

Duke. Stay, sir, stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? help him, Lucio.

Luc. Come, sir, come, sir, come, sir, foh, sir.
Why, you baldpated lying rascal, you must be
hooded, must you? show your knave's visage with
a plague to you: show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

Pulls off hood, and discovers Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st
a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:

Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you
down.

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be 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 ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar, which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

Exeunt Ang., Mar., Pet. and Pro.

Esc. 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,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still,
Attorney'd at your service.

Isa. O give me pardon
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,
That brain'd my purpose; but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter and Provost.

Isa. I do, my lord.

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,

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure still for Measure:*
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste.

Away with him!

Mar. 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 possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do mistake, and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle, my liege.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death. [*To Lucio.*] Now, sir,
to you.

Mar. 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 pav'd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabel:
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isa. Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo, his act did not
O'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mar. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Pro. No, my good lord: it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office,

Give up your keys.

Pro. Pardon me, noble lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio:
Go fetch him hither, let me look upon him.

Exit Provost.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Enter Barnardine, Provost, Claudio and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that:
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe,
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon,
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:

Wherein have I so deserved of you
That you extol me thus?

Luc. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick. If you will hang me for it you may:
but I had rather it would please you I might be
whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wronged 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 finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Luc. Your highness said even now I made you
a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in
making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.
She, Claudio, that you wronged, 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 grate. I
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
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 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, attendants on
DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

MERCHANT, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a schoolmaster and a conjuror.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Probably a very early play. It is first mentioned in 1598, but was first printed in the folio of 1623. The scene is laid wholly at

Ephesus, but there are also many allusions to Syracuse. It is impossible to fix a date. Some

parts are closely imitated from

the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,

some from his

Amphitruo.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act I.

Scene I.—A Public Place.

Enter Duke, Egeon, Gaoler, Officers and other Attendants.

Ege. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort; when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. 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 Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy: our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnus; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embraces 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 arriv'd where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon.

We came aboard;
A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring 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,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidamnus 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.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seized on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their 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,
 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,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I loved,
 Five summers have I spent in farthest 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.

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 disdain,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help.
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum.
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
Gao. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Public Place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnium,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn,
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
 word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. *Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
 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 my-
 self,

And wander up and down to view the city.

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.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack 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 strucken twelve upon the bell,
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold, because you come not home;
 You come not home, because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

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 dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at din-
 ner:

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?

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 sounce of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undisposed;

Where is the thousand marks thou had'st 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;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will his you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

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

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands!

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

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

Disguis'd cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit.*

Act II.

Scene I.—The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave re-
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 din-
ner.

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 be
more?

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

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

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

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

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where?

Luc. Till he 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 com-
plain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

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
that 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.
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

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

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
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 desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he;

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he;

Will you come home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd: My gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I: Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress.
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

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

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger!

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

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *Erit.*

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:
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 decay'd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamell'd
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

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 receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

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

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for 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.

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 amend 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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true
bed;

I live distained, thou undishonour'd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants 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,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land: O spite of 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 pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformèd, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
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.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for my 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 persevere so, And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late. *Exeunt.*

Act' III.

Scene I.—Ephesus.

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

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
 Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carcanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
 And 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?
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 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. Mand, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!—
Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
 Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
 When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.
Dro. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
 If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
 Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, *Luce.*
Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh:—Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's—when? can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name be called *Luce*,—*Luce*, thou hast answered him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
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 here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
 It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind:
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Dro. S. It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.
Dro. E. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

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, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me: depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner, And about evening come yourself alone To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout, Against your yet ungalleged 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: There will we dine. This woman that I mean, My wife—but, I protest, without desert—Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal: To her will we to dinner. Get you home, And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine; For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste. Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
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.—Ephesus.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot? Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous? If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness. Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted? What simple thief brags of his own attainment?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board;
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers
 strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is
 else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
 not
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth
 divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
 speak:

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll
 yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
 Far more, far more to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
 Let love, being light, be drown'd if she sink!

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

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not
 know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
 being by.

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

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
 on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
 heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
 Give me thy hand.

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

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?

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 rage 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 is, 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 Scot-
 land?

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 hair.

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 be-
 tween 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. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
 bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires,
 declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of
 Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to
 be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

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

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

Ant. S. Go hise thee presently, post to the road: And 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;

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.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

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

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you, And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray 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 street 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 Merchant, Angelo and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus; And in the instant that I met with you He had of me a chain: at five o'clock I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Off. That labour 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 I will bestow Among my wife and her confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day. But soft, I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone; Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! *Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:

I promised your presence and the chain; But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me. Belike you thought our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

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

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat. The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion, Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman: I pray you, see him presently 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?

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, But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

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

Ang. You hear how he importunes me: the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance. Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me, or no: If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer. I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scourg me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium That stays but till her owner comes aboard, And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waffage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon; You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, his 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, begone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

Exeunt Mer., Ang., Off. and Ant. E.

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

Scene II.—The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so? Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye That he did plead in earnest, yea or no? Look'd he or red, or pale, or sad, or merrily? What observation mad'd at 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.

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,

Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wailed 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.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-

termands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-

foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls

to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

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

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—[*Erit 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,

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?

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.

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. *Eiexit.*

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,

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.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

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.

Cou. 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 as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cou. 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 thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cou. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;

And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

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.

Cou. 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.

Cou. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain: Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose. *Exit.*

Scene IV.—A Street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger: That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you, 'twill sound 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.

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.

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 Courtesan and Pinch, &c.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respicere finem*, respect your end; or rather, the prophecy, like the parrot, *Be-wa-re the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? *Beats him.*

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

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror;

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!

Cou. Mark how he trembles in his ecstacy!

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

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pin. 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!

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 say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself 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.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did,—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to spothe him in these contraries?
Pin. 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?
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!
Pin. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I 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 damn'd peck
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
Enter three or four and offer to bind him. He strives.
Adr. O bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pin. More company! the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou 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.
Pin. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
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!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me. *Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*
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.
Cou. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
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 and Dromio of Syracuse, with rapiers drawn.

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.
Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Scene I.—Before an Abbey.

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.
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.
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,
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.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan 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. into the Abbey.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced at 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

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was 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,

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 he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

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

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir

Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order:

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:

And ill it doth beseem your holiness

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 perform 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,

The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behended 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 bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilset to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
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,

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.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

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

Ser. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

Cry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—
Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband: witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now he 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!

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.

Ege. 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 dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with 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,

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,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: in the street I met him,

And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
him,

That he 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,
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!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the
Porpentine.

Cou. 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?

Cou. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the
abbess hither. *Exit one to the Abbess.*

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

Ege. 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, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,
sir;

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. 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.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice? O time's ex-
tremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood freeze 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.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

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 Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*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 him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me!

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him
away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound
him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his
bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty.
 Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
 That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :
 O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
 And speak unto the same Æmilia !

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

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
 But by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
 By force took Dromio and my son from them,
 And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
 What then became of them I cannot tell ;
 I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
 right :

These two 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,
 Which accidentally are met together ;—

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is
 which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most 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.—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 arrested me.

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 he 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.

Cou. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for
 my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the
 pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes ;—

And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour,
 My heavy burdens are delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me :

After so long grief, such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart ; I'll gossip at this
 feast.

*Ezeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan,
 Merchant, Angelo and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
 shipboard ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
 embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the
 Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master,
 Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

Ezeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E., Adr. and Luc.

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.

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.

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. *Ezeunt.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, } favourites of
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, } Don Pedro.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHAZAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
CONRADE, }
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
A Sexton.
A Boy.
HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

This play must have been written early in, or before, 1600, as it was acted in July of that year at the Globe. It was printed in quarto—not divided into acts—in the same year, and was included in the first folio, where it stands sixth in order, and appears, from some peculiarities of the text, to have been printed from the players' copy. The story resembles that of *Genevra* in Ariosto; and the scene is laid throughout at Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act I.

Scene I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice and others with a Messenger.

Leo. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mes. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leo. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mes. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leo. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mes. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mes. 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.

Leo. Did he break out into tears?

Mes. In great measure.

Leo. 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!

Leo. I pray you is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no?

Mes. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leo. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mes. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. 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.

Leo. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mes. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victual, and he hath loved to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mes. And a good soldier, too, lady.

Bea. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mes. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Bea. It is so, indeed, he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

Leo. 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.

Bea. 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.

Mes. Is it possible?

Bea. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mes. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Bea. 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?

Mes. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mes. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Bea. Do, good friend.

Leo. You will ne'er run mad, niece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mes. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick and Balthazar.

D. Ped. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leo. 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. Ped. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bea. Were you in doubt, that you asked her?

Leo. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Ped. 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.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Ben. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Ben. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Ben. 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.

Ben. Then is courtesy a turn-coat. 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.

Ben. 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.

Ben. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Ben. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Ben. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name: I have done.

Ben. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Ped. This is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leo. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leo. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Ped. Your hand, Leonato, we will go together. *Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

Cla. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Ben. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Cla. Is she not a modest young lady?

Ben. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Cla. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Ben. 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.

Cla. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Cla. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Ben. Yes, 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?

Cla. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, as 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?

Cla. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn to the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Ped. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Ben. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Ped. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. 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.

Cla. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Cla. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Ped. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Cla. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Ped. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Cla. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Cla. That I love her, I feel.

D. Ped. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. 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. Ped. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Cla. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me.

Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Ped. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Ben. 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 public house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Ped. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Ped. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Ben. 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.*

Cl. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Ped. Nay, if Cupid had not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly. *Ben.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Ped. Well, you will temporise 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.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Cl. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—

D. Ped. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Ben. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. *Exit.*

Cl. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Ped. 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.

Cl. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Ped. No child but Hero; she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Cl. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Ped. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Cl. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Ped. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest; And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise;

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:

In practice let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. 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.

Leo. 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 my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leo. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] 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 cousins, have a care this busy time. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. 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.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—Who comes here? [*Enter Borachio.*] What news, Borachio?

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bor. 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.

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?

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?

Bor. We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice and others.

Leo. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Bea. 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.

Bea. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leo. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Bea. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good will.

Leo. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith she is too curst.

Bea. 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.

Leo. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Bea. 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.

Leo. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. 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 my pence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well, then, go you into hell?

Bea. 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.

Bea. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *As it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leo. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward mari? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leo. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Bea. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anticury; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leo. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leo. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room:

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Ped. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Ped. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Ped. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Ped. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Ped. Speak low, if you speak love.

Takes her aside.

Bea. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bea. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers aloud.

Bea. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer!

Bal. Amen.

Mar. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Bal. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide

itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Bea. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bea. No, you shall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bea. Not now.

Bea. 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.

Bea. What's he?

Bea. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bea. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh?

Bea. I pray you, what is he?

Bea. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

Bea. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Bea. 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 within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bea. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Dance: then exeunt all but 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.

Bor. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Cla. 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.

Cla. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. 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.

Cla. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love; Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore,

Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bea. Count Claudio?

Cla. Yes, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me ?

Cla. Whither ?

Ben. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like a usurer's chain ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Cla. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover : so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus ?

Cla. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho ! now you strike like the blind man : 'twas the boy that stole your meat and you 'll beat the post.

Cla. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. *Exit.*

Ben. 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. Ped. Now, signior, where 's the count ? Did you see him ?

Ben. 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 a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Ped. To be whipped ! What 's his fault ?

Ben. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Ped. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Ped. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Ben. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Ped. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you ; the gentleman that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Ben. 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 Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero and Leonato.

D. Ped. Look, here she comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me ?

D. Ped. None, but to desire your good company.

Ben. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *Exit.*

D. Ped. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Ben. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Ped. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Ben. 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. Ped. Why, how now, count ! wherefore are you sad ?

Cla. Not sad, my lord.

D. Ped. How then ? Sick ?

Cla. Neither, my lord.

Ben. 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. Ped. I' faith, lady, I think your blason 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 !

Leo. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say *Amen* to it !

Ben. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Cla. 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.

Ben. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Ped. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Ben. 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.

Cl. And so she doth, cousin.

Bea. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry haigh-ho for a husband!

D. Ped. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Bea. 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. Ped. Will you have me, lady?

Bea. 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. Ped. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Bea. 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!

Leo. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Bea. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. *Exit.*

D. Ped. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leo. There's a 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 un happiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Ped. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leo. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Ped. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leo. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

D. Ped. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Cl. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leo. 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. Ped. 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.

Leo. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Cl. And I, my lord.

D. Ped. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Ped. 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. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. Yes, 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?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bor. 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.

Bor. 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?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me, Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Leonato's Garden.

*Enter Benedick and a Boy.**Ben. Boy!**Boy. Signior?**Ben.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

Ben. I know that: but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well; another is wise; yet I am well; another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

*Enter Don Pedro, Leonato and Claudio, followed by Balthazar and Musicians.**D. Ped.* Come, shall we hear this music?*Cla.* Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Ped. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?*Cla.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.*D. Ped.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.*Bal.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.*D. Ped.* 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.*Bal.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.*D. Ped.* Nay, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.*Bal.* Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.*D. Ped.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! *Music.**Ben.* Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.*Balthazar sings.**Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;**One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:**Then sigh not so,**But let them go,**And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.**Sing no more ditties, sing no moe**Of dumps so dull and heavy;**The fraud of men was ever so,**Since summer first was leafy.**Then sigh not so, &c.**D. Ped.* By my troth, a good song.*Bal.* And an ill singer, my lord.*D. Ped.* Ha! no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.*Ben.* 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. Ped.* Yea, marry.—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.*Bal.* The best I can, my lord.*D. Ped.* Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthazar.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?*Cla.* O, ay. Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.*Leo.* 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.*Ben.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?*Leo.* 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. Ped.* May be she doth but counterfeit.*Cla.* 'Faith, like enough.*Leo.* O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.*D. Ped.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?*Cla.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.*Leo.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you.—You heard my daughter tell you how.*Cla.* She did, indeed.*D. Ped.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Ben. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Cla. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Ped. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leo. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Cla. '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?

Leo. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leo. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet.

Cla. That.

Leo. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; 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.*

Cla. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leo. She doth indeed: my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Ped. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Cla. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Ped. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Cla. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Ped. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leo. 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. Ped. 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 he will say.

Leo. Were it good, think you?

Cla. 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 hate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Ped. 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.

Cla. He is a very proper man.

D. Ped. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Cla. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Ped. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leo. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Ped. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leo. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Ped. 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?

Cla. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leo. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Ped. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leo. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Cla. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Ped. 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.

Ereunt Don Pedro, Claudio and Leonato.

Ben. [Advancing from the arbour.] 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 the 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.

Enter Beatrice.

Ben. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Ben. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Bea. 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.

Ben. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Bea. Yes, 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.*

Ben. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come into 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 are 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 peached 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,

To listen our purpose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden ears the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

They advance to the bower.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But nature never framed a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

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 featured, 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 antic, Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agate very vilely cut; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out; And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping in not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air: O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick, And counsel him to fight against his passion. And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with: one doth not know, How much an ill word may empison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, 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.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Exeunt Hero and Ursula.

Bea. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. *Exit.*

Scene II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

D. Ped. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Cla. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Ped. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Cla. I hope he be in love.

D. Ped. 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.

Ben. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Ped. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it!

Cla. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Ped. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leo. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Ben. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it:

Cla. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Ped. 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.

Cla. If 's be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Ped. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Cla. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leo. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Ped. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Cla. That 's as much as to say the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Ped. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Cla. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Ped. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Cla. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Ped. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Cla. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Ped. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Ped. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

D. Ped. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Cla. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Ped. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Ped. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Ped. What 's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Ped. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Cla. 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 dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill bestowed.

D. Ped. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Cla. Who. Hero?

D. John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Cla. 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.

Cla. May this be so?

D. Ped. 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.

Cla. 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. Ped. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Ped. O day untowardly turned!

Cla. 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?

Ver. 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.

Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Outcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable.—

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.

2 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.

Ver. 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 talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

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.

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.

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.

2 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.

Ver. 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.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

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.

Ver. '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.

Ver. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, 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.

Ver. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, 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.

2 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 vigilant, I beseech you.

Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade!

Watch. Peace! stir not.

Bor. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mese, 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.

Bor. 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.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bor. Thou wouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. 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.

Bor. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smiroched worm-eaten tapestry.

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?

Bor. 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.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bor. 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 villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw overnight, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. *Exit.*

Mar. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Mar. 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.

Mar. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours, cloth 'o gold and cuts and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Mar. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Bea. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Bea. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into—*Light o' Love*; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Bea. Yea, *Light o' Love*, with your heels! then,

if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Bea. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill; heigh-ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Bea. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Bea. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Bea. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Bea. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Bea. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. 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 prick'st her with a thistle.

Bea. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Mar. 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.

Bea. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. 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. *Eneunt.*

Scene V.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato with Dogberry and Verges.

Leo. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leo. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leo. 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.

Ver. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leo. Neighbours, you are tedious.

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 in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.

Leo. All thy tediousness on me! ha?

Dog. Yes, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leo. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have 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 scul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leo. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leo. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, hath indeed comprehended too suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leo. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leo. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leo. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

Eneunt 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.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *Eneunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice and others.

Leo. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Cla. No.

Leo. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Cla. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

Leo. I dare make his answer,—None.

Cla. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Ben. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as ha! ha! he!

Cla. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul

Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leo. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Cla. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Ped. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Cla. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato; take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here.

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leo. What do you mean, my lord?

Cla. Not to be married;

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leo. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Cla. I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Cla. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leo. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Ped. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Cla. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leo. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Cla. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. 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?

Cla. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Cla. 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. Ped. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be 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.

Cla. 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 these I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Ben. 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.

Ben. How doth the lady?

Ben. Dead, I think!—help, uncle!—

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leo. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Ben. How now, cousin Hero!

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leo. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leo. Wherefore! Why doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Bea. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No, truly, not; although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leo. 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.

Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there 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 observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leo. 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?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know
none;

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O, my father!

Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the
prices.

Ben. Two of them have the very bent of
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leo. I know not. If they speak but truth of
her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To cut me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead:

Let her a while be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed;

Maintain a mourning ostentation,

And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites

That appertain unto a burial.

Leo. What shall become of this? What will
this do?

Fri. 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 excus'd

Of every hearer: for it so falls out,

That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us,

While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination;

And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate, and full of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he
mourn,

If ever love had interest in his liver,

And wish he had not so accused her,

No, though he thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success

Will fashion the event in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this be level'd false,

The supposition of the lady's death

Will quench the wonder of her infamy;

And if it sort not well, you may conceal her

(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and
endure.

Exeunt Friar, Hero and Leonato.

Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Bea. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.

Ben. I will not desire that.

Bea. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wounded.

Bea. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me that would right her!

Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Bea. A very even way, but no such friend.

Ben. May a man do it?

Bea. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Ben. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you: is not that strange?

Bea. 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.

Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Bea. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Ben. I will swear by it that you love me; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Bea. Will you not eat your word?

Ben. With no sauce that can be devised to it.
I protest I love thee.

Bea. Why then, God forgive me!

Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Bea. You have staved me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest I loved you.

Ben. And do it with all thy heart.

Bea. I love you with so much of my heart that
none is left to protest.

Ben. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Bea. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha! not for the wide world.

Bea. You kill me to deny. Farewell.

Ben. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Bea. I am gone, though I am here: there is no
love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice,—

Bea. In faith, I will go.

Ben. We'll be friends first.

Bea. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Bea. 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.

Ben. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Bea. Talk with a man out at a window? a
proper saying!

Ben. Nay, but Beatrice,—

Bea. Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slan-
dered, she is undone.

Ben. Beat—

Bea. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly Count Confect; a sweet
gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his
sake! or that I had any friend would be a man
for my sake! But manhood is melted into
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.

Ben. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I
love thee.

Bea. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Ben. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio
hath wronged Hero?

Bea. Yes, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Ben. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge
him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By
this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.
As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort
your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so,
farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Prison.

*Enter Dogberry, Verges and Sexton, in gowns;
and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Ver. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sec. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibi-
tion to examine.

Sec. But which are the offenders that are to be
examined? let them come before master con-
stable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—
What is your name, friend?

Bor. 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. Bor. Yea, sir, we hope.

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.

Bor. 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 fittest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bor. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Fer. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

2 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, to these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. *Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Ver. Let them be in the hands—

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 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.*

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.

Leo.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve; give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear. But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:— If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; Bid *Sorrow wag!* cry 'hem, when he should groan; Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man: for, brother, men Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel, My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the tooth-ache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leo. 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 come the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Ped. Good den, good den.

Cla. Good day to both of you.

Leo. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Ped. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leo. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Ped. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Cla. Who wrongs him?

Leo. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Cla. Marry, beahrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag -
What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!

Cla. My villainy!

Leo. Thine, Claudio: thine, I say.

D. Ped. You say not right, old man.

Leo. 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 lustyhood.

Cla. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:

Win me and wear me, let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. 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;

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leo. 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,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;

And this is all.

Leo. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:

Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Ped. 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.

Leo. My lord, my lord.

D. Ped. I will not hear you.

Leo. No?

Come, brother, away. I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Ereunt Leonato and Antonio.

Enter Benedick.

D. Ped. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Cla. Now, signior, what news?

Ben. Good day, my lord.

D. Ped. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Cla. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Ped. Leonato and his brother. What think-est thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Cla. 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?

Ben. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Ped. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Cla. 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. Ped. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Cla. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Cla. Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Ped. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Cla. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Cla. God bless me from a challenge!

Ben. 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.

Cla. Well I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Ped. What, a feast? a feast?

Cla. 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?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Ped. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hast a fine wit: *Trus*, says she, a fine little one. No, said I, a great wit: *Right*, says she, a great cross 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.

Cla. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not,

D. Ped. Yes, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would

love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Cla. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Ped. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Cla. Yes, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man!*

Ben. 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. *Erit.*

D. Ped. He is in earnest.

Cla. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Ped. And hath challenged thee?

Cla. Most sincerely.

D. Ped. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Cla. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Ped. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

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. Ped. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Cla. Harken after their offence, my lord.

D. Ped. 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. Ped. 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?

Cla. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Ped. Whom 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?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this court 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.

D. Ped. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Cla. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Ped. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Ped. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Cla. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

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.

Ver. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, Antonio and the Sexton.

Leo. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes, That, when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leo. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed

Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yes, even I alone.

Leo. 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.

Cla. 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 sinned I not

But in mistaking.

D. Ped. 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.

Leo. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here,

How innocent she died; and if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb

And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us:

Give her the right you should have given her

ocain,

And so dies my revenge.

Cla. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leo. 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.

Boy. No, by my soul she was not; nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous, in anything that I do know by her.

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.

Leo. 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.

Leo. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leo. 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.

Ereunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.

Leo. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Ped. We will not fail.

Cla. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Ereunt Don Pedro and Claudio.

Leo. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. *Ereunt.*

Scene II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Ben. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Ben. 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 book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*,—an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Bea. Yes, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, stay but till then!

Bea. Then is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what has passed between you and Claudio.

Ben. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Bea. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiassed.

Ben. 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?

Bea. For them altogether; 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?

Ben. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Bea. 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.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bea. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Ben. 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.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Bea. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Bea. Very ill too.

Ben. 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?

Bea. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Ben. 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 Attendants, with music and tapers.

Cla. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord.

Cla. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Cla. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Ped. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out:

The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Cla. Good-morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Ped. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds:

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Cla. And Hymen now with luckier issues speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar and Hero.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. 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.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith enforced To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The prince and Claudio 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. *Exeunt ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, signior?

Ben. 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.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Ben. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?

Ben. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honourable marriage:

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.

Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Ped. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.

Leo. Good-morrow, prince: good-morrow,

Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet determined

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Cla. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leo. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready. *Exit Antonio.*

D. Ped. Good-morrow, Benedick. Why, what's

the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Cla. 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.

Ben. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Cla. For this blowe you : here come 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.
Cla. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see
your face.
Leo. No, that you shall not, till you take her
hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Cla. 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 :
And when you loved, you were my other hus-
band.

Cla. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :
One Hero died ; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Ped. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leo. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander
lived.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify ;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice ?

Bea. I answer to that name. What is your
will ?

Ben. Do not you love me ?

Bea. Why, no ; no more than reason.
Ben. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived ; for they swore you did.

Bea. Do not you love me ?

Ben. Troth, no ; no more than reason.
Bea. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore that you were almost sick for
me.

Bea. They swore that you were well-nigh dead
for me.

Ben. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not
love me ?

Bea. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leo. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Cla. 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.

Ben. A miracle ! here 's our own hands against
our hearts. Come, I will have thee ; but, by
this light, I take thee for pity.

Bea. 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.

Ben. Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

D. Ped. How dost thou, Benedick, the married
man ?

Ben. 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 epi-
gram ? No ; if a man will be beaten with brains,
he 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 un-
bruised, and love my cousin.

Cla. I had well hoped thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee
out of thy single life, to make thee a double-
dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
thee.

Ben. 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.

Leo. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Ben. 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.

Mes. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in
fight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Ben. Think not on him till to-morrow : I 'll
devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike
up, pipers. *Dance. Escort.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the King.
DUMALN, }
BOYET, } Lords, attending on the Princesses of
MERCADÉ, } France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
Sir NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.
PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
ROSALINE, } Ladies, attending on the Princess.
MARIA, }
KATHARINE, }
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.
Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

This is one of fifteen plays which appeared in quarto during Shakespeare's lifetime.

It is described on the title of the first edition, in 1598, as having been acted before Queen Elizabeth at the previous Christmas, and has been considered by the critics one of the poet's first independent works; as not derived from any former play, and as a comedy rather of dialogue than of incident.

The characters are wholly fictitious.

There was never any Ferdinand,

King of Navarre. The cos-

tume would be that

of Shakespeare's

own time. —

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act I.

Scenes I.—Navarre, A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your
names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Lon. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then to sleep but three hours in the night
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day.)
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
these.

Bir. Let me say no, my liege, an' if you
please.

I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Lon. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. 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.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Bir. Come on, then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study
quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain

Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the
while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eyes indeed

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-searched with saucy
looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they
are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against
reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceed-
ing!

Lon. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the
weeding.

Bir. The spring is near when green geese are
a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron:
adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay
with you:

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,

And bide the penance of each three years'
day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Bir. [Reads.] *Item, That no woman shall
come within a mile of my court.—Hath this been
proclaim'd?*

Lon. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] *On pain
of losing her tongue.—Who devised this penalty?*

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread
penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility! [Reads.]
*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman
within the term of three years, he shall endure
such public shame as the rest of the court can
possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to
speak,

(A maid of grace and complete majesty,)

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite
forgot.

Bir. 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.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'
space;

For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd but by special grace:

If I break faith this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Lon. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;

And so to study; three years is but short.

Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow: what wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.

There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you
more.

Cos. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How long soever the matter, I hope in
God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant
us patience!

Bir. To hear, or forbear langhing?

Lon. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh mode-
rately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cos. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquesetta. The manner of it is, I was taken
with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Cos. In manner and form following, sir: all
those three: I was seen with her in the manor
house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together,
is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cos. As it shall follow in my correction: and
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cos. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's*

vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cos. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cos. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cos. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words!

Cos. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is cycled 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 ebony-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 wain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—

Cos. Me.

King. —that unlettered small-knowing soul,—

Cos. Me.

King. —that shallow vessel,—

Cos. Still me?

King. —which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

Cos. O me!

King. —sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cos. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

Dull. Me, an 't please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid wain,) 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.

Bir. 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?

Cos. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cos. 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.

Cos. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cos. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him delivered o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt King, Longaville and Dumain.

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent 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.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the 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 out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-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.

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!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. To be 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.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance: but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta; away.

Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cos. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cos. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cos. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cos. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, come shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cos. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

Exeunt Moth and 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 second clause will not serve my turn; the passage 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!

Exit.

Act II.

Scene I.—The Same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords and other Attendants.

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits;

Consider whom the king your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Pri. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker!—good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor;
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Pri. 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?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Pri.

Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
In arts well fitted, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Kat. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once,
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him; if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Pri. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnish'd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

1 Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Pri.

Now, what admittance, lord?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. *The ladies mask.*

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Pri. 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.

Pri. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Pri. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Pri. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Pri. 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.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Pri. You will the sooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Eos. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then To ask the question!

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Eos. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then I will be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but the one half of an entire sum, Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say that he, or we, (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which, One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here he doth demand to have repaid A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine, Which we much rather had depart withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Pri. You do the king my father too much wrong, And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseemingly 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.

Pri. We arrest your word. Boyet, you can produce acquittances For such a sum, from special officers Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not come, Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview, All liberal reason I will yield unto. Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand As honour, without breach of honour, may Make tender of to thy true worthiness: You may not come, fair princess, in my gates; But here without, you shall be so receiv'd, As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart, Though so denied fair harbour in my house. Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell: To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Pri. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! *Exeunt King and his train.*

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Bir. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No *poys*, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. *Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

Lon. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Lon. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself: to desire that were a shame.

Lon. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's, I have heard.

Lon. God's blessing on your beard!

Boy. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Lon. Nay, my choler is ended. She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, sir; that may be. *Exit Lon.*

Bir. What's her name, in the cap?

Boy. Rosaline, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boy. 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.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Pr. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boy. 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?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Pr. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:

This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men: for here 'tis abused.

Boy. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Pr. With what?

Boy. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Pr. Your reason.

Boy. 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 impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth from whence
they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amases,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,

As you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Pr. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed

Boy. But to speak that in words which his eye
hath disclosed:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

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.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wench?

Mar. No.

Boy. What, then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. 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.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl!

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 eye-lids;
sigh a note and sing a note; sometime through
the throat, as if you swallowed love by singing
love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed
up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-
like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms
crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on
a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man
after the old painting; and keep not too long in
one tune, but a snip and away. These are comple-
ments, 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.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callst 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?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
without, upon the instant: by heart you love her,
because your heart cannot come by her; in heart
you love her, because your heart is in love with
her; and out of heart you love her, being out of
heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry
me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to
be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, 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; voluble and free
of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is returned.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here 's a Costard
broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy
l'envoy; begin.

Cos. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no salve
in them all, 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?

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 and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

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?

Cos. 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*.

Cos. True, and I for a plantain; thus came
your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you
bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard
broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cos. 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.

Cos. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cos. 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, enfranchising thy person: thou wert
immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cos. 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 upon thee
nothing but this:—[*Giving a letter.*] bear this
significant to the country maid Jaquenetta,
[*Giving money.*] There is remuneration; for the
best ward of mine honour is rewarding my
dependents.—*Moth*, follow. *Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adieu.

Cos. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my
inoony Jew! *Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!
O, that 's the Latin word for three
farthings: three farthings,—remuneration.—
What 's the price of this inkle?—A penny.—
No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it
carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer
name than French crown. I will never buy and
sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly
well met.

Cos. Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cos. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of
silk.

Cos. I thank your worship: God be wi' you.

Bir. O, stay, slave: I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cos. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cos. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cos. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cos. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
slave

It is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy gerndon; go.

Cos. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than

remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet garden!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. *Exit.*

Boy. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop:
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being 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 whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her enuch and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

Exit.

Act IV.

Scene I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants and a Forester.

Pri. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Pri. Whoe'er he was, he 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 coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Pri. 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.
Pri. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? a lack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Pri. 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.
Pri. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill,
And out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward

part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Pri. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boy. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cos. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Pri. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Pri. The thickest and the tallest.

Cos. 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.

Pri. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cos. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Pri. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boy. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Pri. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boy. [*Reads.*] By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beautiful, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heretical rascal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eyes upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say Veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see:

Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar: What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's; the captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a 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 robes? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar—
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:

Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Pri. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane, what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Pri. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-while.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince and his book-mates.

Pri. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cos. I told you, my lord.

Pri. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cos. From my lord to my lady.

Pri. From which lord, to which lady?

Cos. From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Pri. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt Princess and Train.

Boy. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-carry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. 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.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinevor 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.

Boy. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

Exeunt Ros. and Kath.

Cos. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boy. 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.

Cos. Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boy. An' if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cos. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cos. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.
Exeunt Boyet and Maria.

Cos. 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 inoony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit,

Armador o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pæthetical nit!

[Shouting within.] Sola, sola! *Exit running.*

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel and Dull.

Nat. 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 a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of celo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nat. 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.

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 address'd, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or rather, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nat. 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 replenish'd; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull: Dictynna, Goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nat. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five score.

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, I have call'd the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nat. *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 preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd
a pretty pleasing pricket;*

*Some say a sore; but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell: put L to sore,
then sorel jumps from thicket;*

*Or pricket sore, or else sorel;
the people fall a hooting.*

*If sore be sore, then L to sore
makes fifty sores: O sore L!*

*Of one sore I an hundred make,
by adding but one more L.*

Nat. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd 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.

Nat. 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 ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master Person.
Hol. Master Person,—*quasi pers-one*. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cos. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

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 gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venegia, Venegia,

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

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?

Nat. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine*.

Nat.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osters bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;

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!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canonet. 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?

Jaq. Ay, sir; from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript:—*To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline*. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:—*Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron*.—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a 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!

Cos. Have with thee, my girl.

Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

Nat. 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?

Nat. 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 the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nat. 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. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Biron.

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch, pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word! Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a

sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yea, 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!

Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King.

King. Ah me!

Bir. Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. [*Reads.*]

*So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot*

*The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep.*

*As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the

paper.

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Steps aside.

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Lon. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Bir. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. 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.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Lon. This same shall go. [*Reads.*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

*Yous for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in
me.*

*Yous are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
shine,*

*Eshales this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

Bir. This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a
deity;

*A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'
the way.*

Lon. By whom shall I send this?—Company!
stay.

Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eyes.
More sacks to the mill. O heavens, I have my
wish,

Enter Dumain.

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth, she is not, oorporal: there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber
quoted.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. *Stoops, I say;*

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. *As fair as day.*

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Lon. *And I had mine!*

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Bir. 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.

Bir. 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.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary
wit.

Dumain reads his sonnet.

*On a day,—alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,*

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee,

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiop were:

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain.
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, 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.

Lon. 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.

King. 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 wreath'd arm 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:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hair's gold, crystal the other's eyes;

You would for paradise break faith and troth;

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear

Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

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 sonnetting;

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?

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 fool'ry have I seen!

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a goat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good 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 betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you:
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engag'd in;
 I am betrayed, by keeping company
 With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cos. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cos. 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.

He reads the letter.

Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cos. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost
 thou tear it?
Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs
 not fear it.
Lon. It did move him to passion, and therefore
 let 's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his
 name.
Bir. [To *Costard*.] Ah, you whoreson logger-
 head! you were born to do me shame.
 Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
 make up the mess:
 He, he, and you; and you my liege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
 O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Bir. True, true; we are four.—
 Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cos. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
 traitors stay.

Reunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

Bir. 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 foreworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some
 love of thine?
Bir. 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 seal, what fury hath inspired thee
 now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
 Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth
 seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
 Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
 O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
 A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:
 No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night:
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
 of light.
 O, in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
 It mourns, that painting and usurping hair,
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
 For native blood is counted painting now;
 And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers
 black.
Lon. And since her time are collieries counted
 bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
 crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
 light.

Bir. 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.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
 here.

King. No devil will fright thee them so much
 as she.

Dum. I never knew a man hold vile stuff so
 dear.

Lon. Look, here 's thy love: [Showing his
 shoe.] my foot and her face see.

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat: and good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Lon. O, some authority how to proceed; some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. 'Tis more than need,

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;
'Tis treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,

And study too, the causer of your vow;

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,

And in that vow we have forsworn our books:

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore, finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But, with the motion of all elements,

Journeys as swift as thought in every power,

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:

For valour, is not Love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world,

Else none at all in aught proves excellent:

Then fools you were these women to forswear;

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;

Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,

Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:

It is religion to be thus forsworn;

For charity itself fulfils the law,

And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the

field!

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them,

lords!

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,

In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Lon. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses 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.

Bir. 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,

Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no

corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nat. 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 intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

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 thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nat. A most singular and choice epithet.

Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantasies, such insouciant and point-divise 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 *caif*, *cauf*; *half*, *hauf*; *neighbour* vocatur *nebour*; *neigh* abbreviated *ne*. This is abominable, (which he would call *abominable*;) it insinuateth me of insanie; *ne intelligis, domine!* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nat. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for *bene*: Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nat. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. [*To Moth.*] Chirrah!

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.

Cos. 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. Yea, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, 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.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit, snap, snap, quick and home, it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

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.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cos. 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 half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a 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 *unquem*.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, choose: sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend: 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 antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you wital, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, 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.

Nat. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device; so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away! *Ezeunt.*

Scene II.—The Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline and Maria.

Pri. 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. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Pri. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head war;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kat. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kat. 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?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kat. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore hght.

Kat. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, *past cure is still past care.*

Pri. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd. But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron;

The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground;

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in this letter!

Pri. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Pri. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kat. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! how? let me not die your debtor,

My red domiical, my golden letter:

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kat. A plague of that jest! and I behrew all shrows!

Pri. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kat. Madam, this glove.

Pri. Did he not send you twain?

Kat. Yes, madam; and moreover

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Pri. 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.

Pri. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:

O that I knew he were but in 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 'heests,

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Pri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Pri. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Pri. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm. wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Pri. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: waktly
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil;
I should have feared 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 fier'd, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come;*
The third he caper'd and cried, *All goes well;*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Pri. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd
thus,—

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Pri. And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd:

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline,
And change you favours too; so shall your loves—
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in
sight.

Kat. But in this changing what is your intent?

Pri. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mook for mook is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Pri. 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.

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Pri. 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'er-
thrown;

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.

Sound.
Boy. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
maskers come.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Bir. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
views! Out—

Boy. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Bir. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed
eyes,—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it *daughter-beamed eyes.*

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you
rogue! *Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their
minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princess?

Bir. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be
gone.

Boy. 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.

Boy. 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.

Boy. If, to come hither you, have measured
miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. 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?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you :
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine,

Those clouds remov'd, 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 but vouchsafe one
change :

Thou bidd'st me beg : this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then : Nay, you must do it
soon.

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 :
Court sy, 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. Prizes 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 vizard, 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.

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee.

Pri. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is
three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Pri. Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Pri. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou griev'st my gall.

Pri. Gall! bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a
word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kat. What, was your vizard made without a
tongue?

Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kat. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Lon. You have a double tongue within your
mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kat. Veal, quoth the Dutchman :—Is not veal
a calf?

Lon. A calf, fair lady!

Kat. No, a fair lord calf.

Lon. Let's part the word.

Kat. No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

Lon. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kat. Then die a calf, before your horns do
grow.

Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kat. Bleat softly, then ; the butcher hears you
cry.

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense : so sensible
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have
wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids : break off,
break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple
wits.

Pri. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
*Exeunt King, Lords, Musicians
and Attendants.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ;
fat, fat.

Pri. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in vizards, 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.

Pri. 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.

Kat. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
heart ;

And trow you what he called me?

Pri. Quailm, perhaps.

Kat. Yes, in good faith.

Pri. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Pri. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. 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.

Pri. Will they return?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with
blows:

Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Pri. How blow? how blow? speak to be
understood.

Boy. Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Pri. 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 dis-
guised.

Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at
hand.

Pri. Whip to your tents, as roes run over land.
Exeunt Princess, Ros., Kat. and Maria.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain
in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the
princess?

Boy. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

Boy. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
Exit.

Bir. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That away kiss'd his hand in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalbe 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!

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine and Attendants.

Bir. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou,
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art
thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!

Pri. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you
may.

Pri. 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.

Pri. 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 pro-
voke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Pri. You nick-name virtue: vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Pri. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastime here, and pleasant game:

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Pri. 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 stayed an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
sneer,

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—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what vizard? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous
case

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now
dowright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Pri. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!—Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in 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,

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.

Bir. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:

Write, *Lord have mercy on us* on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Pri. No, they are free that gave these tokens

to us.

Bir. 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?

Bir. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an

end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude

transgression

Some fair excuse.

Pri. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now, disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Pri. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Pri. 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.

Pri. When she shall challenge this, you will

reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Pri. Peace, peace! forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Deepsee me, when I break this oath of

mine.

Pri. I will: and therefore keep it.—Rosaline, What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Pri. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

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.

Pri. 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?

Bir. Neither of either; I'll merit both twain.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,

Told our intents before; which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror;

We are again forsworn, in will, and error.

Much upon this it is: [*To Boyet.*] and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd:

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cos. O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cos. No, sir; but it is vana fine,

For every one pursuents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cos. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope

it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cos. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cos. 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 perfect one man—one poor man,—Pompon the Great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cos. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompon the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, sir, we will take some care. *Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Bir. 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.

Pri. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of those which it presents:

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Bir. 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.

Pri. Does this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Pri. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain: too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement! *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 Maccabeus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum, and the whole world again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.

Cos. I Pompey am.—

Boy. You lie, you are not he.

Cos. I Pompey am.—

Boy. With libbard's head on knee.

Bir. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cos. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cos. It is great, sir;—Pompey surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Pri. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cos. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in Great.

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel armed, for Alexander.

Nat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander,—

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not: for it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Pri. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:—

Boy. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the Great.—

Cos. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cos. [To *Nat.*] O sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scorsed 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 afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nat. 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'er-parted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Pri. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas; and Moth armed, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

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.

Hol. Judas I am.—
Dum. A Judas.
Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,
Judas I am, ycleped Maccabeus.
Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.
Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am.—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boy. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Bir. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bir. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boy. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Bir. A Death's face in a ring.
Lan. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boy. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved bone face on a flask.
Bir. St. George's half cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Bir. False. We have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have outfaced them all.
Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boy. 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.
Bir. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—
Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for Monsieur Judas? it grows dark, he may stumble.

Pri. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado armed, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Lan. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the

almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Lan. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No; cloven.

Arm. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight

ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Lan.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Lan. 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.

Biron whispers Costard.

Pri. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cos. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cos. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away.

Arm. Dost thou infamously me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cos. 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!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's body than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cos. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I pray you let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cos. 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.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for 't.

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome

for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-cloth of Jaquenetta's, and that she wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Pri. Welcome, Mercade; 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—

Pri. Dead, for aye life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. *Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Pri. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Pri. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form

All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Pri. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—As love is full of unbefitting strains; All wapt on as a child, skipping and vain; Formed by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms, Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll To every varied object in his glance: Which parti-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults, Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false, By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you: And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Pri. We have received your letters full of love; Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast, and as lining to the time: But more devout than this in our respects, Have we not been; and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lon. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour, Grant us your loves. A time, methinks, too short To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much, Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:— If for my love, as there is no such cause, You will do aught, this shall you do for me: Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed To some forlorn and naked hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world; There stay, until the twelve celestial signs Have brought about their annual reckoning. If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood; If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, But that it bear this trial and last love; Then, at the expiration of the year, Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts, And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine, I will be thine; and till that instant, shut My woeful self up in a mourning house, Raining the tears of lamentation For the remembrance of my father's death. If this thou do deny, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, To flatter up these powers of mine with rest, The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purg'd too, your sins are rank:

You are attaint with faults and perjury; Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest, But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me? A wife?

Kat. 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?

Kat. 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.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kat. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Lon. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Bir. 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 my love.

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 there withal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

Prs. [To the King.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Bir. 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.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,

Prs. Was that not Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

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. Holloa! approach.

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.

SONG.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

*Tu-whit, to-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.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

— BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASE-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARD-SEED, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

The scene of this play is laid at "Athens, and a Wood not far from it," but the allusions all through are purely English. If Shakespeare wrote it in London, it was while he still had a lively recollection of the sylvan scenery of his birthplace. The heavy floods of 1594 appear to be alluded to in the second act; and the play was performed before 1598. Two quarto editions were issued in 1600, one only of them, Fisher's, being registered at Stationers' Hall. It also appeared in the four folio editions. The plot seems to be wholly original, and the text is remarkably free from errors and defects.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

POONA.

Act I.

Scene I.—Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news
with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the odd fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
moon,

(The seeling-day betwixt my love and me
For everlast'ing bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerly and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

Exeunt Thea., Hip., Ege., Dem. and train.

Lys. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so
pale?

How chance the roses there to fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralld to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars; and your tongue's sweet
air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody:

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art,
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty: would that fault
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*.—[*Exit Her.*] *Helena*,
adieu :

As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you! *Exit.*
Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can
be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so;
He will not know, what all but he do know,
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia*
felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Palace of Theseus.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

Qui. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in
our interlude before the duke and the duchess on
his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on; then read the names of the
actors; and so grow to a point.

Qui. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable
comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and
Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,
and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call
forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread
yourselves.

Qui. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the
weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and
proceed.

Qui. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? a lover, or a tyrant?

Qui. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly
for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true per-
forming of it: if I do it, let the audience look to
their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in
some measure. To the rest—yet my chief hu-
mour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely,
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

*The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.*

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the
players. This is *Ercles' vein*, a tyrant's vein;—
a lover is more condoling.

Qui. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Qui. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Qui. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I
have a beard coming.

Qui. That's all one: you shall play it in a
mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice;—*Thisne, Thisne! Ah, Pyramus, my lover
dear! thy Thisby dear, and Lady dear!*

Qui. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*: and
Flute, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qui. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Sta. Here, Peter Quince.

Qui. Robert Starveling, you must play *Thisby's*
mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Sno. Here, Peter Quince.

Qui. You, *Pyramus' father*; myself, *Thisby's*
father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part:
and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray
you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Qui. You may do it extempore, for it is noth-
ing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that
I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will
roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar
again, let him roar again.*

Qui. An you should do it too terribly, you
would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they
would shriek; and that were enough to hang us
all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should
fright the ladies out of their wits, they would
have no more discretion but to hang us: but I
will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as
gently as any sucking-dove; I will roar you as
'twere any nightingale.

Qui. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for
Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as
one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,
gentleman-like man: therefore, you must needs
play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard
were I best to play it in?

Qui. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-
colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your
purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown
colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Qui. Some of your French crowns have no hair
at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But,
masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat

you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Qui. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

Æreunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fall and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholdeth the lovèd boy,
Crows him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the qüern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck.

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there,—
But, room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress: would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon on one side, with his train; and Titania on the other, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tit. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Gorin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?

And make him with fair *Æglè* break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiops?

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries: and the 'masèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tit. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb then rich with my young
squire)

Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
stay?

Tit. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit Titania, and her train.
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from
this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,
That to be us'd as you use your dog?)

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. *Fie, Demetrius!*
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do
so. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with vire-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. *Philomet, with melody,*
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. *Philomet, with melody, &c.*

1 Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. *Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;

For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—

Now much beshever my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty,

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:

So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend;

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest.

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! *They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake, when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. *Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?—

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do.

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well; perforce I must confess

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should of another therefore be abused! *Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:

And never mayst thou come Lysander near.

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And all my powers address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight. *Exit.*

Her. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best.

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here.

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.

No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. *Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—A Wood.

Enter the Clowns.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qui. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Qui. What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Sno. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Sta. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Qui. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Sno. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Sta. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Sno. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half

his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, Ladies,—or, fair ladies,—I would wish you,—or, I would request you,—or, I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner.

Qui. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Qui. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Qui. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Qui. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck, behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Qui. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Qui. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —Odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Qui. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly jovial, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Qui. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, never tire.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—

Qui. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

Exit Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier!

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you? *Exit Snout.*

Re-enter Quince.

Qui. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *Sings*

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill:

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings.*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me, On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason

and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glean upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee: therefore go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

Pea. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All Four. Where shall we go?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries, With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Pea. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships' mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pea. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peasecod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef, hath devoured many a gentleman of your house; I promise you, your kindred hath made mine eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity. Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity. Here comes my messenger.—[*Enter Puck.*] How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake: When I did him at this advantage take, An ass's nose I fix'd on his head:

Anon his Thisbe must be answer'd, And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy, As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky; So, at his sight, away his fellows fly; And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong; For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there: When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too,) And the Athenian woman by his side; That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse.

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep, Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep, And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day, As he to me: would he have stolen away From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon, This whole earth may be bored; and that the moon

May trough the centre creep, and so displease Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes. It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him; So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern
cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venice in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?

Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:

I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presepce part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And *Helena's* of *Athens* look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here:

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. *Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with *Cupid's* archery,

Sink in apple of his eye.

When his love he doth eepy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the *Venus* of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Be of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cease *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are *Hermia's*: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awakes.*] O *Helen*, goddess, nymph,
- perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

This pure congeal'd white, high *Taurus* now;

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*;

And now both rivals, to mock *Helena*:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;

For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know:

And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,

In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;

And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*; I will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen it is home returned,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,

And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than deepise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she can entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,

Sweet love? *Lys.* Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust you word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you loved me; yet, since night you left me:

Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf!
You minnow, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,—
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. *Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
No longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. *Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. *Exit.*

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit't at thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Achéron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then star Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eyes release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Exit Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

Exit Lysander as following the voice.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreate; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yes, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood
here. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou
gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou
not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear.

If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the
east,

That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eyes,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. *Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with brier
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
Lies down and sleep

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyelid

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again,

And all shall be well. *Exit*

Act IV.

Scene I.—A Wood.

*Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending;
Oberon behind unseen.*

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pea. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where'
Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, ge
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and
good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do no
fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur
and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag
break not; I would be loth to have you over
flown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Mon
sieur Mustard-seed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help
cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the
barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous
hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass,
if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music:
let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desire'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great

desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturesome fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch the new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be always away.
So dote the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently-entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee, how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairies sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transform'd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and bless'd power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Ob. Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, music! [*Music still.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon the sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tit. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt. Wind-horns.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hours.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and they wake. Shout within;

Lys., Dem., Hel. and Her. start up.

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus. I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus
and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistin-
guishable,
Like far-off mountains turn'd into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,

When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Exeunt.
Bot. [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyra-
mus.*—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bel-
lows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!—
God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep!
I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it
was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound
this dream. Methought I was—there is no man

can tell what. Methought I was, and methought
I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not
seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my
dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a
ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the
duke: peradventure, to make it the more gra-
cious, I shall sing it at her death. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—Athens. A Room in Quince's
House.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

Qui. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
come home yet?

Sta. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred:
it goes not forward, doth it?

Qui. It is not possible: you have not a man in
all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.

Qui. Yea, and the best person to; and he is a
very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is,
God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married: if our sport had gone forward, we
had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he
lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not
have escap'd sixpence a day: an the duke had not
given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus,
I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: six-
pence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
hearts?

Qui. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O
most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true
Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it
fell out.

Qui. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you
is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel
together, good strings to your beards, new rib-
bons to your pumps; meet presently at the
palace; every man look o'er his part; for the
short and the long is, our play is preferred. In
any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not
him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they
shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most
dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are
to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to
hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more
words: away! go; away. *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Scene I.—Athens. Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords
and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these
lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and
Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phi. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we be-
guile

The. The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phi. There is a brief how many sports are rife:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. The battle with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—

The riot of the tipsy Bacchamals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.—

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phi. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phi. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phi. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in their words;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

Exit Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phi. So please your grace, the prologue is
address'd.

The. Let him approach. Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good-will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight.
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my
lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak
true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue
like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in
government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is
next?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine
and Lion.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this
show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things
plain.

*This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beautiful lady Thisbe is, certain.*

*This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth pre-
sent
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder;*

*And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content*

*To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,*

*Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.*

Exeunt Pro., Thisbe, Lion and Moonshine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:

One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.

*This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
show*

*That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack.

I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!

*And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine;*

*Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine
eye!*

*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for
this!*

*But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving
me, is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it
will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans

*For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.—
Thisbe!*

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Nenny's tomb meet me
straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without
delay. *Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged
so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [Exit.

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam ;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present ;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present :

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awery of this moon : would he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for all these are in the moon. But, silence ! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Thi. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?

Lion. Oh.— [The Lion roars, Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright ;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay, O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here !

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O jutes, come, come,

Out thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

Come tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus !

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus ; I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, God warrant us, she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet :

Thi. Asleep, my love ?

What, dead, my dove

O Pyramus, arise !

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 These lily lips,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone :
 Lovers, make moan :
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O, sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk ;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word :
 Come, trusty sword :
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends :
 Thus Thisby ends :
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—
 Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
 This palpable gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf behowls the moon :
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide :

And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic : not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowy fire :

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse your song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note :
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

Song and dance.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue there create
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be ;
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
 No mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait ;
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace :
 Ever shall in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away ; make no stay ;
 Meet me all by break of day.

Exeunt Oberon, Titania and train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended,
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend :
 If you pardon, we will mend :
 And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearn'd luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends ere long ;
 Else the Puck a liar call :
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends. Exit.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his kinsman and friend.

GBATIANO, }
SOLANIO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
SALARINO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, }
STEPHANO, } servants to Portia.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

The exact year in which this play, one of Shakespeare's "great comedies," was written has not been ascertained with any certainty. It cannot, however, have been before 1594, nor can it have been later than 1598. It may be the play referred to in Henslowe's *Diary* as the "Veneson Comodey," acted in the autumn of 1598. It was first printed as a quarto in 1600, when two editions appeared. The principal plot, relating to the enforced payment of a bond, is of ancient oriental origin. It occurs in Europe as early as the thirteenth century. Shakespeare had probably read the "Adventures of Giannetto," one of a collection of tales called *Il Pecorone*, by Fiorentino, published at Milan in 1558. The casket scene may have been suggested by a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The scene is laid partly in Venice and partly at Portia's villa, Belmont, on the main land.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act I.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino and Solanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That court'ry to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial; should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the
thought

To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither: then let's say you
are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Sol. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well,
We leave you now with better company.

Sal. I would have stay'd till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bas. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. *Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.*

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio

We too will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bas. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools:

I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well, while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then, till dinner-time;

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bas. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bas. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance: Nor do I now make moan to be abridged From such a noble rate, but my chief care Is to come fairly off from the great debts, Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, I owe the most, in money and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To unburden all my plots and purposes, How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it, And if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honour, be assured, My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bas. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchus'
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio! had I but the means

To hold a rival place with one of them,

I have a mind presages me such thrift,

That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity

To raise a present sum, therefore go forth,

Try what my credit can in Venice do,

That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,

Where money is, and I no question make

To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—In Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearry of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; 'I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree, such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown: as who should say, *An you will not have me, choose.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these: God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine, he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited, I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the other lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any

of these lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Siblylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. *Enter a Serving-man.*

Ser. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wife me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Venice. A Public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bas. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bas. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bas. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bas. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in reputation: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may

be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bas. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian; But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift, Which he calls interest. Curs'd be my tribe If I forgive him.

Bas. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior; Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd, How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months: you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see, but hear you, Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor: ay, he was the third;—

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did. When Laban and himself were compromised That all the earnings which were streaked and pied Should fall as Jacob's hire, and those were Jacob's.

This was the way to thrive, and he was blest: And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for,

A thing not in his power to bring to pass, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast: But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness, Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart: O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft In the Rialto you have rated me About my monies and my usances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help: Go to, then; you come to me, and you say, *Shylock, we would have monies*—you say so; You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold: monies is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, *Hath a dog money? Is it possible A cur can lend three thousand ducats?* or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this,—

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; and another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies!

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; for when did friendship take A breed of barren metal of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he break, thou may'st with better face Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why, look you how you storm, I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:

This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there Your single bond, and in a merry sport If you repay me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit Be nominated for an equal pound Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond, And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bas. You shall not seal to such a bond for me, I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not man, I will not forfeit it,

Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham! what these Christians
are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats, I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu,
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and pursue the ducat's straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. His thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.

Bas. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no diamay;
My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scene I.—In Portia's House.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco
and his train; Portia, Nerissa and other At-
tendants.*

Mor. Mislake me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the oakets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cube from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,

To win the lady. But, alas the while,
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest, or curs'd at among men!
Cornets, and exeunt.

Scene II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Lau. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo,
Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo,
or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the
start, run away.* My conscience says, *No; take
heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo:*
or, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not
run; scorn running with thy heels.* Well, the
most outrageous fiend bids me pack: *Via!* says
the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens,
rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.*
Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of
my heart, says very wisely to me, *My honest
friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or
rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my
father did something smack, something grow to,
he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says,
Launcelot, budge not.* *Budge,* says the fiend.
Budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say
I, you counsel well, fiend, say I, you counsel well,
to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with
the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is
a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew I
should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your
reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the
Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my con-
science, my conscience is a kind of hard con-
science, to offer to counsel me to stay with the
Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel:
I will run, fiend, my heels are at your command-
ment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to Master Jew's?

Lau. O heavens, this is my true begotten
father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-
gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions
with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you,
which is the way to Master Jew's?

Lau. Turn up on your right hand at the next
turning, but at the next turning of all, on your
left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no

hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gov. By God's sounties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Law. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? Mark me now, now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gov. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Law. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gov. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

Law. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gov. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Law. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gov. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Law. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gov. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman, but I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Law. Do you not know me, father?

Gov. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Law. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you aews of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; in the end truth will out.

Gov. Pray you, sir, stand up, I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Law. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gov. I cannot think you are my son.

Law. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gov. Her name is Margery, indeed; I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my ill horse has on his tail.

Law. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gov. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Law. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famished in his service; you may tell every

finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries, if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bas. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the very farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *Exit a Servant.*

Law. To him, father.

Gov. God bless your worship!

Bas. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gov. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Law. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gov. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Law. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gov. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Law. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gov. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Law. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man: and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bas. One speak for both. What would you?

Law. Serve you, sir.

Gov. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bas. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Law. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bas. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. Give him a livery, More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Law. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life, here 's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo.

Bas. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: These things being bought, and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: his thee, go.

Leo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leo. Yonder, sir, he walks.
Exit.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bas. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bas. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To ally with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say *Amen*, Use all the observance of civility Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bas. No, that were pity, I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well; I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, But we will visit you at supper-time. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same. In Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so: Our house is hell, and thou a merry devil Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest, Give him this letter, do it secretly; And so farewell: I would not have my father See me in talk with thee.

Law. Adieu, tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew. If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu, these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

Exit Launcelot.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me To be ashamed to be my father's child, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo! If thou keep promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino and Solanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile unless it may be quaintly ordered, And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours To furnish us.—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Law. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith, 'tis a fair hand, And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Law. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Law. Marry, sir, to bid my new master the Jew to sup to-night with my old master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her; speak it privately; Go.—Gentlemen, *Exit Launcelot.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house, What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with, What page's suit she hath in readiness. If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake: And never dare misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse, That she is issue to a faithless Jew. Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest. Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize

As thou hast done with me,—What, Jessica!

And sleep and snore and read apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Lau. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Lau. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica: There are my keys.—But wherfore should I go? I am not bid for love, they flatter me, But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl, Look to my house.—I am right loath to go, There is some ill a brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lau. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Lau. And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces; But stop my house's ears,—I mean my case-ments:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah; Say I will come.

Lau. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. *Exit Lau.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring; ha?

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me, Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in: Perhaps I will return immediately:

Do as I bid you, shut doors after you,

Fast bind, fast find,

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, and if my fortune be not cross, I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *Exit.*

Scenes VI.—The Same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued,

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker or a prodigal The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind:

How like a prodigal doth she return

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,

Not I, but my affairs have made me wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach, Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love, indeed, For who love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains;

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit,

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transform'd to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,

And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight. *Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true

Shall she be plac'd in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night, the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—In Portia's House.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears,—

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.*

The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—
*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.*—

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me
see,

I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.*

Must give.—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: men that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

It thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—

Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.*

Why, that 's the lady, all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia are as through-fares now

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damna-
tion

To think so base a thought, it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

*"All that glisters is not gold,"—
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat: and welcome, frost!—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

Exit with his train. Cornets.

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains:
go.—

Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Sol. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the
duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian du-
cats!—*

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

*And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious
stones.*

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell Antonio what you
hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered, *Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very ripping of the time,
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:*

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—In Portia's House. A Room.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arr. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:—

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arr. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire!—that many may be
meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which prides not to th' interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house,
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare!

How many be commanded, that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

He opens the silver casket.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
there.

Arr. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of oppos'd natures.

Arr. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.*

Some there be that shadow's kiss,

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

There be fools alive, I wis,

Silver'd o'er, and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So be gone, sir: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

Exit Arragon and train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiring goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mes. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, (besides commends and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value: yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-sparrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they
say, if my gossip, Report, be an honest woman of
her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours
believe she wept for the death of a third husband.
But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the
good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I
had a title good enough to keep his name com-
pany!

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the end
is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his
losses.

Sol. Let me say *amen* betimes, lest the devil
cross my prayer,—for here he comes in the like-
ness of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the
tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sol. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was fledged, and then, it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her
judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these
years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh
and hers than between jet and ivory; more be-
tween your bloods than there is between red wine
and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether
Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bank-
rupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on
the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug
upon the mart: let him look to his bond: he was
wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his
bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chris-
tian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt
not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing
else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced
me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at
my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation,
thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated
mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a
Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?
fed with the same food, hurt with the same
weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by
the same means, warmed and cooled by the same
winter and summer as a Christian is? if you
prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we
not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and
if you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we
are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in
that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his
humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew,
what should his sufferance be by Christian ex-
ample? why, revenge. The villainy you teach
me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will
better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his
house and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe, a third
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn
Jew. *Exeunt Solanio, Salarino and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa?
Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but
cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone,
cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The
curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never
felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that,
and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my
daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in
her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and
the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—
Why so? and I know not what's spent in the
search. Why thou loost upon loss! the thief gone
with so much, and so much to find the thief, and
no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring

but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck.

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger into me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal, it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wildness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—In Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two, Before you hazard, for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you, and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours. And so all yours! O, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to please the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bas. Let me choose;

Por. as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bas. None but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bas. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bas. Confess and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the

stream,

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live: with much, much more dis-

may

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the

caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart, or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed, and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bas. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damnd error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;

Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk.

And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
No are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guil'd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
lead,

Which rather threatenest than dost promise
sught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd des-
pair,

And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate; joy thy ecstacy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bas. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden meal to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself, and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence:

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved, for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I swet again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bas. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend Solanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica and Solanio.

Bas. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sol. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for 't. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. *Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bas. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sol. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
welcome.

Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sol. I would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant 'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told
you

That I was worse than nothing, for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,—

The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one
hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sol. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
swear,

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bas. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bas. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.

First go with me to church and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over:

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bas. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my
estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit,
and since in paying it, it is impossible I should
live, all debts are cleared between you and I.
If I might but see you at my death—notwith-
standing, use your pleasure: if your love do not
persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste, but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

Exit.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not!

Exit.

Scene IV.—In Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,

Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
That which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

Exit Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplish'd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;—
I could not do without,—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school

Above a twelvemonth : I've within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?
Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children : therefore,
I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain
with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the
matter : therefore be of good cheer ; for, truly, I
think you are damned. There is but one hope in
it that can do you any good, and that is but a
kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not,—that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed :
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lau. Truly, then I fear you are damned both
by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother :
well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath
made me a Christian.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he : we were
Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could
well live, one by another. This making of Chris-
tians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all
to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a
rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
say : here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo :
Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am
a Jew's daughter : and he says you are no good
member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting
Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-
wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's
belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. It is much that the Moor should be more
than reason, but if she be less than an honest
woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word !
I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into
silence, and discourse grow commendable in none
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them pre-
pare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.
Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you !
then, bid them prepare dinner.

Lau. That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the
word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir ?

Lau. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt
thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an
instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in
his plain meaning : go to thy fellows, bid them
cover the table, serve in the meat and we will
come in to dinner.

Lau. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ;
for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your
coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours
and conceits shall govern.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are
suted !

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,—
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife ?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio lead an upright life ;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And if on earth he do not merit it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

Lor. I will anon : first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the Duke ; the Magnificoes ; Antonio,
Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Solanio and
others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands ob-
durate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more
strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From braes'd bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bas. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bas. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder?)

His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bas. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk,

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets you
grace. *Presents a letter.*

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt
there.

Gr. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
ness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Grav. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,
Thou but offend'st at thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart,—Some three or four
of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—

[*To Antonio.*] You stand within his danger, do
you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do:

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; d;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thrond monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in hea-
ven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For, the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appereth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
 So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
 The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
 charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to
 say?

Ant. But little: I am armed and well pre-
 pared.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty, from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
 that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this curriah Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have

a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is

thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his

breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come,
 prepare!

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned
 judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned
 judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then:—pay the bond
 thrice,

And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
 feiture.

Shy. Give me my principal and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the for-
 feiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it;

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods, the other half

Come to the privy coffer of the state,

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding;

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang
 thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not
that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis : nothing else, for God's
sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou
say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from
hence ;

I am not well : send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers :

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to
dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you
not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes and train.

Bas. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bas. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further :

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you :—

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bas. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle !

I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;

And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation,

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :

You taught me first to beg, and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,

And, when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should never sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That's excuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

As if your wife be not a mad-woman,

And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :

Let his deservings and my love withal,

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bas. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;

Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste.

Exit Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thither presently ;

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
deed

And let him sign it : we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home :

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :

My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,

Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be :

His ring I do accept most thankfully ;

And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore,

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—

[*To Portia.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's

ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Scene I.—*Portia's Garden.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Ste. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Ste. Stephano is my name, and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Ste. None, but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Lan. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?

Lan. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and
Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man!—here.
Lan. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Lan. Tell him there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news: my
master will be here ere morning. *Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. *Music.*
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and
floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight
sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano and their
followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be
light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You're welcome home, my
lord.

Bas. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my
friend;

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To Nerissa.] By yonder moon I swear
you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me; whose posy was

For all the world like cutlers' poetry

Upon a knife, *Love me and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame,—I must be plain with
you,—

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands,—

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind cause of grief:

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bas. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left
hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.

Bas. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,

Till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When naught would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,

Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of seal, wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bas. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring; and the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet

lady?

I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you ;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me like

Argus :

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let me not take him,
then ;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you're welcome
notwithstanding.

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one :—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but hear me :
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
this ;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this
ring.

Bas. By heaven, it is the same I gave the
doctor !

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough :
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amas'd :
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident
I changed on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bas. Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold ?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never meansto do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bas. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living ;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo !

My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee,—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. *Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished duke.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.
Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

The first published text of this play appears in the folio of 1623, but it is possible it had already been published in quarto; if so, no copy has been preserved. The text is unusually pure, and there is little difference in the readings of the first four editions. The plot is original, but may have been suggested by a story of Lodge: *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, which, again, was derived from a very old English story, the *Tale of Gamelyn*. The scene is laid partly in the court of an imaginary duke, partly in the forest of Arden, or Ardennes, on the confines of Belgium and France. The Arden described, however, is that of Shakespeare's own country, and characters and costumes are English. The play may be justly considered the best of the comedies, and in this respect the culmination of the poet's work.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I.

Scene I.—Orchard of Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired, but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Orl. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penalty?

Orl. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Orl. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood were

there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall hear me: my father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Orl. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Orl. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Orl. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Orl. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Orl. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues

h the new duke, therefore he gives them
leave to wander.

Ch. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's
sister, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her
sister, so loves her, being ever from their cradles
and together, that she would have followed her
father, or have died to stay behind her; she is at
his court, and no less beloved of her uncle than
his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as
they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of
Arden, and a many merry men with him, and
there they live like the old Robin Hood of Eng-
land: they say many young gentlemen flock to
him every day, and feed the time carelessly, as
they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the
new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint
you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to
understand that your younger brother Orlando
hath a disposition to come in disguised against
me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for
my credit, and he that escapes me without some
broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother
is but young and tender; and, for your love, I
would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own
honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love
to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that
either you might stay him from his intentment or
brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in
that it is a thing of his own search and altogether
against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me,
which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite.
I had myself notice of my brother's purpose here-
in and have by underhand means laboured to
dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll
tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young
fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious
emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and
villainous contriver against me his natural brother:
therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou
didst break his neck as his finger. And thou
wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any
slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace
himself on thee, he will practise against thee by
poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device
and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by
some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,
and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one
so young and so villainous this day living. I
speak but brotherly of him; but should I anato-
mise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep,
and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you.
If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:
if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for
prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*]
Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see
an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why,
hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle,
never schooled and yet learned, full of noble
device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and
indeed so much in the heart of the world, and
especially of my own people, who best know him;

that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not
be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing
remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which
now I'll go about. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be
merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am
mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? *U-*
Unless you could teach me to forget a banished
father, you must not learn me how to remember
any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the
full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy
banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke
my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I
could have taught my love to take thy father for
mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to
me were so righteously tempered as mine is to
thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my
estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but
I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he
dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath
taken away from thy father perforce, I will
render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I
will; and when I break that oath, let me turn
monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear
Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise
sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in
love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal:
but love no man in good earnest; nor no further
in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush
thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife
Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may hence-
forth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits
are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind
woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair
she scarce makes honest, and those that she
makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office
to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world,
not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair crea-
ture, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? *U-*
Though Nature hath given us wit to float at
Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to
cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for
Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural
the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work
neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural
wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and
hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for
always the dulness of the food is the whetstone
of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Tou. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Tou. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Tou. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Tou. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Tou. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Tou. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough I speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Tou. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?
Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Tou. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Tou. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Then losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do, and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Tou. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Tou. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successful.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your

hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persued him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt Duke Fred., train and Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved

High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:

But heavenly Rosalind! *Exit.*

Scene III.—In the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly: yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, If that I do not dream or be not frantic,— As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself: Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure and your own remorse:

I was too young that time to value her;

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maid as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
*This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.*
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp.
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou makest a testament
As windings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much;* then, being there
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part
The flux of company:* anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invecitively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untrespassed of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you
here?Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny praiser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Evenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father—

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?Adam. No matter whither, so you come not
here.Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for need!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

Here livèd I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better

Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for
Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Tou. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I
must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and
hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:
therefore courage, good Aliena!Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no
farther.Tou. For my part, I had rather bear with you
than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did
bear you, for I think you have no money in your
purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Tou. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I;
when I was at home, I was in a better place: but
travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an
old in solemn talk.Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
still.Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love
her!Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere
now.Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine—

As sure I think did never man love so—

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Tou. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Tou. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Tou. And mine; but it grows something stala with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man if he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death.

Tou. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Tou. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold can in this desert place buy entertainment, bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed and fainted for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, and wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; but I am shepherd to another man and do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition and little reck to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed are now on sale, and at our sheeports now, by reason of his absence, there is nothing that you will feed on; but what is, come see, and in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock, and thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like upon report the soil, the profit and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be and buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [All together
And loves to live i' the sun, here,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into

a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.
Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—The Forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast:

For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jays, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he, Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large as the charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomised

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley: give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself,

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou discharge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not of my cost,

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the

justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you

As yet; to question you about four fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father; the residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliv. O that your highness knew my heart in this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously and turn him going. *Escort.*

Scene II.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth away.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive *abe. Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Tou. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one scorns the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Tou. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Tou. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Tou. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Tou. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Tou. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and they fells, you know, are greasy.

Tou. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Tou. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Tou. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Tou. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Tou. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind

But the fair of Rosalind.

Tou. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Tou. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after king,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Tou. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Tou. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads.*]

*Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should
have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Tou. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Throw you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have, a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: sink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtues. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. *Exit Jaques.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many, but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that aouses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion some thing and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my sutor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind* and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*. Come, sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey, Jaques behind.

Tou. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Tou. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Tou. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Tou. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Tou. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Tou. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Tou. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Tou. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Tou. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,

many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more warthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? *Tou.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Tou. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Tou. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Tou. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Tou. Come, sweet Audrey: Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

*O brave Oliver,**

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

Exeunt Jaq., Tou. and Aud.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exit.

Scene IV.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour. *Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously: the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confinner of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,

Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me, and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What thought you have no
beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so,
as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
I'll sance her with bitter words. Why look you
so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsher than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not, if you will know my
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight!

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neigh-
bourly?
Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most piteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carol once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference

Retwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remembered, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answered not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Ph. I'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you

lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better journey, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned

nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was *Hero of Sestos*. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, *Will you, Orlando—*

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Dians in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say *Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till

you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliens, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home ;

[The feast shall bear this burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;

It was a crest ere thou wast born :

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it :

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

Scenes III.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? and here much Orlando !

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth ; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this : I know not the contents ; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour : pardon me ; I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all : She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Ods my will ! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt : Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents : Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand : I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands : She has a huswife's hand ; but that 's no matter : I say she never did invent this letter : This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers ; why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?*

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. [Beads.]

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?*

Did you ever hear such railing ?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers more !
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make :
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Will thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument and play false-strains upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,

*Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ?*

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :

*The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There 's none within.*

*Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments and such years : *The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : the woman low
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?*

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?*

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Ol. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me

*What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.*

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Ol. When last the young Orlando parted from you

*He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age*

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-
mede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you
lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited! I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too
great testimony in your complexion that it was
a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, if faith, I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray
you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you,
go? *Ezemat.*

Act V.

Scene I.—The Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Tou. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Tou. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth
here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest
in me in the world: here comes the man you
mean.

Tou. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have
much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we
cannot hold.

Enter William.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Tou. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy
head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered.
How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Tou. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Wil. William, sir.

Tou. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest
here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Tou. Thank God; a good answer. Art rich?

Wil. Faith, sir, so so.

Tou. So so is good, very good, very excellent
good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art
thou wise?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Tou. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remem-
ber a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat
a grape, would open his lips when he put it into
his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were

made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Tou. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir.

Tou. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir?

Tou. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diet; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you: come, away, away!

Tou. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Scene II.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oliv. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliens; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliens; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oliv. And you, fair sister.

Exit.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of *I came, saw, and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind.

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking: Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliens, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study

To seem despitelous and ungentle to you:

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; and so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Tou. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Tou. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country folks would lie,

In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

For love is crown'd with the prime

In spring time, &c.

Tou. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Tou. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Tou. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Tou. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Tou. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Tou. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will; rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Tou. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Tou. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Tou. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Tou. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a

quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind and Celia.

Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured;

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertities
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Ori.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:

[*To Tou.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

is but for two months victualled. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to
see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good
wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play
needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use
good bushes, and good plays prove the better by
the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in
then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot
insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I
am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg
will not become me: my way is to conjure you;
and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O
women, for the love you bear to men, to like as
much of this play as please you: and I charge
you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as
I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates
them—that between you and the women the play
may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as
many of you as had beards that pleased me, com-
plexions that liked me and breaths that I defied
not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards
or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind
offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Exeunt.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

A Lord,
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker, } persons in the
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants, } Induction.
BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona; suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, } suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }
TEANIO, } servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
A Peçant, set up to personate Vincentio.
KATHARINA, the Shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

This play appeared first in the folio of 1623. It is founded upon one written probably by Greene, and published in 1594. In that year, according to some authorities, this play, by Shakespeare, was first acted. There is much difficulty as to priority and originality, but all critics agree that this play is superior to that attributed to Greene. The scene is laid at or near Padua, and the manners depicted are so completely those of the Italians of the early part of the sixteenth century that some have thought the author must have visited Italy before he wrote it. The costume will be that shown in the woodcuts of Cæsar Vecellio, in his well-known *Habiti* of 1590.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Induction.

Scene I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

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

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

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

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough. *Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. *Falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

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

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence
Say, *What is it your honour will command?*
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, *Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?*

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,

As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds;

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

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?

Ser. An 't please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Pla. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally performed.

1 *Pla.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent. Well, you are come to me in happy time; The rather for I have some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night: But I am doubtful of your modesties; Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour, (For yet his honour never heard a play,) You break into some merry passion And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 *Pla.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, And give them friendly welcome every one: Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

Exeunt Servant and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, And see him dressed in all suits like a lady: That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him *madam*, do him obeisance. Tell him from me, as he will win my love, He bear himself with honourable action, Such as he hath observed in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplished: Such duty to the drunkard let him do, With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy; And say, *What is 't your honour will command, Wherein your lady and your humble wife May show her duty, and make known her love?* And then with kind embraacements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd To see her noble lord restored to health, Who for this seven years hath esteemed him No better than a poor and loathsome beggar: And if the boy have not a woman's gift To rain a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a napkin being close conveyed, Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit Servant.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace, Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman: I long to hear him call the drunkard husband; And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant, I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence May well abate the over merry spleen, Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants: some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and appurtenances; and Lord.

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

1 *Ser.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Ser.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Ser.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here 's—

1 *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

2 *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck,

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

Musical.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Ser.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breasted stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Ser.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee *Io* as she was a maid

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Ser.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds,

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Ser. And till the tears that she hath shed
for thee,

Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dreamed till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Ser. Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

*Servants present an ewer, basin
and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

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

1 Ser. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say you would present her at the lost,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicey Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Ser. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece

And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good
amends!

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

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
enough.

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

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me
husband?

My men should call me *Lord*: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

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

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her
alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry
so long; but I would be loth to fall into my
dreams again: I will therefore tarry in spite of
the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a
comonty a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-
trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing
stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife,
sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall
me'er be younger.

They sit down.

Act I.

Scene I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,

I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy:

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,

My trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe and haply institute

A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli,
Vincenio's son brought up in Florence

It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.

Tell me thy mind; for I have Fiesca left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite absurd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how firmly I am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your
pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kat. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stals of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kat. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me, too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master, there is some good pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gase your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kat. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bia. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolved—
Go in, Bianca. *Exit Bianca.*

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may stay:
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kat. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours, as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come: since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,— Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart: If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, *Hedime te captum, quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 'a sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move And with her breath she did perfume the air: Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd That till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he! But art thou not advised, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part.

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son? Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends, Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full. We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguish'd, by our faces, For man, or master: then, it follows thus;

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house and port and servants, as I should; I will some other be; some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so; Tranio, at once Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak; When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient, For so your father charg'd me at our parting, Be serviceable to my son, quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense; I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves: And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye. Here comes the roguish.—[*Enter Biondello.*] Sirrah, where have you been?

Bio. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes, or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time, Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on, And I for my escape have put on his; For in a quarrel since I came ashore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried. Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life; You understand me?

Bio. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bio. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; But in all places else your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute; to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. *Exeunt.*

2 SERV. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

PAGE. My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!

Scene II.—The Same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.

Here, sirrah Gramio ; knock, I say.

Gr. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gr. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gr. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

'Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it ; I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

He utters Gramio by the ears.

Gr. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain !

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now ! what's the matter ? My old friend Gramio ! and my good friend Petruccio ! How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruccio.*

Rise, Gramio, rise : we will compound this quarrel.

Gr. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir : well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out ?

Whom 'would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Gramio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain ! Good Hortensio,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gr. Knock at the gate ! O heavens ! Spake you not these words plain, *Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly !* And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. *Sirrah*, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruccio, patience : I am Gramio's pledge :

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Gramio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :

Antonio, my father, is deceased ;

And I have thrust myself into this mass,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruccio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?

Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich : but thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we, Few words suffice ; and therefore, if you know

One rich enough to be Petruccio's wife,

As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

As old as Sibly, and as curst and shrewd

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me ; were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas :

I come to wive it wealthy in Padua ;

If wealthyly, then happily in Padua.

Gr. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby ; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruccio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruccio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,

Brought up as best becomes a gentleman :

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,

That, were my state far worse than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect :—

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough ; For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

An affable and courteous gentleman :

Her name is Katharina Minola,

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;

And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you

To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gr. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him : she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ;

an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruccio, I must go with thee ;

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is ;

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;

And her withholds from me and other more,

Suitors to her and rivals in my love :

Supposing it a thing impossible

For those defects I have before rehearsed,

That ever Katharina will be wooed ;

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca,

Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gr. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruccio do me

grace ;

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Grw. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio; with him Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love. Petruccio, stand by a while.

Grw. A proper striping and an amorous!

Grw. O, very well; I have perused the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her: You understand me: over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For she is sweeter than perfume itself To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you As for my patron, stand you so assur'd, As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yes, and perhaps with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Grw. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Grw. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio!

Grw. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whether I am going?—To Baptista Minola. I promised to enquire carefully about a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And by good fortune I have lighted well— On this young man, for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn, well read in poetry And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman Hath promised me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Grw. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Grw. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo our curst Katharine, Yes, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Grw. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Grw. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days and long to see.

Grw. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Grw. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Grw. [*Aside.*]

For he fears none.

Grw. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors

And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Grw. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Grw. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Trw. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,

'Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bio. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he you mean?

Trw. Even he, Biondello.

Grw. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Trw. Perhaps him and her, sir; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Trw. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go— Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Trw. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Grw. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Trw. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Grw. But so is not she.

Trw. For what reason, I beseech you?

Grw. For this reason, if you'll know, That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Trw. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen, Do me this right, hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: 'in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so:
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bia. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yes, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kat. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bia. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kat. Minion, thou liest: is 't not Hortensio?

Bia. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kat. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bia. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kat. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps:
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kat. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be
reveng'd. *Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. What! in my sight?—*Bianca*, get thee in.
Exit Bianca.

Kat. What! will you not suffer me? Nay,
now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a
mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a
Musician; and Tranio, with Biandello bearing
a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God
save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a
daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me
leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir: and he, for your
good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your
name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucchio, I pray, Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too; Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting Lucentio*,] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.—[*To Tranio*.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo And free access and favour as the rest: And, towards the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir: son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both, These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio and Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo. You knew my father well, and in him, me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decreased: Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands, And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever: Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained, That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together, They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her and so she yields to me; For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bowed her hand to teach her fingering: When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, *Frets, call you these?* quoth she; *I'll fume with them;*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way; And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a pillory, looking through the lute; While she did call me rascal fiddler, And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; I love her ten times more than e'er I did: O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. Signior Petrucchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do: I will attend her here, *Ezeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio and Hortensio.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain, She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly washed with dew: Say she be mute and will not speak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence: If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week: If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the bans, and when be married. But here she comes; and now, Petrucchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kat. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kat. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first, You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kat. A join'd stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kat. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kat. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz.

Kat. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-winged turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kat. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kat. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kat. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kat. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kat. That I'll try. *Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Kat. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kat. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kat. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kat. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kat. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kat. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kat. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kat. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kat. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kat. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kat. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kat. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; yon dowry 'greed on;

And will you, nil you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you, You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic; A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talked of her have talked amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kat. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Exeunt Petruchio and Kat., severally.

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:

Now is the day we long have looked for:

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold;

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;

Pewter and brass and all things that belong

To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That only came well in. Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight gallees: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offered all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have:

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own, else, you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavi: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolvèd: on Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. *Exit Baptista.*

Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!

As old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio ;
And that 's a wonder : fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
Erit.

Act III.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward,
sir :

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony ;
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bia. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune ? *Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never : tune your instru-
ment.

Bia. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

*Hac sbat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa semis.*

Bia. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac sbat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
love,—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,
bearing my port,—*celsa semis*, that we might
beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bia. Let 's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bia. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac
sbat Simois*, I know you not,—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed
he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa semis*,
despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave
that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bia. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not : for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bia. I must believe my master ; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave
awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? Well, I must
wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art ;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade :

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bia. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bia. [*Reads.*]

"Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord,

"A re" to plead Hortensio's passion,

"B mi," Bianca, take him for thy lord,

"C ja ut," that loves with all affection :

"D sol re," one cliff, two notes have I :

"E la mi," show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bia. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be
gone. *Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. *Erit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant :
Methinks he looks as though he were in love :

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
Erit.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina,

Bianca, Lucentio and Attendants.

Bap. [*To Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the
'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said ? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kat. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends invite, and proclaim the bans;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her!
Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too,
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kat. Would Katharine had never seen him
though!

*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca
and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to
weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. Master, master! news, old news, and such
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he stands where I am and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what—to thine old news?

Bio. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat
and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice
turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-
cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty
sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a
broken hit, and chapeless; with two broken
points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle
and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed
with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine;
troubled with the lampass, infected with the
fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins,
rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,
stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the
bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten;
near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit,
and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being
restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often burst, and now repaired with knots; one
girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper
of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly
set down in studs, and here and there pieced
with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world capa-
ricioned like the horse; with a linen stock on
one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other,
gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat,
and the humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a
feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel,
and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's
lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this
fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he
comes.

Bio. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bio. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bio. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bio. Nay, by Saint Jany, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd,

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detained you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Goodsooth, even thus; therefore he's done
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exeunt Baptista and Grumio.

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest

Should ask if Katharina should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-woons! quoth he; and swore so loud

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stooped again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a

cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and

priest:

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: *A health!* quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo:

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. *Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Gremio and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse!

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kat. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt Pet., Kat. and Gre.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bia. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gr. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Cur. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gr. Why, Jack, boy! ho, boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gr. Why therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, and carpets laid and everything in order?

Cur. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gr. There.

Strikes him.

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore it is called a sensible tale; and this ruff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemolled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gr. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtay with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gr. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knows not that?

Gr. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gr. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phi. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nic. Fellow Grumio!

Nat. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat?

Nat. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Ser. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
Exeunt Servants.

[*Sings.*] *Where is the life that late I led—*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings.*] *It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:*

Out, you rogue: you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.—

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash and welcome heartily.

Servant lets the ewer fall. Petruchio strikes him.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kat. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I—

What's this? mutton?

1 Ser.

Ay.

Who brought it?

1 Ser.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser?

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all.

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kat. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders cholera, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Servants.

Nat. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Cur. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully;

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserv'd fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fing the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And in conclusion she shall watch all night;

And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong

humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bia. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bia. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despicable love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician as I seem to be;

But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a God of such a cullion!

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

Never to woo her more, but I do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeign'd oath,

Never to marry with her though she would entreat;

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bia. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc.

Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bia. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bia.

He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bia. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. O master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary! but at last I spied

An ancient angel coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bio. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,

I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

Ezeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:

But then up farther, and as far as Rome,

And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped.

Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!

For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy

This will I do and this I will advise you:

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bio. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodged;

Look that you take upon you as you should;

You understand me, sir: so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city ;
If this be courteous, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter
good.

This, by the way, I let you understand ;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.
The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed :
And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kat. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

Kat. I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kat. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then, the beef and let the mustard
rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not ; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kat. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kat. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave. *Beats him.*

Thou feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat ; and
Hortensio.*

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all
amort ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kat. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lovest it not ;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

Kat. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kat. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest
me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

Kate, eat apace : and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And reveal it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things ;

With scarfs and fans and double change of

bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy
leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

Lay forth the gown.—*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish : fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy ;

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :

Away with it ! come, let me have a bigger.

Kat. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too ;

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Kat. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak :

And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe ;

Your betters have endured me say my mind ;

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart concealing it will break ;

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a hauble, a silken pie :

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kat. Love me or love me not, I like the cap ;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay : come, tailor, let us
see 't.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !

What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :

What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remem-
ber'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kat. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
able:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true: he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is mude

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grw. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grw. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grw. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Grw. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Grw. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:—*

Grw. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small-compassed cape:—*

Grw. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve:*

Grw. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there 's the villainy.

Grw. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though my little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grw. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grw. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grw. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Grw. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kat. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter Biondello.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bio. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bio. I told him that your father was at Venice, And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—Set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Pedant.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And, for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him, to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and, if you please to like No worse than I, upon some agreement, Me shall you find ready and willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd; For curious I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,

We be affid and such assurance ta'en As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants: Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still; And, happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you: There doth my father lie; and there, this night, We'll pass the business privately and well. Send for your daughter by your servant here; My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently. The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, bid you home, And bid Bianca make her ready straight; And, if you will, tell what hath happened: Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt Tranio, Pedant and Baptista.

Bio. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bio. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bio. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bio. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bio. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bio. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?

Bio. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *Exit.*

Scene V.—A Public Road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kat. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kat. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far.

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

As if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kat.

I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kat. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruccio, go thy ways, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward! thus the bowl
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too.

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentler woman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kat. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kat. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire, and withal make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed
me,

My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy and of worthy birth;
Besides, so qualified as may beseech
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

Ereunt all but Hortensio.

Hor. Well, Petruccio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

Exit.

Act V.

Scene I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

*Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio and
Bianca; Gremio is out before.*

Bio. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is
ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to
need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bio. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back, and then come back to my master as soon
as I can.

Ereunt Lucentio, Bianca and Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruccio, Katharina, Vincentio and
Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's
house:

My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you
go:

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Knocks.

Gre. They're busy within; you were best
knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What 's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir; but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself:
he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved
in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous
circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio
that his father is come from Pisa and is here at
the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa,
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is
flat knavery, to take upon you another man's
name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a
means to cosen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bio. I have seen them in the church together:
God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here?
mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

Seeing Biondello.

Bio. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you
forgot me?

Bio. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bio. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? *Beats Biondello.*

Bio. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. *Exit.*

Peda. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

Exit from the window.

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Tra. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bio. O, we are spoiled, and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

Biondello, Tranio and Pedant run out.

Bia. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eyes.

Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain Tranio, That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bia. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at last

Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to, but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. *Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

Gre. My cake is dough, but I 'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. *Exit.*

Kat. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kat. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kat. No, sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why then, let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Lucentio's House.

A banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio and others attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree.

And time it is when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

Feast with the best and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down,
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio!

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kat. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kat. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kat. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kat. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—ha' to thee, lad.

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gra. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bia. Head and butt! a hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bia. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bia. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

Exeunt Bianca, Kat. and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let 's each one send unto his wife;

And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bio. I go. *Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bio. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gra. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello.*

Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?

Bio. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O

vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Gremio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her to come to me. *Exit Gremio.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holiday, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kat. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?

Kat. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
Exit Katharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. So it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

An awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruccio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bia. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bia. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kat. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's
foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

Exeunt Petruccio and Kat.

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
Exeunt.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAPEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

STEWARD,
LAVACHEE, a clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

This comedy must have been written about 1603, but it is possibly a revised version of an older play, *Love's Labour Won*. It was first printed in 1623, in the folio of that year. The plot, which somewhat resembles that of *Measure for Measure*, and equally unfits it for the modern stage, is founded on a story by Boccaccio, "Giletta of Narbona." It was acted several times in the middle of the eighteenth century. The text is full of difficulties, and the conjectural emendations have been numerous. The scene is laid in Rousillon and Tuscany, and the period is that of the thirteenth century.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I.

Scene I.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena and Lafew, all in black.

Cou. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Cou. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Cou. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Cou. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Cou. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Cou. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Cou. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord, 'Tis an unseasoned courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

Cou. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

Exit.

Ber. [*To Helena.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thought be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him; my imagination Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,

That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me;

In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

K

His archèd brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we

see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity: how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politio in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't!

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offensiveness against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't! within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity that will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old cour-

tier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better: marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall: God send him well!
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, which might be felt; that we, the poorer born, whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, might with effects of them follow our friends, and show what we alone must think; which never

Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell.

Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
 What power is it which mounts my love high;
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
 To join like likes and kiss like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts to those
 That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
 What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
 To show her merit, that did miss her love?
 The King's disease,—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
Exit.

Scene II.—Paris. The King's Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approved so to your majesty, may plead
 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
 And Florence is denied before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good
 lord,
 Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral
 parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
 now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
 First tried our soldiership! He did look far
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long;
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father. In his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
 So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
 His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and at this time

'His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
 He used as creatures of another place;
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility,
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times;
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
 now
 But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
 So in approof lives not his epitaph
 As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would
 always say,

(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
 To grow there, and to bear.)—*Let me not live,*—
 This his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments
 are

Mere fathers of their garments: whose constan-
cies

Expire before their fashions:—this he wish'd:
 I after him do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my live,
 To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir;
 They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't,
 count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
 He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
 Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
 With several applications: nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
 My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

Eveunt. Flourish.

Scene III.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Cou. I will now hear: what say you of this
 gentlewoman?

Ste. Madam, the care I have had to even your
 content, I wish might be found in the calendar
 of my past endeavours; for then we wound our
 modesty and make foul the clearness of our de-
 servings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Cou. What does this knave here? Get you
 gone, arrah; the complaints I have heard of you,
 I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do
 not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them,
 and have ability enough to make such knaveries
 yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a
 poor fellow.

Cou. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am
 poor, though many of the rich are dammed: but,
 if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to

the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may.

Cou. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say, bairns are blessings.

Cou. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Cou. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Cou. Such friends are thy enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Cou. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Ste. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Cou. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

*Fond done, done fond.
Was this King Priam's joy?*

*With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Cou. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is

a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blasing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Cou. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. *Exit.*

Cou. Well, now.

Ste. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Cou. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me: and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Ste. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Cou. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. *Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth;

Where love's strong passion impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Cou. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Cou. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,

Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwomb'd mine: 'tis often seen,

Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care :
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Cou. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam :

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die ;
He must not be my brother.

Cou. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; would you
were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother ! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Cou. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law :

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter and
mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head : now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But toll me then, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue :
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Cou. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Cou. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Cou. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son :

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my
love :

Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent,—speak
truly,—

To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Cou. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I
swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected

For general sovereignty : and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this ;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Cou. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : how shall they
credit

A poor unlearn'd virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Cou. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Cou. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court : I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Paris. The King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my lords,
farewell—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark—

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal
away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-
tured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are
kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good
metals: you shall find in the regiment of the
Spurio, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,
an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek;
it was this very sword entrenched it: say to
him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Exeunt Lords.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—What
will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the
noble lords; you have restrained yourself within
the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive
to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of
the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak and
move under the influence of the most received
star; and though the devil lead the measure,
such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most
sinevy swordmen. *Exeunt Ber. and Par.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and
for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has
brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
mercy;

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord,
'tis thus;

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a
medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliv'rance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. *Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like: but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises to-wards him;

Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inalienable estate, I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your reet 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes: great floods have
flow'd

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
kind maid;

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspir'd merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in muck and accidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulg'd shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; me worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some bless'd spirit
doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all.
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou thus to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physio I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time: for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Flourish. Exit.

Scene II.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Cou. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Cl. I will show myself highly fed and lowly
taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Cou. To the court! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Cou. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Cou. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Cou. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Cou. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me, if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Cou. To be young again, if we could; I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Cou. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Cou. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Cou. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

Cou. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir!* at your whipping, and *Spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir!* is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my *O Lord, sir!* I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Cou. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.

Cou. An end, sir: to your business. Give

Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinemen, and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Cou. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Cou. Haste you again. *Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.—Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Paroiles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me: I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well.—Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Exit an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side: And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well.
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but be refus'd,

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.*

King. Make choice; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
I Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
amease for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
He's that so wishes, and her humble love!

I Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would
send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake;
Blessing upon your vows: and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy and too
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

I Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet. I am sure, thy
father drank wine: but if thou be'st not an ass,
I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee
already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
highness

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes,

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: Good alone
Is good without a name; Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosht'd on every tomb, on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest; virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am
glad:

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defeat

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt!
Obey our will, which travails in thy good!
Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord: for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour,

Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-horn brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

*Escuint King, Bertram, Helena,
Lords and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master
is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be
a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs
and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for
nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce
worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have
mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of
lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not
open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious in-
dignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. It's as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou
be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt
find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I
have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee,
or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the
default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,

and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past;
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me
leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this dis-
grace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!
Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of
authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can
meet him with any convenience, and he were
double and double a lord. I'll have no more
pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat
him,—an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married;
there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship
to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is
my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants
so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy
nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two
hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinkst thou art
a general offence, and every man should beat thee:
I think thou wast created for men to breathe
themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my
lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a
vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more
saucy with lords and honourable personages, than
the commission of your birth and virtue gives
you heraldry. You are not worth another word,
else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good,
very good; let it be concealed a while!

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Farolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what
the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvèd
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Where noble fellows strike : war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, those balls bound ; there's noise in
it. 'Tis hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong ; but, hush, 'tis so.
Ezeunt.

Scene IV.—Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?
Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health ;
she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but
thanks be given, she's very well, and wants
nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail,
that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two
things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and
to keep them on ; have them still.—O, my knave,
how does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing :
to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou'rt a knave : that's, before me thou'rt a
knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found
thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were
you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profit-
able ; and much fool may you find in you, even to
the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.

Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
ledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curb'd time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'
the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. *Ezeunt.*

Scene V.—Paris. The King's Palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true : I took this
lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience
and transgressed against his valour ; and my state
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
my heart to repent. Here he comes : I pray you,
make us friends ; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well ; I, sir ; he, sir, is a
good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses ; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds,
and uses a known truth to pass a thousand no-
things with, should be once heard, and thrice
beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord
and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run
into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots
and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the
custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather
than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my
lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him
at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and
believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this
light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes ;
trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I
have kept of them tame, and know their natures.
Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you
than you have or will deserve at my hand ; but we
must do good against evil. *Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business: therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; his home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
'faith, yes;

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to home.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?
Farewell. *Exit Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!
Exit.

Act III.

Scene I.—Florence. The Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;
two French Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,

Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

1 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;

And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places
well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. *Flourish. Exit.*

Scene II.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clow. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing;
mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing;
pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for
a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come.

Clow. I have no mind to Isabel since I was at
court: our old ling and our Isabels o' the country
are nothing like your old ling and your Isabels o'
the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked
out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves
money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clow. E'en that you have there. *Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] I have sent you a daughter-in-
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone
me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and
sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I
am run away: know it before the report come.
If there be breadth enough in the world, I will
hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Cou. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Cou. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. *Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Cou. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray you?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came, And, after some dispatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a THEN I write a NEVER.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Cou. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam; And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Cou. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrosses't all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Cou. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't, The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Cou. Return you thither? *1 Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* 'Tis bitter.

Cou. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Cou. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's no thing here that is too good for him But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have sometime known.

Cou. Parolles, was it not? *1 Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Cou. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that too much, Which holds him much to have.

Cou. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Cou. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near?

Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France: Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the non-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air, That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord. Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the catiff that do hold him to't; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected; better 'twere I met the ravin lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all: I will be gone; My being here it is that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The air of Paradise did fan the house, And angels officed all: I will be gone, That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *Exit.*

Scene III.—Florence. Before the Duke's Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Lords, Officers, Soldiers and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art, and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth; And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;
Make me bid like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *Ezeunt.*

Scene IV.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Cou. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*St. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim; thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Cou. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

St. Pardon me, madam;
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Cou. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,

And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Ezeunt.

Scene V.—Without the walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter old Widow of Florence,
Diana, Volenta, Mariana and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach
the city we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander: and that with his own hand

he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark!
you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl: the honour of a
maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana;
their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and
all these engines of lust, are not the things they
go under: many a maid hath been seduced by
them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible
shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for
all that dissuade succession, but that they are
limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope
I need not to advise you further; but I hope your
own grace will keep you where you are, though
there were no further danger known but the
modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.
Wid. I hope so.—*[Enter Helena, in the dress
of a Pilgrim.]* Look, here comes a pilgrim: I
know she will be at my house: thither they send
one another: I'll question her. God save you,
pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge. I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you!

A march afar.
They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a
one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated : all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write good creature, whereso'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid ;
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come.—

Drum and colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles
and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;

That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier : is't not a handsome
gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest : yond's that
same knave

That leads him to these places : were I his lady
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with scarfs : why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something : look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

Exeunt Bertram, Parolles and army.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,
Worthy this note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't : let
him have his way.

1 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

2 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?
2 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of
him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward,
an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-
breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy
your lordship's entertainment.

1 Lord. It were fit you knew him ; leat, repos-
ing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he
might at some great and trusty business, in a
main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action
to try him.

1 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off
his drum, which you hear him so confidently
undertake to do.

2 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him ; such I will have, whom I
am sure he knows not from the enemy : we will
bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose
no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of
the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents. Be but your lordship present at his exami-
nation : if he do not, for the promise of his life and
in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to
betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his
power against you, and that with the divine forfeit
of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment
in any thing.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch off his drum ; he says he has a stratagem
for 't : when your lordship sees the bottom of his
success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit
lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not
John Drum's entertainment, your inclining can-
not be removed.—Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not
the honour of his design : let him fetch off his
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur ! this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

1 Lord. A plague on 't, let it go ; 'tis but a
drum.

Par. But a drum ! Is't but a drum ? A
drum so lost ! There was excellent command,—
to charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
and to rend our own soldiers.

1 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the com-
mand of the service ; it was a disaster of war that
Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had
been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our
success : some dishonour we had in the loss of
that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might ; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered : but that the merit
of service is seldom attributed to the true and
exact performer, I would have that drum, or
another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have stomach to 't, monsieur,
if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring
this instrument of honour again into its native
quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go
on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit ;
if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both
speak of it, and extend to you what further

becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. *Exit.*

2 Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

1 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you the lass I spoke of.

1 Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same cockcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses,

And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you: For you have show'd me that which well approves You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it, Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: a ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring: appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent: after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded: Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts, and songs composed To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us, To chide him from our eaves; for he persists, As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact: But let's about it. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

2 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter, for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter. *2 Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

2 Lord. But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sol. E'en such as you speak to me.

2 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

2 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, *Came you off with so little!* and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajaset's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

2 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

2 Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

2 Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

2 Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

2 Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

2 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

2 Lord. Thou shalt hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

Alarum within.

2 Lord. *Threca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.*

They seize and blindfold him.

Par. O, ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

1 Sol. *Boskos throuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 Sol. *Boskos vauvado*: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: *Kerelybonto*, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 Sol. O, pray, pray, pray! *Manka revania dulce.*

2 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 Sol. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

1 Sol. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sol. *Acordo linta.*

Come on; thou art granted space.

Exit, with Parolles guarded.

2 Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sol. Captain, I will.

2 Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:— Inform on that.

2 Sol. So I will, sir.

2 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess!

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that.

I prithee, do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : therefore, your oaths
Are words and poor conditions ; but unseal'd ;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.

Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no power
To give it from me.

Di z. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeath'd down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeath'd down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose : thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, Honour, on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window :

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know
them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd ;
And on your finger, in the night I'll put
Another ring ; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu till then : then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee. *Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
and me !

You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart ; she says all men
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid ;
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cosen him that would unjustly win. *Exit.*

Scene III.—The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two French Lords, and some two
or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's
letter?

2 Lord. I have delivered it an hour since : there
is something in't that stings his nature ; for on
the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him
for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever-
lasting displeasure of the king, who had even
tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will
tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly
with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead,
and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown,
and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of
her honour : he hath given her his monumental
ring and thinks himself made in the unchaste
composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion ! as we
are ourselves, what things are we !

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in
the common course of all treasons, we still see
them reveal themselves, till they attain to their
abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives
against his own nobility, in his proper stream
o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall
not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted
to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace : I would gladly
have him see his company anatomised, that he
might take a measure of his own judgments,
wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he
come, for his presence must be the whip of the
other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of
these wars?

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then?
will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not
altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir ; so should I be a
great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since,
fled from his house : her pretence is a pilgrimage
to Saint Jaques le Grand ; which holy undertaking
with most austere sanctimony she accomplished ;
and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature
became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan
of her last breath ; and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own
letters ; which make her story true, even to the
point of her death : her death itself, which could
not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully
confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations,
point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad
of this.

1 Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us
comforts of our losses !

2 Lord. And how mightily some other times we

drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues. — [Enter a Messenger.] — How now! where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. — [Enter Bertram.] How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy, and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deserved it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

2 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, with his interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush, hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes! *Portotartarossa*.

1 *Sol*. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 *Sol*. *Bosko chimurcho*.

1 *Lord*. *Bolibindo chicurmurco*.

1 *Sol*. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sol*. [Reads.] *First, demand of him how many horses the Duke is strong. What say you to that?*

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sol*. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord*. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord*. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sol*. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said.—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord*. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sol*. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sol*. [Reads.] *Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?*

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord*. Nothing, but let him have thanks: Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1 *Sol*. Well, that's set down. [Reads.] *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honesty and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it.*

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

1 *Sol*. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the ahrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sol*. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me: we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sol. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sol. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1 Sol. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sol. [*Reads.*] *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold.*—

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sol. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid, for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 Sol. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armpotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sol. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sol. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue,

for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A plague upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sol. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians, to belie him I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A plague on him, he's a cat still.

1 Sol. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and out the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sol. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sol. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is; in a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sol. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Roussillon.

1 Sol. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 Sol. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sol. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *Unblinding him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafen? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy

of the sonnet you writ to Dians in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

Exeunt Bertram and Lords.

I Sol. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

I Sol. If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this: for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. *Exit.*

Scene IV.—Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect my intents, to kneel: Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am informed, His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home: where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defies the pitchy night: so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away: But more of this hereafter. You, Dians, Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on summer, When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away: Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us: All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafew and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Cou. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave: they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 's has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of. Serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would

not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jade's tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Cou. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it, and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Cou. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Cou. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Cou. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clow.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. *Exeunt.*

Act V.

Scene I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gen. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have To come into his presence.

Gen. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gen. Not, indeed; He hence removed last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet, Though time seems so adverse, and means unfit. I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gen. Marry, as I take it, to Rouaillon; Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gen. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thanked, Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again. Go, go, provide. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Rouaillon. Before the Count's Palace.

Enter Clow and Parolles.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavach, give my Lord Lafew this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithce, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I snake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithce, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithce, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Here 'is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he

says, is muddled withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do: 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you; let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more; come, you you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word, then.—Cox my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. *Exit.*

Scene III.—Rousillon. The Count's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafew, the two Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Cou. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, But first I beg my pardon, the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive, Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;

The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender: and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall, my liege. *Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail In me at once: but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Which warp'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object: thence it came, That she whom all men praised, and whom myself, Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused: That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, *That's good that's gone.* My rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them until we know their grace: Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends and after weep their dust: Our own love waking cries to see what's done, While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin: The main consents are had, and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Cou. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digested, give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,

Bertram gives a ring.
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine, and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Cou. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement throwa me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st falsely, as I love mine
honour;

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so:—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.—
Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. *Exit guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations
to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to
say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon
a widower: his vows are forfeited, to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence,
taking no leave, and I follow him to his country
for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best
lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor
maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,

Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Cou. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,

Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman's that?
Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Deriv'd from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.

Isa. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Isa. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Cou. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Isa. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots of the world tax'd and deboh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy, and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Isa. I must be patient;
You, that have turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Isa. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Isa. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Isa. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Isa. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,
By him, and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath
had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love
this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and not a knave.
What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He is a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
orator.

Isa. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go
between them, as I said, but more than that, he
loved her, for indeed he was mad for her, and
talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and
I know not what: yet I was in that credit with
them at that time, that I knew of their going to
bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-
riage, and things which would derive me ill-will to
speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst say they are married: but thou art too fine
in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This
ring, you say, was yours?

Isa. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it
you?

Isa. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Isa. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Isa. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Isa. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first
wife.

Isa. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I
know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her, and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Isa. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Isa. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.
Isa. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this
while?

Isa. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; *Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle. One that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both: O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.* This is done;
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. [*To Parolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesses alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To Diana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress, more or less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content: which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*
Exeunt.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a clown, }
OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.

This play was acted at Candlemas, February 1602, in the Middle Temple Hall, at the Reader's Feast. It was probably written in the previous year. It does not seem to have been printed before 1623, when it appeared in the first folio. The second title, "What You Will," may have been Shakespeare's answer when asked to name this child of his fertile brain. There is reason to suppose the plot to have been derived from an Italian source, but Malvolio, and most of the other characters, are entirely original.

The scene is laid in an imaginary Illyria,
and the costume may be that of
the beginning of the six-
teenth century.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Act I.

Scene I.—The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, Lords and Musicians.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy opacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into a stobation and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapies is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veild walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign throneas, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysiuam.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you,
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
saved.

Viola. O my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
'tice.)

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;

Where like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Viola. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Viola. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's
an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes
great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer
than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink
in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of
a foolish knight that you brought in one night
here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a
year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four lan-
guages word for word without book, and hath all
the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for be-
sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller,
and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay
the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent he would quickly have the gift
of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and
subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece:
I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in
my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward

and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece
till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.
What, wench! Castiliano vulgo, for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the meaning of
accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would
thou mightest never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you
think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's
my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, *thought is free*: I pray you,
bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it
drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your
metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an
ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's
your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary:
when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless
you see canary put me down. Methinks some-
times I have no more wit than a Christian or an
ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of
beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it.
I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I
would I had bestowed that time in the tongues
that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting:
O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head
of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my
hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not
curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough,
doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord: here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofitable return.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scene V.—Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clow. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born; of *I fear no colours*.

Clow. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clow. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clow. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clow. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clow. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Clow. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? *Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.*

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy!

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks

very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola and Attendants.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-

head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? *Unveiling.*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, if you will lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are, you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could he but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out *Olivio!* O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage ?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :

I am a gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and
spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft,
soft !

Unless the master were the man. How now !

Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio !

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't : his thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. *Exit.*

Act II.

Scene I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you
not that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine
darkly over me : the malignancy of my fate might
perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave that I may bear my evils
alone : it were a bad recompense for your love to
lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in ;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express myself. You must know of me then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called
Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of
Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He
left behind him myself and a sister, both born in

an hour : if the heavens had been pleased, would
we had so ended ! but you, sir, altered that, for
some hour before you took me from the breach of
the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beau-
tiful : but, though I could not with such es-
timable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus-
far I will boldly publish her ; she bore a mind
that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned
already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to
drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire
it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full
of kindness and I am yet so near the manners of
my mother, that upon the least occasion more
mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to
the Count Orsino's court : farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But, come what may, I do adore thee so.

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess
Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir : you
might have saved me my pains, to have taken it
away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you
should put your lord into a desperate assurance
she will none of him : and one thing more, that
you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs,
unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.
Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me : I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her,
and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if
not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her : what means this
lady ?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her !
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.

I am the man : if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxes hearts to set their forms !

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge ? my master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie! *Exit.*

Scenes III.—Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. *Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!*

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of *we three*?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breath. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity, for *Malvolio's* nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the *Myrmidons* are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low;
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

*What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight *Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward *Malvolio* and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? *Tillyvally. Lady!* [*Sings.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clo. *Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.*

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *O, the twelfth day of December,—*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!

Mal. *Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.*

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good *Sir Toby.*

Clo. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. *Sir Toby, there you lie.*

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? *Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prize my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a payword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him, and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Snort royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two and let the fool make a third, where he shall find

the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight: come, knight. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV—The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. *Exit Curio. Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pang of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves: Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart: For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they are to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. *Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend great,
My poor corpse, where my bones shall

be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea that their businesses might be every thing and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

Curio and Attendants retire.

Once more, *Cesario*,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But did thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say

My love can give no place, bide no denial. *Ezeunt.*

Scene V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, *Sir Andrew*?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of *India*!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: *Malvolio's* coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it

should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezabel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state, and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with care, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. O, Sir Andrew,—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft!* and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows I love:*

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

No man must know. What follows? the numbers altered!

No man must know: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*]

I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life. Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this, and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former, and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads.*] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are down great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to insure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue*

tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.*

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests, and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clow. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clow. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou mayest say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clow. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clow. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clow. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clow. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clow. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clow. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clow. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clow. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clow. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clow. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.

My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say *element*, but the word is over-worn. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: *Rain odours*; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oliv. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Maria. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oliv. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oliv. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oliv. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Oliv. O, by your leave, I pray you,

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oliv. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,

Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oliv. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oliv. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oliv. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oliv. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oliv. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oliv. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderousguilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, mangle all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oliv. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—*Olivia's House.*

Enter *Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't' in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass of me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will bang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

Exit *Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much

blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *Maria.*

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stookings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school in the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—*A Street.*

Enter *Sebastian and Antonio.*

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks; and ever oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if I be laps'd in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
 Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase, and your store,
 I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
 For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
 How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
 For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
 And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
 Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming madam, but in very strange
 manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
 your ladyship were best to have some guard about
 you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted
 in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am
 as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does
 make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
 gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye
 of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is,
Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
 matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in
 my legs. It did come to his hands, and com-
 mands shall be executed: I think we do know the
 sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to
 thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
 so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales an-
 swer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous
 boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness: 'twas well
 writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon
 them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow
 stockings.

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to
 be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count
 Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him
 back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good
 Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my
 cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a
 special care of him: I would not have him mis-
 carry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no
 worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This
 concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on
 purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for
 she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy
 humble slough,* says she; *be opposite with a
 kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue
 tang with arguments of state; put thyself into
 the trick of singularity;* and consequently sets
 down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend
 carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir
 of note, and so forth. I have lined her; but it is
 Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And
 when she went away now, *Let this fellow be
 looked to:* fellow! not Malvolio, not after my
 degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres
 together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of
 a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe
 circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that
 can be can come between me and the full pro-
 spect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the door
 of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of
 sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in
 little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll
 speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with
 you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my
 private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within
 him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady
 prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must
 deal gently with him; let me alone. How do
 you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man!
 defy the devil! consider, he's an enemy to man-
 kind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my hawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taunt.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she does thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHECK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bail: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Oliv. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out: There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears Goes on my master's grief.

Oliv. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you, And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny. That honour saved may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oliv. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Oliv. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incoisement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal abtirement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as

surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

● *Re-enter Fabian and Viola.*

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me: if you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you, he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. *They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well. Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Takes him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
But will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves
me

Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsond a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us ? The time goes by :
away !

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god !
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ; -
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind ;
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad : away with him !
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. *Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion
fly,

That he believes himself : so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither,
Fabian : we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother know
Yet living in my glass ; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate ; O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears in
leaving his friend here in necessity and denying
him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat
him.

Sir To. Do ; cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing
yet. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—Before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not
sent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not
know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to
bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is
not Master Cesario ; nor this is not my nose
neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else :
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! he has heard that word of
some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly ! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,
will prove a cockney. I prithee now, unگرد thy
strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady : shall I vent to her that thou art coming ?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me :
There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.
These wise men that give fools money get them-
selves a good report, after fourteen years' pur-
chase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ?
there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there.

Are all the people mad ?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
over the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I would
not be in some of your coats for two pence. *Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone : I'll go another
way to work with him ; I'll have an action of
battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria ;
though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for
that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,
my young soldier, put up your iron : you are well
flesh'd ; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst
thou now ? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw
thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have
an ounce or two of this malapert blood from
you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir And. and Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is is*, so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, what is that but that, and is but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeit's well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinioa?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the up-shot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Clo. [*Singing.*]

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

Mal. Fool!

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool!

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. *She loves another—Who calls, ha?*

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fall you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here perverted me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Sings.*] *I am gone, sir,*

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad;

Adieu, Goodman Devil. Exit.

Scene III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it Whilst you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—Before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends? *Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the

triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

I Of. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to partake with me in danger, Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty years removed thing While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; . But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breathed out

That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy

That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Av me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Pri. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchanging of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has
given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the
love of God, your help! I had rather than forty
pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very
devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You
broke my head for nothing, and that that I did,
I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt
you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a
bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with
you?

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and
there's the end on't. *Sot,* didst see Dick sur-
geon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his
eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy mea-
sures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this
havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a
coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd
to. *Exeunt Clo., Fab., Sir To. and Sir And.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
that

I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit and two
persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parent-
age?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say *Thrice-welcome, drown'd Viola!*

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finish'd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lies my maiden weeds; by whose gentle
help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To *Olivia*.] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that,
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To *Viola*.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on
shore

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
In now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do:
has here writ a letter to you; I should have
given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's
epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when
they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool
delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,*

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my prin-
cess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. *To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him
hither. *Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.

[To *Viola*.] Your master quits you; and for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides pass'd.

Mi. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. *By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.* But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? as you smile not, he's gagged:* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. *Exit.*

Ois. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt all, except Clown.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. *Exit.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his son.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } Sicilian lords.
DION,
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Sicilian gentlemen.
ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
TIME, as chorus.
HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady, } attending the Queen.
Other Ladies, }
MOPSA, } shepherdesses.
DORCAS, }

Sicilian Lords and Ladies, Attendants, Guards,
Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.

This is supposed to be the last of Shakespeare's plays, written after his return to Stratford-on-Avon. It was acted at the Globe in 1611, as is recorded by Dr. Forman. It is founded on a tale by Greene called *Pandosto*, and was first printed in the folio of 1623. The scenery is laid in an imaginary "Sicilia" and an equally imaginary "Bohemia," but is really English in every respect, and of the poet's own time. Some have seen in it an allusion to the conduct of Henry VIII. towards Anne Boleyn.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act I.

Scene I.—Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arc. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arc. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arc. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arc. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arc. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arc. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arc. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *We thank you* many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly. Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
"Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the guest
Prefer'd for's parting:—yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily:

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verity is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
boys;

You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more
behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the
two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition cleared,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when
was't before?

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had soured themselves to
death.

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why, to you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me, my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come,
captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, air pare,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't
be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?
With what's unreal thou coactive art,

And fellow'st nothing : then, 'tis very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
dost;

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muszled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, happy man be's dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

Officed with me: we too will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's
welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you
there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling
now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him,

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione & Attendants.

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd
one!—

Go play, boy, play.—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There
have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
opened,

As mine, against their wills. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't, there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think
it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.— *Exit Mamillius.*

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You have much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

[*Aside.*] They're here with me already; whisper-
ing, rounding,

Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's, be 't: good should be perti-
nent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think, most under-
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness and the en-
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleansed my bosom: I from thee departed

Thy penitent reformed: but we have been

Deceived in thy integrity, deceived

In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To hide upon 't; thou art not honest; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,

Which hoses honesty behind, restraining

From course required: or else thou must be

counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear.
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have; or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any far-wench that puts to
Before her troth-pledge: say 't, and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs
only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in 't is no-
thing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
things,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?
Leo. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifths, they would do that
Which should undo more doing; ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, whom I from meager form
Have benched and reared to worship; who mayst
see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this venation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then, and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou spilt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised
me. *Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain

To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polizenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Winking his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle, I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my
counsel,

Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: 'but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee.
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonoured by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away!

Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

I Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best, so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semi circle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have one Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it softly,

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,

And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and others.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed In being so blest! There may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge Is not infected: but if one present The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander: There is a plot against my life, my crown; All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discovered my design, and I Remain a pinched thing; yea, a very trick For them to play at will. How came the posterns So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority, Which often hath no less prevail'd than so On your command.

Leo. I know 't too well.— Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made these swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not; And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about To say, she is a goodly lady, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form, Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands

That calumny doth use, O, I am out.

That mercy does, for calumny will sear

Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, come between,

Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it

should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,

And mannerly distinction leave out-

Between the prince and beggar!—I have said

She's an adulteress; I have said with whom;

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is

A federaly with her, and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself,

But with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-swarver, even as bad as those

That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy

To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

You did mistake.

Leo. No; if I mistake

In these foundations which I build upon,

The centre is not big enough to bear

A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty

But that she speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities, but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown'd: beseech you all, my
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence!
Exeunt Queen guarded, with Ladies.
I Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones
suffer,—
Yourself, your queen, your son.

I Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Then, when I feel and see her, no further trust
her:

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peace.
I Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the
villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour,

Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:

There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole duny earth.

Leo. What! lack I credit?
I Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this pro-
ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in
post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

I Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leo. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good,

From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Prison.

Enter Paulina, Gentleman and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady,
Exit Gent.

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou, then, in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman with Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gao. I may not, madam :
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Pau. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray
you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gao. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pau. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. *Exeunt Attendants.*
Gao. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Pau. Well, be 't so, prithee. *Exit Gao.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gao, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emi. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emi. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes! the king, beahrew
them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show it the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emi. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Pau. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted;
I shall do good.

Emi. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something
nearer.
Gao. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a guilty of
The anger of the king, nor party of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Gao. I do believe it.
Pau. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Leontes' Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and Servants.

Leo. Nor night nor day no rest; it is, but
weakness

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

1 Ser. My lord?
Leo. How does the boy?
1 Ser. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leo. To see his nobleness
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Ser.*—]—Fie, fie! no
thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.
Pau. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.
2 Ser. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded
None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?
Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that she should not come about me:

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasur's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What! canst not rule her?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La, you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come,
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen!

Pau. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on my own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Pau. Not so;
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroasted
By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forc'd baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.
Pau. So I would you did; then 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any,
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it: and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!

Pau. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your
charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Pau. I care not:
It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one: Away with her!

Pau. I pray you, do not push me: I'll be
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove
send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these
hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.

My child? away with 't! even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight:—

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou
refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come, that you do change this
purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life, for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for
the fall

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife.
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange
fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! And
blessing,

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Leo. *Exit with the child.*

No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

1 Ser. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session that we may arraign
Our most dialoyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

Scene I.—*Sicilia. A Seaport.*

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cle. The climate's delicate, the air most
sweet;
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cle. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cle. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go, fresh
horses—

And gracious be the issue! *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Sicilia. A Court of Justice.*

Enter Leontes, Lords and Officers.

Leo. This sessions, to our great grief we
pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Of. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. *Hermions, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To *my Not Guilty.* Mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus, if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy: which is more Than history can pattern, though devised And play'd to take spectators: for, behold me, A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing To prate and talk of life and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncourteous I Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond The bound of honour, or in act or will That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry fie upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough; Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, With whom I am accused, I do confess I loved him, as in honour he required, With such a kind of love as might become A lady like me, with a love, even such, So and no other, as yourself commanded: Which not to have done I think had been in me Both disobedience and ingratitude To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely, That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd For me to try how; all I know of it Is that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your court, the gods themselves, Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, You speak a language that I understand not: My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams; You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it. As, you were past all shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth: Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it, (which is, indeed, More criminal in thee than it,) so thou Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats; The bug which you would fight me with I seek. To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost; for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second joy, And first-fruits of my body, from his presence I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort, Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth, Haled out to murder: myself on every post Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed. But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life, I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour, Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else But what your jealousies awake; I tell you, 'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle: Apollo be my judge.

Lora. This your request Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth, And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father: O that he were alive, and here beholding His daughter's trial! that he did but see The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes Of pity, not revenge!

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then, You have not dared to break the holy seal Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cle. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals and read.

Off. *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now, there!

Pau. This news is mortal to the queen: look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon

Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Herm.

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour. How he glisters

Through my rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
boiling

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture

Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,

Together working with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,—
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful; nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, *woe!*—the queen, the
queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and ven-
geance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Pau. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,

Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!

Do not repent these things; for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,

I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd

To the noble heart. What's gone and what's

past help,

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction

At my petition; I beseech you, rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too: take your patience to you,

And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much
better.

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son:

One grave shall be for both; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Bohemia. A desert Country.

Enter Antigonus, with a child and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
aboard,

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid of the business. *Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There wreat, and leave it crying; and, for the
babe*

*Is counted lost for ever. Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no alumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie; and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,*

And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor
wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to
have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. *Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

She. I would there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep
out the rest; for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the
ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen
and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They
have scared away two of my best sheep, which I
fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if
anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brow-
ing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what
have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very
pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A
pretty one; a very pretty one: sure some scape:
though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-
gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some
stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-
work; they were warmer that got this, than the
poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet
I'll tarry till my son come; he holloed but even
now. Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hillos, loa!

She. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by
land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now
the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.

She. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes,
how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but
that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry
of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not
to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with
her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yeast and
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead.
And then for the land service, to see how the
bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to
me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a
nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to
see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how
the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;
and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear
mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or
weather.

She. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's
at it now.

She. Would I had been by to have helped the
old man!

Clow. I would you had been by the ship's side

to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

She. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

She. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury him.

She. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

She. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy: but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Bohemia. The Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!*

*Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and
the jay,*

*Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served Prince Florisel and in my time wore
three-pile; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;
who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
With die and drab I purchased this caparison,
and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and
knock are too powerful on the highway; beating
and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to
come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize!
a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see. Every 'leven wether tods;
every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen
hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside.] If the springs hold, the cock's
mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me
see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing
feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of
currants; rice. What will this sister of mine do
with rice? But my father hath made her mistress
of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made
me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers,
three-man songmen all and very good ones; but
they are most of them means and bases; but one
Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to
hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the
warden pies; mace, dates, none; that's out of
my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of
ginger,—but that I may beg; four pound of
prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

Clo. I' the name of me!

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these
rags: and then death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more
rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir! the loathsomeness of them offends
me more than the stripes I have received, which
are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may
come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money
and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable
things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the
garments he hath left with thee: if this be a
horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service.
Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me
thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir! I fear, sir,
my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good
sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little
money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir.
I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile
hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have
money, or any thing I want: offer me no money,
I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed
you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go
about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a
servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for
which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly
whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no
virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to
make it stay there; and yet it will no more but
abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man
well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a
process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a
motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's
wife within a mile where my land and living lies;
and having flown over many knavish professions,
he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he
haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the
rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia:
if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd
have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter:
I am false of heart that way: and that he knew,
I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can
stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you,
and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices
for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your
spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing
too: if I make not this cheat bring out another

and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,
and my name put in the book of virtue.

SONG.

*Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.* Exit.

Scene IV.—The Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of
you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. Thy your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I mame them. Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilily bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd: the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strange such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day.
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas and
others, with Polizenes and Camillo disguised.

She. Fis, daughter! when my old wife lived,
upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all; served
all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[To Cam.] You're
welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend
sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piddness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, 'twas
marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What I like a course?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play
on;

Not like a course; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers;

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whiteun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose

To put to 't.—But come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: good sooth,
she is

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlio,

To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.

Come, strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is
this

Which dances with your daughter?

She. They call him Doricles; and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter:

I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feately.
She. So she does any thing; though I report it
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabour and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move
you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell
money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall
come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it
be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very
pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, *jump
her and thump her*; and where some stretch-
mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief,
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good
man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do
me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inks, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. *Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolyucus, singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatting before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O, whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls. *Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a. *Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

She. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us; pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king, and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

She. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in, but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. *Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your laas Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know. She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime loved: I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er. *Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out: But, to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them Without her love; for her employ them all; Command them and condemn them to her service Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

She. But, my daughter, Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

She. Take hands, a bargain; And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:

I give my daughter to him and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be If the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder. But, come on, Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

She. Come, your hand; And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall,

Pol. Methinks a father Is at the nuptial of his son a guest That best becomes the table. Pray you once more, Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid With age and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate? Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing, But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir; He has his health and ampler strength indeed Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong Something unfilial: reason, my son, Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason The father, all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity, should hold some counsel In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this; But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

She. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.— Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir, That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor, I am sorry that by hanging thee I can But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

She. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars,
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, as
never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment,

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll heed it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and ween.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

She. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some haugman must put on my shroud, and lay
me

Where no prisest shovels in dust.—O cursèd wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him!—Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am:
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be
thus?

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be therat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Aside.*
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, if the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved; it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction;
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forbid! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habit'd as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'T'wixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you
down:

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most cer-
tain

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these
seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To meet that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,

Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one
word.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not
a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-
ring to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer:
by which means I saw whose purse was best in
picture; and what I saw, to my good use I re-
membered. My clown, who wants but something
to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the
wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats
till he had both tune and words; which so drew
the rest of the herd to me, that all their other
senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a
packet, it was senseless; I would have filed keys off,
that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but
my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So
that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut
most of their festival purses, and had not the old
man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter
and the king's son and scared my choughs from
the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
army.

Camillo, Florisel and Perdita come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being
there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King
Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— *Seeing Autol.*
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why
hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest
thou so? Fear not, man: here's no harm in-
tended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange, therefore, discase thee
instantly, (thou must think, there's a necessity
in't,) and change garments with this gentleman:
though the pennyworth on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—(I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is
half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—(I smell the
trick on 't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy come home to you!) you must retire yourself into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, and pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face; Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming; that you may (For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies, That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.— Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot? Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king

Of this escape and whether they are bound; Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exeunt Florizel, Perdita and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside: here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

She. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

She. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

She. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (puppies!).

She. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

She. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

She. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfolding; hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

She. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

She. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant: say you have none.

She. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

She. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

She. Sir, there lies such secrets in that fardel and box, which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

She. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

She. So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not now in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the torture he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are Germans to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace? Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive: then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavita, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs, and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive!

She. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I have promised?

She. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

She. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. *Exit.*

Act V.

Scene I.—The Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina and Servants.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed

A saint-like sorrow; no fault could you make, Which you have not redeemed; indeed paid down More penitence than done trespass; at the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much, That hairless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord; If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought; now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady; You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and graced Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than, for royalty's repair, For present comfort and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenor of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel, My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina, Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour,—O, that ever I Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now, I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Pau. And left them More rich for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,

And better used, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse; and on this stage, Where we offenders now appear soul-vev'd, And begin, *Why to me?*

Pau. Had she such power, She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me To murder her I married.

Pau. I should so. Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd

Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leo. Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Pau. Will you swear Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.
Pau. Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye.

Cle. Good madam,—

Pau. I have done. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, No remedy, but you will,—give me the office To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That Shall be when your first queen's again in breath; Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not Like to his father's greatness: his approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced By need and accident. What train?

Gen. But few, And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him? *Gen.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. O Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself Above a better gone, so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself

Have said and writ so, but your writing now Is colder than that theme, *She had not been, Nor was not to be equal'd*;—thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Gen. Pardon, madam: The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon) The other, when she has obtained your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else; make proselytes Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How! not women? *Gen.* Women will love her, that she is a woman More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, Bring them to our embracement.—Still, 'tis strange, *Exit Cleomenes and others.* He thus should steal upon us.

Pau. Had our prince (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd Well with this lord: there was not full a month Between their births.

Leo. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st He dies to me again when talk'd of; sure, When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that which may Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince; For she did print your royal father off, Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one, Your father's image is so hit in you, His very air, that I should call you brother, As I did him, and speak of something wildly By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! And you, fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas, I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The land and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. O my brother,
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth! And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is feared and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence,

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
crossed,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless, and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now come from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes

My marvel and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up.
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father's power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my
lord. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Before Leontes' Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation?

1 Gen. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how

he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gen. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture: they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them, but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow,—but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that happily knows more. The news, Rogero!

2 Gen. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

3 Gen. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gen. No.

3 Gen. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gen. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gen. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to

justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gen. What became of his bark and his followers?

3 Gen. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gen. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 Gen. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't, bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gen. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gen. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 Gen. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gen. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes it unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

She. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born: give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

She. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

She. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

She. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me your hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

She. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let hoors and franklins say it. I'll swear it.

She. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort that I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

Leo.

O Paulina!

We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we passed through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Pau.

As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mocked, as ever Still sleep mocked death: behold! and say, 'tis well.

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leo.

Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol.

O, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her

As she lived now.

Leo.

As now she might have done,

So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, warm life, As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her! I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it?—O royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjured to remembrance, and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per.

And give me leave;

And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Pau.

O, patience!

The statue is but newly fixed, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow But kill'd it itself much sooner.

Pol.

Dear my brother,

Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you as he Will piece up in himself.

Pau.

Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)

I'd not have show'd it.

Leo.

Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mocked with art.

Pau. I 'll draw the curtain ;
My lord 's almost so far transported, that
He 'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Pau. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred
you : but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord, forbear ;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Pau. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed ; descend
And take you by the hand : but then you 'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Pau. It is required.
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Pau. Music, awake her ; strike !—
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come :
I 'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :
Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :

When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in
age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. O, she 's warm !
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck :

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest that she has
lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Pau. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady :

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived ?
how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Pau. There 's time enough for that :
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina !
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-pledged to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered : hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

KING JOHN.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the King.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the King.
The EARL OF PEMBROKE.
The EARL OF ESSEX.
The EARL OF SALISBURY.
The LORD BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER OF POMFRET, a prophet.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France.
QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers and other Attendants.

An older play, *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, seems to have been the foundation on which Shakespeare worked in preparing the great historical drama before us. It is known to have been in existence as early as 1598, when it was mentioned by Meres, but it was not published till it appeared in the folio of 1623.

It comes first among the historical plays. Some have seen in the pathetic passages relating to Prince Arthur a reflection of the poet's grief at the death of his only son, Hamnet, in August 1596. The scene is laid partly in England, partly in Anjou. The costume is almost wholly conjectural.

KING JOHN.

Act I.

Scene I.—King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Cha. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Cha. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which ways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Cha. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood
for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there.

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than
your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbey and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip, his
bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bas. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bas. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bas. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good' blunt fellow. Why, being
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bas. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slandered me with bastardy:

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father and this son like him,

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven
lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examinèd his
parts,

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak;

What doth move you to claim your brother's
land?

Bas. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,

With that half-face would he have all my land;
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,

Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bas. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which faulty lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bas. Of no more force to dispossesse me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Elk. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bas. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-roads,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Least-men should say, *Look, where three-farthings goes!*

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Elk. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

Bas. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Elk. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bas. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bas. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great;
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bas. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Elk. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bas. Madam, by chance but not by truth:
what though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,

And have his hairs, however men do catch;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bas. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

Ereunt all but Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was:

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

Good den, Sir Richard:—God-a-mercy, fellow!—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's names,

'Tis too respective and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mees,

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth and catechise

My pick'd man of countries:—*My dear sir,*

Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin,

I shall beseech you—that is question now;

And then comes answer like an Absey book:—

O, sir, says answer, at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir;

No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:

And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smack of observation;

And so am I, whether I smack or no;

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.
O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bas. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's
son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir
Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bas. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bas. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.—
Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knave?

Bas. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-
like:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bas. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy
father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bas. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your
folly;

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that performe robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

Eweunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—France. Before Angiers.

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of Austria, and
forces; on the other, Philip, King of France,
and forces, Lewis, Constance, Arthur and
Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Art. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
death,

The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aus. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength

To make a more requital to your love!

Aus. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Ph. Well then, to work: our cannon shall
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages :
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with
blood :

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arrived.
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms : the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, hath given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I ;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Atè, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased,
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here :
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

Drum beats.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this ex-
pediton !

Aus. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then ; we are prepared.

*Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,
Lords and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat His peace to
heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love ; and for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : in the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
mission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse : it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?

Con. Let me make answer ; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world !

Con. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot :

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
father.

Con. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aus. Peace !

Bas. Hear the crier.

Aus. What the devil art thou ?

Bas. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 's may catch your hide and you alone :
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard :
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blæ. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bas. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass :

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aus. What cracker is this same, that deafs our
ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your con-
ference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon : I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Con. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Art. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Con. Now, shame upon you, whether she does, or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Con. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Remov'd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Con. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sins,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this remov'd issue, plagued for her
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Con. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fix'd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with count expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven:
And with a blessed and unwe'ret'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bas. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bas. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

I Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bas. Saint George, that swung the dragon,
and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aus. Peace! no more.

Bas. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bas. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

Exeunt.

Hereafter excursions; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that marched hence so silver-bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

I Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured:

Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;

Both are alike, and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'er swell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,

Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bas. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amas'd thus?

Cry, *havoc!* kings; back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits,

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

I Cit. The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

I Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;

King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bas. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be ruled by me:

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencèd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bas. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send de-
struction
Into this city's bosom.

As. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bas. O prudent discipline! From north to
south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

I Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile
to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced
league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent
to hear.

I Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Blanch,

Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of, say he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finishèd by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closèd gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bas. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsure assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy-breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

I Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first:

To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the
lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow :
I do protest I never loved myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bas. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow
And quarter'd in her heart ; he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : this is pity now,
That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
should be,
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Bla. My uncle's will in this respect is mine :
If he sees aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will ;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What
say you, my niece ?

Bla. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin ; can
you love this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Maine,

Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close
your hands.

Aus. And your lips too, for I am well assured,
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates,

Let in that amity which you have made ;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop ?—
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much :
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we
have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady ? In her right we came ;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all ;

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance ;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so

That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

Exeunt all except the Bastard.

Bas. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composi-
tion !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part ;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled
on,

Whom seal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of
that ;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commo-
dity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :

And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this Commodity ?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet ;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. *Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married—gone to swear a
peace !

False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be
friends !

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again :
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so :
I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but
jest,

With my ver'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die!
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art
thou?

France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Con. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Art. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blot and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Con. Thou mayest, thou shalt; I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Elinor, the Bastard, Duke of Austria and
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this
bless'd day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Con. A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change.

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Con. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and
tried,

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured
kings!

A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace, but, ere sunsè't,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

As. Lady Constance, peace!

Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a
war.

O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

As. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-

land,

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,

So, under Him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the pope, all reverence set apart

To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blasphemè in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out;

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;

Though you and all the rest so grossly led

This juggling witchcraft with revènuè cheriah,

Yet I alone, alone do me oppose

Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:

And blessed shall be he that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonizèd, and worshippèd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be

That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!

Good father cardinal, cry thou amen.

To my keen curses; for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's law and warrant, lady, for my

curse.

Con. And for mine too: when law can do no

right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Elt. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aus. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aus. Well; ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because—

Bas. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forego the easier,

Bla. That's the curse of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new uptrimmèd bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. O, if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,

That need must needs infer this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need!

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Con. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aus. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bas. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint.

The fearful difference of incensèd kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so !
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms ! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself :
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it :
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
swear'st ;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear !
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn :
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them ; but, if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aus. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bas. Will't not be ?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?
Lew. Father, to arms !

Bla. Upon thy wedding day ?
Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered
men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?
O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth ! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Bla. Now shall I see thy love : what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Con. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,

His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine
honour !

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I'll
fall from thee.

Con. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bas. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Bla. The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair day,
adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both ; each army hath a hand ;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance to-
gether.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms let's hie ! *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
Austria's head.*

Bas. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bas. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Near Angiers.

Alarums. Excursions. Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert and Lords.

K. John. [To Elinor.] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—[To Arthur.] Cousin, look not sad:

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Art. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. [To the Bastard.] Cousin, away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bas. Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Cos, farewell. *Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience: if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brasen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that early spirit, melancholy,

Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not: yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?—
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee.

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Near Angiers. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pan. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example; who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Con. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death : O amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself :
Come, grin on me and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O, come to me !

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace !

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son and he is lost :
I am not mad ; I would to heaven I were !
For then 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonised, cardinal ;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself ;
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he ;
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I
note

I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon thy head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort and my sorrows' cure ! *Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.

Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no ; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life.

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies, and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Fauleonbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are top full of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions: let us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Ese. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.

Executioners. Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Art. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Art. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Art. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not, and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Art. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur.—[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Art. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will. *Art.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me.)

And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*

Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*

Many a poor man's son would have lain still

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning: do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench this fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him,—no tongue but

Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

Re-enter Executioners, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Art. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Art. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury and other Lords.

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Eze. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

Art. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Art. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven, that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnaw, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Art. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Art. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used

In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluish

And glow with shame of your proceedings,

Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,

And like a dog that is compelled to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Art. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,

That Hubert for the wealth of all the world

Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more: go closely in with me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Ezunt.*

Scene II.—King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,

And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land,

With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told;

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urg'd at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face

Of plain old form is much disfigur'd;

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;

Startles and frights consideration;

Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than
well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness;

And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;

As patches set upon a little breach

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-
crown'd,

We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your
highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleased

Since all and every part of what we would,

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double corona-
tion

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;

And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

I shall induce you with: meantime but ask

What you would have reform'd that is not well;

And well shall hear and grant you your requests.

I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of
these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,

Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies, heartily request

The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument,—

If what in rest you have, in right you hold,

Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend

The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction.—Hubert, what news have you ?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed ;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :

This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury ; I'll go with
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

Exeunt Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast : where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather : how goes all in France ?

Mes. From France to England. Never such a
power

For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land,
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk ?

Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's
care,

That such an army could be drawn in France
And she not hear of it ?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died
Your noble mother : and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before ; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-
sion !

O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers ! What ! mother dead !
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France !
Under whose conduct came those powers of

France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bas. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was
amazed

Under the tide : but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bas. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so ?

Pet. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison
him,

And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.— *Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived ?

Bas. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
full of it ;

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,

And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom, they say, is killed to-night

On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bas. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
foot before.

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bas. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed. *Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spiteful noble gentle-
man.—

Go after him, for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. *Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen
to-night:

Four fix'd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattail'd and rank'd in Kent;
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not pre-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And on the winking of authority

To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I
did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endear'd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purpos'd,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet,
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
the peers.

Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
down:

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me
quite.

I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones.

Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmunds-bury :

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward ; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bas. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us :
We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bas. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bas. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience bath his privilege.

Bas. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here ?
Seeing Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,

Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,

Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arm : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this ;

And this, so sole and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Examp'd, by this heinous spectacle.

Bas. It is a damn'd and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand !
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice and the purpose of the king :
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. [*Drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law ?

Bas. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say :

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;

Yet I am none : whose tongue see'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bas. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bas. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime :
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?

Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there!

Pem. There tell the king he may enquire us
out.

Bas. Here's a good world! Knew you of this
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir—

Bas. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bas. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st at a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embowd in this baseous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bas. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven, and England now is left
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
The unwed interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wretched pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your
hand
The circle of my glory. *Giving the crown.*

Pan. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
the French,

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.

Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest
up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet

Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bas. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out,

But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bas. They found him dead and cast into the
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. The villain Hubert told me he did
live.

Bas. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow:
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glisten like the god of war;
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bas. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bas. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Dauphin's Camp.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
When we step after a stranger, march
In her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause.)
To graze the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst
remove!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this:
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts;
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France:
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,

To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pan. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bas. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bas. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd maque and unadvised revel,
This unhaired sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an arm'd Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No. Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To rouse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nerees, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their timbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Bas. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bas. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braces,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up your drums, to find this danger
out.

Bas. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so
long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Another part of the Field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with
friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left
the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and
sold:

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning orest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and boshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;
And like a bated and retirèd flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New
flight;

And happy newness, that intends old right.
Exeunt, leading off Melun.

Scene V.—The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath
to set,

But stay'd, and made the western weltkin blush,
When English measure backward their own
ground,

In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tottering colours clearly up;
Laid in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: what news?

Mes. The Count Melun is slain: the English lords

By his persuasion are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Bas. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bas. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bas. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bas. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyesless night

Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bas. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night

To find you out.

Bas. Brief, then; and what 's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

Bas. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bas. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolvèd villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bas. Whom didst thou leave to tend his
majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bas. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage? *Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook,
cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so straight
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemn'd blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bas. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And model of confounded royalty.

Bas. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devour'd by the unexpected flood. *The king dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.

My liege! my lord! but now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bas. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as
we:

The Cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bas. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bas. Let it be so : and you, my noble prince;
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;

For so he will'd it.

Bas. Thither shall it then;
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bas. O, let us pay the time but needful
woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make
us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD II.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, }
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } uncles to the King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to
John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom and other Attendants.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second was first printed in quarto by Valentine Simmes in 1597, without Shakespeare's name, which only appears on the second edition in 1598. A third and fourth were printed in his lifetime. The "Parliament Scene" was added in 1608. The outline of the story is taken from a poem by Daniel, rather than from the chronicles. Queen Elizabeth was under the impression that some passages were aimed at her, but it is by no means certain that the piece with this title acted before Essex at the time of his conspiracy was the same. The scene is laid entirely in England, and the costume may be learnt from a contemporary MS. (printed in *Archæologia*, vol. xx.) and from the portrait of Richard in Westminster Abbey.

KING RICHARD II.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. King Richard's Palace.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, Nobles and Attendants.

King. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gau. I have, my liege.

King. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gau. As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him
Aimed at your highness, no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomached are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Bol. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

King. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bol. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so and too bad to live,

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword
may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accense my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eagles tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hushed and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had returned
These terms of treason doubly down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bol. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

King. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bol. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of
blood;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

King. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest,
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's
death,

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appealed,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

King. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by
me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it began;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you, your son.

Gau. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gau. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

King. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is
no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeached and baffled here,
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yes, but not change his spots: take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.

King. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you
begin.

Bol. O Heaven defend my soul from such
fool sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. *Exit Gau.*

King. We were not born to sue but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gau and Duchess of Gloucester.

Gau. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclains,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man, and though thou liv'st and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gau. God's is the quarrel; for God's substi-
tute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain my-
self?

Gau. To God, the widow's champion and de-
fence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's
wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gau. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
I, o, this is all.—nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die,
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The lists at Coventry.

*Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of
Aumerle.*

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
armed?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's
trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared,
and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish.

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green and
others. Then Mowbray in armour, and Herald.*

King. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who
thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in
arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy
quarrel?

Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke,
appellant, in armour, with a Herald.*

King. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore comest
thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou and what's thy
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Bol. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Bol. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appelland in all duty greets your
highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

King. We will descend and fold him in our
arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bol. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight,
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young and cheerly drawing breath,
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gau. God in thy good cause make thee pros-
perous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Bol. Mine innocency and Saint George to
thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's
- throne,

A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

King. Farewell, my lord: securely I spy

Virtue with valour couchèd in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance, and God defend the right!

Bol. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of
Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets, and set forward,
combatants.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

King. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.

Draw near, *A long flourish.*

And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be
soiled

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours'
swords,

And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned
drums,

With harsh-responding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bol. Your will be done: this must my com-
fort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on
me;

And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

King. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of *never to return*
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,

And all unlooked for from your highness'
mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunping instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands.

That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips;

And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

King. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

King. Return again, and take an oath with
these.

Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and heaven!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects or our land.

Bol. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Bol. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray,
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

Exit.

King. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Pluck'd four away. Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bol. How long a time lies in one little word!

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gau. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times
about,

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

King. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gau. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gau. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion
sour.

You urged me as a judge, but I had rather

You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroyed.

Alas, I looked when some of you should say,

I was too strict to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue

Against my will to do myself this wrong.

King. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him
so:

Six years we banish him and he shall go.

Flourish. Exit.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence thou
not know,

From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gau. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bol. I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Bol. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gau. What is six winters? they are quickly
gone.

Bol. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour
ten.

Gau. Call it a travel that thou takest for plea-
sure.

Bol. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

Bol. Nay rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeshood

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gau. All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour

And not the king exiled thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
comest;

Suppose the singing birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence
strewed,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bol. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bol. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.

Ezeunt.

Scene IV.—The Court.

Enter King, Duke of Aumerle, Bagot and Green.

King. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call
him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting tears were
shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-
east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleepy rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

King. What said our cousin when you parted
with him?

Aum. *Farewell:*

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd
hours

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,

What reverence he did throw away on slaves.
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Gre. Well, he is gone, and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

King. We will ourselves in person to this war:

And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bus. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
lord,

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

King. Where lies he?

Bus. At Ely House.

King. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

Ezeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Ely House.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, &c.

Gau. Will the king come, that I may breathe
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaidd youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gau. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words
in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;

More are men's ends marked than their lives
before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;

Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So it be new, there 's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
thou lose.

Gau. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
Bagot, Ross and Willoughby.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his
youth,

For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.

Que. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

King. What comfort, man? how is 't with aged
Gau?

Gau. O, how that name befits my composi-
tion!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
King. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

King. Should'st dying men flatter those that
that live?

Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
King. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest
me.

Gau. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee
ill.

Gau. Now He that made me knows I see thee
ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king:
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law;
And thou—

King. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from its native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent
shoulders.

Gau. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

Exit.
King. And let them die that age and sullens
have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words

To wayward sickliuess and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

King. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love,
so his ;

As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
your majesty.

King. What says he ?

Nor. Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bank-
rupt so.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

King. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth
he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? ah, how
long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But when he frowned, it was against the French
And not against his friends ; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that.

Which his triumphant father's hand had won ;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,

'But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard ! York is top far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare himself.

King. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford ?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time

His charters and his customary rights ;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king

But by fair sequence and succession ?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !—

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

King. Think what you will, we seize into our
hands

His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while : my liege,
farewell ;

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire
straight :

Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow :
And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England ;
For he is just and always loved us well.

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Flourish. Exit King, Queen, Aumerle,
Bushy, Green and Bagot.*

Nor. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is
dead,

Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in revenue.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great, but it must break with
silence,

Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
Nor. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er
speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !
Wil. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the
Duke of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him ;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and spoil'd of his patrimony.

Nor. Now, afore Heaven, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he
fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences and I wot not what :

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?
Nor. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with
blows :

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm.

Wil. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over
him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.

Nor. His noble kinsman: most degenerate
king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must
suffer,

And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

Nor. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be
bold.

Nor. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a
bay.

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord
Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and
Francis Quoint,

All these well furnished by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blamished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.

Wil. Hold out, my horse, and I will first be
there. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Windsor Castle.

Enter Queen, Bushy and Bagot,

Bus. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Que. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bus. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry on your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's
not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Que. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bus. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Que. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;

But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Gre. God save your majesty! and well met,
gentlemen:

I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Que. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope
he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

Gre. That he, our hope, might have retired his
power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:

The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived

At Ravenspurg.

Que. Now God in heaven forbid!

Gre. Ah, madam, 'tis too true, and that is
worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bus. Why have you not proclaimed Northum-
berland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Gre. We have: whereupon the Earl of Wor-
cester

Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Que. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.

Bus. Despair not, madam.

Que. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cosening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Gre. Here comes the Duke of York.
Que. With signs of war about his aged neck :
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle, for Heaven's sake, speak comfortable
words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ! Why, so ? go all which way it
will.

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are
cold,

And will I fear revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I call'd there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't knave ?

Ser. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
I know not what to do : I would to heaven,
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatched for Ireland ?
How shall we do for money for these wars ?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.

Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.

I should to Plashy too ;

But time will not permit : all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven. *Exit.*

Bus. The wind sits fair for news for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Gre. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bag. And that's the wavering commons : for
their love

Lies in their purses, and whose empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bus. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demned.

Bag. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Gre. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol
Castle :

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bus. Thither will I with you, for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all in pieces.
Will you go along with us ?

Bag. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bus. That's as York thrives to beat back
Bolingbroke.

Gre. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry :
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all and ever.

Bus. Well, we may meet again.

Bag. I fear me, never. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Wilds in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with
Forces.*

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now ?

Nor. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire :

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Bol. Of much less value is my company

Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter Henry Percy.

Nor. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Per. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

Nor. Why, is he not with the queen?

Per. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.

Nor. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when we last spake
together.

Per. Because your lordship was proclaimed
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford,
boy?

Per. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

Nor. Then learn to know him now; this is the
duke.

Per. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Bol. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus
seals it.

Nor. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Per. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees.

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley and
Seymour;

None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

Nor. Here come the Lords of Ross and Wil-
loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Bol. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pur-
sues

A banished traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.

Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bol. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

Nor. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Ber. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to
you.

Bol. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Ber. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning

To raise one title of your honour out:

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York attended.

Bol. I shall not need transport my words by
you;
Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle! *Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart and not thy
knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Bol. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *grace*
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more then *why?* why have they dared to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bol. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Bol. As I was banished, I was banished Here-
ford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinaman;
Had you first died and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To thy inheritance of free descent.

Nor. The noble duke hath been too much
abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him
right.

Wil. Base men by his endowments are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

Nor. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own, and for the right of that.
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well,
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

Bol. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet
I'll pause,

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Conway.

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten
days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
man:

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will
not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all withered
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forewarn the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled.
As well assured Richard their king is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortunes goes. *Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—Bristol. Before the Castle.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross
Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green
prisoners.*

Bol. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them delivered
over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bus. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Gre. My comfort is that heaven will take our
souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Bol. My Lord Northumberland, see them dis-
patched.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For Heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatched
With letters of your love to her at large.

Bol. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—The coast of Wales. A castle in view.
Drums: flourish and colours. Enter King
Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle,
and Soldiers.*

King. Barkloughly Castle call they this at
hand?

Aum. Yes, my lord. How brooks your grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do these favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made

you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too

remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

King. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen

In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their

backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night

Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,

But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the

right. *Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my
tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy
state:

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your
grace so pale?

King. But now the blood of twenty thousand
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you
are.

King. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scr. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

King. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scr. Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than

steel.
White-beards have armed their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty, and boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

King. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scr. Peace have they made with him indeed,
my lord.

King. O villains, vipers, damn'd without red-
emption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scr. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;
Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Um. Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wilt-
shire dead?

Scr. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Um. Where is the duke my father with his
power?

King. No matter where; of comfort no man
speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our depos'd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping
kill'd;

All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their pre-
sent woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Um. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

King. Thou chidest me well: proud Boling-
broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scr. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

King. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Um. My liege, one word.

King. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York,
Northumberland, Attendants and Forces.*

Bol. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

Nor. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath bid his head.

York. It would besseem the Lord Northumber-
land

To say *King Richard*: alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

Nor. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Bol. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

Bol. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what wilt not this castle yield?

Per. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bol. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Per. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of your lime and stone:
And with him are Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

Nor. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Bol. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parole
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered English-
men:

The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threatening
drum,

That from this castle's tattered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a
flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard,
the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop and
Salisbury.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

King. We are amazed; and thus long have we
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

To Northumberland.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us;
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threaten the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he is—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

Nor. The king of heaven forbid our lord the
king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Henry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barb'd steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

King. Northumberland, say thus. The king
returns,

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

To Aumerle.

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
swords.

King. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of
mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On von proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'at thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope
to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bol-
ingbroke.

King. What must the king do now? must he
submit?

The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes.

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says, ay.

Nor. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come
down.

King. Down, down I come; like glistering
Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks
should sing.

Bol. What says his majesty?

Nor. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Bol. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.
My gracious lord,—

King. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knees
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eyes see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bol. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

King. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and
all.

Bol. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

King. Well you deserve, they well deserve to
have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Bol. Yea, my good lord.

King. Then I must not say no.
Flourish. Exeunt.

*Scene IV.—Langley. The Duke of York's
Garden.*

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Que. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Que. 'Twill make me think the world is full of
rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Que. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Que. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Que. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have I need not to repeat;

And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Que. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou
weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you
good.

Que. And I could sing, would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pines,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

Gar. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some suppittance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.

You thus employed, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disordered and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gar. Hold thy peace :
He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Ser. What, are they dead?

Gar. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity
is it

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-prond in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing bows may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

Ser. What, think you then the king shall be
deposed?

Gar. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Que. O, I am press'd to death through want of
speaking!

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this
garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this un-
pleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curs'd man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?

Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch.

Gar. Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you will find it so,
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Que. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,

To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

Ezeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gar. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Ezeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—Westminster Hall.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, Lord, Herald, Officers and Bagot.

Bol. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bag. Then set before my face the Lord
Aumerle.

Bol. Cousin, stand forth and look upon that
man.

Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
plotted,

I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English coast
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?*

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soiled

With the attander of his slanderous lips.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Bol. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fit. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

By that fair sun that shows me where thou

stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forg'd, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fit. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all;

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fit. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Sur. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fit. Surrey, thou liest.

Sur. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fit. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Bol. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repealed: repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Bol. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Bol. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth.

Bol. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, heaven forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best besecming me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-
ject?

Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;

And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,

Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove

That ever fell upon this curs'd earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you true!
Nor. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your
pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'
suit.

Bol. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. *Exit.*

Bol. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.

Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter Richard and York.

King. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry *all hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thou-
sand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

King. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize
the crown;
Here, cousin; on this side my hand, and on that
side yours.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bol. I thought you had been willing to resign.

King. My crown I am; but still my griefs are
mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Bol. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

King. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bol. Are you contented to resign the crown?

King. I, no; no, I; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

Nor. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes

Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

King. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And craking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

Nor. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

King. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

Nor. My lord,—

King. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting
man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bol. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

Nor. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth
come.

King. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come
to hall!

Bol. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumber-
land.

Nor. The commons will not then be satisfied.

King. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face :

As brittle as the glory is the face ;

Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Bol. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

King. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ! ha ! let's see :

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ;
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Bol. Name it, fair cousin.

King. Fair cousin ? I am greater than a king :
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bol. Yet ask.

King. And shall I have ?

Bol. You shall.

King. Then give me leave to go.

Bol. Whither ?

King. Whither you will, so I were from your
sights.

Bol. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

King. O, good ! convey ? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

Bol. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

Abb. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come ; the children yet
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abb. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears :

Come home with me to supper ; and I'll lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day. *Ezeunt.*

Act V.

*Scene I.—London. A Street leading to the
Tower.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Que. This way the king will come ; this is the
way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose fiant bosom my condemn'd lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :

H. If this rebellious earth

Ha g for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,

That thou in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,

And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

King. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,

To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream,

From which awaked, the truth of what we are

Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity, and he and I

Will keep a league till death. His thee to France

And cloister thee in some religious house :

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Que. What, is my Richard both in shape and

mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ? hath Bolingbroke

deposed
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,

And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

King. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but
beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for

France :

Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire

With good old folks and let them tell thee tales

Of woeful ages long ago betid ;

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

And send the hearers weeping to their beds :

For why, the senseless brands will sympathise

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue

And in compassion weep the fire out ;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the depositing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland and others.

Nor. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
changed ;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

King. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is ere foul sin gathering head

Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all ;

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the

way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being me'er so little urged, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

Nor. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

King. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen to France: from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Que. And must we be divided? must we part?

King. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Que. Banish us both and send the king with me.
Nor. That were some love but little policy.

Que. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near be ne'er the near;

Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Que. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

King. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Que. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good
part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

King. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the
rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows'
tops

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,

Mounted on a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried *God save thee, Boling-
broke!*

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls

With painted imagery had said at once
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus; *I thank you, countrymen:*
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the
whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried *God save*
him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off.
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steeled

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets
now

That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care
not:

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and
triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without
thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some band, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a
bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.
 Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
 God for his mercy, what treachery is here?
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
 Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.
Enter Servant with boots.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.
 Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
 Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
 And rob me of a happy mother's name?
 Is he not like thee? as he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably set down their hands,
 To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
 We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
 I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
 As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
 But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Not like to me, or any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! *Erit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
 Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
 And never will I rise up from the ground
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. *Away, be gone!* *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Windsor Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy and other Lords.

Bol. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions,
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
 Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour to support
 So dissolute a crew.
Per. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Bol. And what said the gallant?
Per. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Bol. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king?
Bol. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
 So wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
 To have some conference with your grace alone.
Bol. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. *Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
 What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
 My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
 Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Bol. Intended or committed was this fault?
 If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
 To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
 That no man enter till my tale be done.
Bol. Have thy desire. *York within.*
York. My liege, beware: look to thyself;
 Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Bol. Villain, I'll make thee safe. *Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
 Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
 Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Bol. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
 Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
 That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
 The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
 I do repent me; read not my name there:
 My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
 I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
 Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
 Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
 A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Bol. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.

Duch. What ho, my liege! for Heaven's sake,
let me in. *Within.*

Bol. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this
eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king;
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Bol. Our scenes is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she 's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
man!

Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here?

Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me,
gentle liege.

Bol. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my
knee.

York. Against them both my true joints bended
be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Bol. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, stand up;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonne*
mot.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set 'st at the word itself against the word!
Speak pardon as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our complaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Bol. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bol. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;

Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong. *With all my heart*
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Bol. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the
abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you
true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make
thee new. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Windsor Castle.

Enter Eaton and Servant.

Ext. Didst thou not mark the king, what
words he spake,

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Ser. These were his very words.

Ext. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it
twice,

And urged it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ext. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, *I would thou wert the man*
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

Scene V.—Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

King. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,

My soul the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
 With scruples and do set the word itself
 Against the word:

As thus, *Come, little ones*, and then again,
It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly beggars
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
 That many have and others must sit there;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 Thus play I in one person many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king;
 Then am I kinged again: and by and by
 Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
 Nor I nor any man that but man is
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
 With being nothing. Music do I hear? *Music.*
 Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To hear time broke in a disordered string;
 But for the concord of my state and time
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
 watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
 Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
 This music made me; let it sound no more;
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Gro. Hail, royal prince!

King. Thanks, noble peer;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes but that sad dog
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Gro. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king: who, travelling towards
 York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
 O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
 In London streets, that coronation-day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
 That horse that I so carefully have dressed!

King. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
 friend,
 How went he under him?

Gro. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

King. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his
 back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
 (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
 Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be awed by man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
 And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
 Spurred, galled and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Kee. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

King. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Gro. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
 shall say. *Exit.*

Kee. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

King. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Kee. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
 who lately came from the king, commands the
 contrary.

King. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and
 thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Beats the Keeper.

Kee. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

King. How now! what means death in this
 rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instru-
 ment.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-queenching fire
 That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce
 hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
 land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Ext. As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is choricled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear: *

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Windsor Castle.

Flourish. *Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other
 Lords and Attendants.*

Bol. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
 Is that the rebels have consumed with fire.

Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

No. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Oxford, Spencer, Blunt,
and Kent :

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Bol. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fit. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Bol. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Per. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog o' conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Bol. Carlisle, this is your doom :
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Est. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Bol. Exton, I thank thee not : for thou hast
wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Est. From your own mouth, my lord, did I
this deed.

Bol. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. *Exeunt.*

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARBOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
two Carriers, Travellers and Attendants.

Five quarto editions of this play appeared in Shakespeare's lifetime. After the title is added, in the first, "with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe." The date is 1598, but the play was entered at Stationers' Hall a year earlier. Dr. Johnson remarked the close connection between this and the Second Part, which he calls "merely a sequel to the First." The authorities for the costume are numerous and easily accessible. The scene is laid in England only. An old play called the *Famous Victories of Henry V.* is often named as the foundation of this and the next two historical dramas, but there is little resemblance between them.

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

Act I.

Scene I.—London. The Palace.

Enter King, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruisè her flowerets with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposèd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall out his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross
We are impressèd and engagèd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailèd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Wes. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherèd;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

Wes. This, matchèd with other like, my
gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, and true-industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwix that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur
took

Mordake Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beatey Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

Wes. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think
you, coo,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

Wes. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be utterèd.

Wes. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Pri. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none),—

Pri. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Pri. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Pri. Thou sayest well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing *lay by*; and spent with crying *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Pri. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Pri. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Pri. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Pri. Yes, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Pri. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Pri. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well: and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Pri. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Pri. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Pri. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascal-liest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Pri. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Pri. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me a villain, and baffle me.

Pri. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from prating to purse-taking.

Enter Poins.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis his vocation, Hal! 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand!* to a true man.

Pri. Good morrow, Ned.

Poi. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Pri. Sir John stands to his word; the devil

shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poi. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Pri. Else he had been damned for cosening the devil.

Poi. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all: you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poi. You will, chaps?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Pri. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

Pri. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Pri. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Pri. I care not.

Poi. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may for recreation sake prove a false thief: for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Pri. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer! *Exit Falstaff.*

Poi. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Pri. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poi. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Pri. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poi. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change, after we leave them, and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

Pri. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poi. Well, for two of them, I know them to be

as true-bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Pri. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poi. Farewell, my lord.

Exit.

Pri. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off

And pay the debt I never promis'd,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit.

Scene III.—London. The Palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt and others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for accordingly,

You tread upon my patience: but be sure

I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young

down,

And therefore lost that title of respect,

Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;

And that same greatness, too, which our own hands

Have help to make so portly.

Nor. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak. *To North.*

Nor.

Yea, my good lord,

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pounce-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome course
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what;
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the
mark!—

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blw. The circumstance consider'd, good my
lord,

Whatever Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouth'd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood stain'd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
believe him;

He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Exeunt the King, Blunt and train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What! drunk with cholera? stay, and
pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not
claim'd

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandalized and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

Nor. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours; and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare!

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend me ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer!*
Nay, I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of
Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient
fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,
And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive
me!

Good uncle, tell your tale: for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish
prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.—[*To North.*] You, my
lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hof. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hof. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor.

And so they shall.

Hof. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home:

And see already how he deth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hof. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on

him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive,

I trust.

Hof. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport!

Exeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Rochester. An Inn-yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An it be not four by the
day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the
new chimney, and yet our horse not packed,—
What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put
a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is
wring in the withers out of all oass.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a
dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades
the bots: this house is turned upside down,
since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the
price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous
house in all London road for fleas: I am stung
like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is
ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit
than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,
and then we leak in your chimney; and your
chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged;
come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two
razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-
Cross.

1 *Car.* The turkeys in my panner are quite
starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast
thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear?
An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break
the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come and
be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gad. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gad. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my
gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick
worth two of that, i' faith.

Gad. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy
lantern, quoth he?—marry, I'll see thee hanged
frist.

Gad. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to
come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle,
I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll
call up the gentlemen: they will along with com-
pany, for they have great charge.

Exeunt Carriers.

Gad. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cha. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth
the chamberlain; for thou varriest no more from
picking of purses than giving direction doth from
labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cha. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds
current that I told you yesternight: there's a
franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three
hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him
tell it to one of his company, last night at supper;
a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of
charge too, God knows what. They are up already,
and call for eggs and butter: they will away
presently.

Gad. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint
Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cha. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep
that for the hangman; for I know thou wor-
shippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of
falsehood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hang-
man? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows;
for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and
thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are
other Trojans that thou darest not of, the
which for sport sake are content to do the pro-
fession some grace; that would, if matters should
be looked into for their own credit sake, make all
whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no
long-staff, sixpenny strikers, none of these mad,
mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with
nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great
oneyers, such as can hold in; such as will strike
sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink,
and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for
they pray continually to their saint, the common-
wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on
her, for they ride up and down on her, and make
her their boots.

Cha. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cha. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cha. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gad. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Highway near Gadshill.

Enter Prince of Wales and Poins.

Poi. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Pri. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins and he hanged! Poins!
Pri. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling doat thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Pri. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

Pri. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Pri. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Pri. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all,

and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto.

Gad. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poi. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Gad. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Pri. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

Pri. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Pri. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poi. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind hedge: when thou needest him, there thou find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I show my face.

Pri. Ned, where are our disguises?—it can-

Poi. Here, hard by: stand close.

Exeunt Prince and Poins.

Fal. Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

1 Tra. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Tra. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Tra. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince of Wales and Poins.

Pri. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poi. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

Pri. Your money!

Poi. Villains!

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poi. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented, why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous: why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have*

Hot. *whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so tall Belus opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady P. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of pallisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden heat. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, no!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Ser. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Ser. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Exit Servant.

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady P. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady P. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifer!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. Gods me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me?

Lady P. Do you not love me? do you not,
indeed?

Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts;

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are, But yet a woman; and for secrecy, No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know; And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady P. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate: Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. Will this content you, Kate?

Lady P. It must of force.

Ezeunt.

Scene IV.—The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Poins.

Pri. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast been, Hal?

Pri. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheds. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry *Hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so:—But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poi. Francis!

Pri. Thou art perfect.

Poi. Francis!

Exit Poins.

Enter Francis.

Fra. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

Pri. Come hither, Francis.

Fra. My lord.

Pri. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fra. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poi. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fra. Anon, anon, sir.

Pri. Five years! by 'r lady a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fra. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

Poi. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fra. Anon, anon, sir.

Pri. How old art thou, Francis?

Fra. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poi. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fra. Anon, anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Pri. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fra. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

Pri. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poi. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fra. Anon, anon.

Pri. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fra. My lord?

Pri. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

Fra. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Pri. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fra. What, sir?

Poi. [*Within.*] Francis!

Pri. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear 'them call?

Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vin. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poi. Anon, anon, sir.

Pri. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fra. Anon, anon, sir.

Exit.

Pri. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Die upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou*

killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle*.—I prithee call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo!* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto.

Poi. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? *He drinks.*

Pri. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. Here live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Pri. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

Pri. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poin's there?

Poi. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Pri. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Pri. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Pri. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Pri. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hooked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do.

A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Pri. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gad. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Pri. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Pri. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Pri. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poi. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Pri. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poi. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Pri. Prithce, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Pri. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Pri. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poi. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Pri. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Pri. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Pri. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poi. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Pri. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this hugh hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

Pri. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poi. Mark, Jack.

Pri. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were master of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poi. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow:—Gal-lants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Pri. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Hos. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

Pri. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Hos. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Pri. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hos. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Pri. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.*

Pri. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bar. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Pri. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bar. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blush to hear his monstrous devices.

Pri. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since then hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Pri. I do.

Bar. What think you they portend?

Pri. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bar. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Pri. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

Re-enter Falstaff.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what a plague call you him?

Poi. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Pri. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Pri. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Pri. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Pri. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Pri. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Pri. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Pri. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown.

Pri. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

Pri. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Hos. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hos. O, the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hos. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears; not in pleasure but in passion; not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Pri. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Pri. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's bare.

Pri. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters,

Pri. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Pri. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Pri. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-butch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Pri. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Pri. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company:—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Pri. I do, I will.

Exeunt Hostess, Francis and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!—

Pri. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Pri. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Pri. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out and therefore I'll hide me.

Exeunt all except the Prince and Poins.

Pri. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, Master Sheriff, what's your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men into this house.

Pri. What men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Pri. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employed him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For anything he shall be charged withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

She. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Pri. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

She. Good night, my noble lord.

Pri. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

Pri. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poi. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snoring like a horse.

Pri. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Poi. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Pri. Let's see what they be: read them.

<i>Poi.</i> [Reads.] Item, a Capon	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread	ob.

Pri. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poi. Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

Scene I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester; a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Gl. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur; For by that name, as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Gl. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had not kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Gl. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Gl. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Gl. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better
Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him
mad.

Gle. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Gle. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to com-
mand the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil

By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mor. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable
chat.

Gle. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Gle. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our
right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mor. The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east is to my part assign'd;

All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile laud within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you

The remnant north, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn;

Which being seal'd interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
men.

Gle. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:

And in my conduct shall your ladies come;

From whom you now must steal, and take no
leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly:

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Gle. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it
doth.

Mor. Yes, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;

Gelding the oppos'd continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land;

And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Gle. I will not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Gle. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Gle. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then;

Speak it in Welsh.

Gle. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;

Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well,

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my
heart:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these game metre ballad-mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry:

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Gle. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much
land

To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Gle. The moon shines fair; you may away by
night:

I'll haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*

Mor. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dresmer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I'll tell you what,—

He held me, last night, at least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys: I cried, *Hum*, and *Well*,

go to.

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live

With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on oates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mor. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be
your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Gle. My daughter weeps: she will not part
with you;

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mor. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and
she answers him in the same.*

Gle. She is desperate here;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

The lady speaks in Welsh.

Mor. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh
which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shames,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

The lady again in Welsh.

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Gle. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Gle. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay
you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mor. With all my heart I'll sit and-hear her
sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn. •

Gle. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my
head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

The music plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.

By 'r our lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
musical, for you are altogether governed by
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl
in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! you
swear like a comit-maker's wife! *Not you, in
good sooth;* and, *As true as I live;* and, *As
God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day;*
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *In sooth,*
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be
red-breat teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I'll away within these two hours; and so, come
in when ye will. *Exit.*

Gle. Come, come, Lord Mortimer: you are as
slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—London. The Palace.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near
at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean at-
tempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Pr. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultily wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor livelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say, *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crown'd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profan'd with their scorn;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeit withal and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drownded, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Pr. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's arm'd jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renown'd Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarg'd him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
berland,

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
timer,

Capitulate against us and are up.
But therefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and cur'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Pr. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day,
 He bold to tell you that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which, if He be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may save
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this;
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blu. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
 That Douglas and the English rebels met
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 (If promises be kept on every hand.)
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
 For this advertisement is five days old:
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
 On Thursday we ourselves will march:
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
 shall march

Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business: let's away;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Com-

pany, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bar. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bar. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rankest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bar. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you enquired yet who picked my pocket?

Hos. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are woman, go.
Hos. Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in my own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Hos. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of shirts to your work.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Hos. Now, as I am true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir, John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hos. He? alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hos. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'ablood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince of Wales, marching. Falstaff meets him, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hos. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Pri. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Hos. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithce, let her alone and list to me.

Pri. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Pri. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Pri. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hos. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

Pri. What! he did not?

Hos. There's neither faith, truth nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune: nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hos. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hos. I am no thing to thank God on. I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hos. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

Pri. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hos. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

Pri. Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hos. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Pri. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hos. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Pri. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Pri. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break.

Pri. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine, it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

Pri. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified, still. Nay, prithce, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Pri. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bar. Do, my lord.

Pri. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Pri. Bardolph.—

Bar. My lord!

Pri. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poinz, to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there
receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.
Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my
breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene 1.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Soot: if speaking
truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well,—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank
you.

Mer. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not
himself?

Mes. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous
sick.

Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
in such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mes. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mes. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dou. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been
here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all eight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's, draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

Dou. As heart can think: there is not such a
word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,

The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his

son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd; all in arms,

All plumed like estridges, that with the wind

Bated, like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images :
 As fall of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in
 March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mail'd Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
 O that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Dou. That's the worst tidings that I hear of
 yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty
 sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
 unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily :
 Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dou. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear
 Of death or death's hand for this one half year.
Exeunt.

Scene II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ;
 fill me a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march
 through ; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to-night.

Bar. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if
 it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the
 coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the
 town's end.

Bar. I will, captain : farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am
 a soused garnet. I have misused the king's press
 damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
 and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
 I press me none but good householders, yeomen's
 sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such
 as had been asked twice on the banners ; such a
 commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear
 the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a

caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-
 duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and
 butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than
 pins' heads, and they have bought out their
 services ; and now my whole charge consists of
 ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of
 companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the
 painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his
 sores ; and such as indeed were never soldiers,
 but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons
 to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers
 trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a
 long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged
 than an old faced ancient : and such have I, to fill
 up the rooms of them that have fought out their
 services, that you would think that I had a
 hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come
 from swine-keeping, from eating draft and husks.
 A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I
 had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead
 bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll
 not march through Coventry with them, that's
 flat :—may, and the villains march wide betwixt
 the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I
 had the most of them out of prison. There's
 but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and
 the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and
 thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat
 without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth,
 stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-
 nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one ;
 they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Pri. How now, blown Jack ! how now, quilt !

Fal. What, Hal ! How now, mad wag ! what
 a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good
 Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy : I
 thought your honour had already been at Shrews-
 bury.

Wes. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that
 I were there, and you too ; but my powers are
 there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for
 us all ; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me : I am as vigilant as a
 cat to steal cream.

Pri. I think, to steal cream, indeed ; for thy
 theft hath already made thee butter. But tell
 me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Pri. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ! good enough to toss ; food for
 powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well
 as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Wes. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are ex-
 ceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where
 they had that ; and for their bareness, I am sure
 they never learned that of me.

Pri. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three
 fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make
 haste : Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

Wes. He is, Sir John : I fear we shall stay too
 long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of
 a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dou. You give him, then, advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dou. You do not counsel well: You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives: Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Dou. Yes, or to-night.
Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition: certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low; The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours: For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination! Some of us love you well; and even those some Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Blu. And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule, You stand against appointed majesty!

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed You shall have your desires with interest, And pardon absolute for yourself, and these, Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know, the king Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle and myself, Did give him that same royalty he wears; And when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore; And when he heard him swear, and vow to God, He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To sue his livery and beg his peace, With tears of innocence and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity moved, Swore him assistance, and performed it too. Now, when the lords and barons of the realm Perceived Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitudes. He presently, as greatness knows itself, Steps me a little higher than his vow Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh: And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees, That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country's wrongs; and by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angle for; Proceeded further; cut me off the heads Of all the favourites that the absent king In deputation left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blu. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king; Soon after that, deprived him of his life; And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state: To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March, Who is, if every owner were well placed, Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales, There without ransom to lie forfeited; Disgraced me in my happy victories; Sought to entrap me by intelligence; Rated my uncle from the council-board; In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong; And in conclusion drove us to seek out This head of safety, and withal to pry Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance.

Blu. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile. Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd Some surety for a safe return again, And in the morning early shall my uncle Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blu. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blu. Pray God you do. *Ereunt.*

Scene IV.—York. The Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. His, good Sir Michael; bear this seal'd brief

With wing'd haste to the lord marshal;

This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy,

And there's my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath
drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many mo' corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismisses his power, he means to visit us,
For he had heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of
Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life.

With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes it
then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,

And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;

No claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:

To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming surrances that you had borne,

And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,

That all in England did repute him dead,
And from this swarm of fair advantages

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your

sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety's sake, to fly

Out of your sight and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means

As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articu-
lated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,

Which gape and rub the elbow at the news

Of hnrlyburly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impart his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Pri. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so I hear he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee :

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do : but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

Pri. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

Exeunt all but Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Pri. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Pri. Why, thou owest God a death. *Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no
matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if
honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ?
Can honour set to a leg ? no : or an arm ? no :
or take away the grief of a wound ? No.
Honour hath no skill in surgery, then ? no.
What is honour ? a word. What is that word,
honour ? air. A trim reckoning ! Who hath it ?
he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? no.
Doth he hear it ? no. It is insensible, then ?
yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the
living ? no. Why ? detraction will not suffer it :
therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere
scutcheon : and so ends my catechism. *Exit.*

Scene II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's : we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland,—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently,

Dou. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Dou. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Dou. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth on
the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimmi'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise

By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause : but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies : never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed ; and, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on
apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best ; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now.—*Esperance !—Percy !—*and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

*The trumpets sound. They embrace,
and exeunt.*

Scene III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

*The King entereth with his power and Sir
Walter Blunt. Alarum to the Battle. Then
enter Douglas.*

Blu. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Dou. Know, then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

B'u. They tell thee true.

Dou. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blu. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight, and Blunt is slain.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Soot.

Dou. All's done, all's won : here breathless
lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Dou. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ! no ; I know this face full
well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.

Dou. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !

A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear :

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Dou. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away !

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at Lon-
don, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but
upon the pate.—Soft ! who art thou ? Sir Walter
Blunt : there's honour for you ! here's no vanity !
I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too :
God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight
than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuf-
fins where they are peppered : there's a not three
of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are
for the town's end, to beg during life. But who
comes here ?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me
thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged. Prithce, lend me
thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithce, give me leave to breathe
a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in
arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
I have made him sure.

Pri. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee. I
prithce, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if
thou wilt.

Pri. Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that
will sack a city.

The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

Pri. What ! is 't a time to jest and dally now ?

Throws it at him. Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
If he do come in my way, so ; if he do not, if I
come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado
of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath : give me life : which if I can save,
so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's
an end. *Exit.*

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster and Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Pri. I beseech your majesty, make up, lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.—My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Wes. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Pri. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

Exeunt Lord John and Westmoreland.

Pri. By heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Pri. O, this boy leads mettle to us all! *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeits the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Dou. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whose'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight. The King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

Pri. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
arms:

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

They fight. Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for encounter sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Pri. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your soul.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas
Gawsey. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Pri. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Pri. Why, then, I see a very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Pri. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— *Dies.*

Pri. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well,
great heart!

Ill-wear'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal;

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remembered in thy epitaph!—

He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him,*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes Hotspur on his back.

Re-ent' Prince of Wales and Lord John.

Pri. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Pri. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
'Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Pri. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Pri. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lord John.
Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
Exit.

Scene V.—Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.

How goes the field?

Pri. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Pri. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales; afterwards
King Henry V.,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
JOHN OF LANCASTER,
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
EARL OF SURREY,
GOWE, HARCOURT,
} his sons.
} of the King's party.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman, attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, Archbishop of York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILE,
} enemies to the King.
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, POINS, PETO.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, country justices.
DAVY, servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE and BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and SNAKE, sheriff's officers.
RUMOUR.
A Porter. A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PECCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY.
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

This play is a continuation of Part I. The story of the Prince and Chief Justice Gascoigne is fictitious, as is the further story that the judge was re-instated on the bench after the death of Henry IV. "The chamber called Jerusalem" is still in existence.

It was decorated with a view of Jerusalem, as was the adjoining chamber with one of Jericho. The best authority for manners of the period is the *Paston Letters*. Sir John Fastolf, as there revealed, may well have been the original of Falstaff.

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in 1600, by Wise
and Aspley.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

Induction.

Warkworth.—Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence?
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by this stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The poets come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs. *Exit.*

Act I.

Scene I.—Warkworth.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bar. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—

Porter opens gate.
Where is the earl?

Por. What shall I say you are?

L. Bar. Tell thou the earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Por. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard:

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Here comes the earl.
Nor. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bar. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, an God will!

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince

John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir

John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

Nor. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

Nor. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I
sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnished with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Nor. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his arm'd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rowel-head, and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha!—Again;
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bar. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

Nor. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?

L. Bar. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yes, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, *Your son did thus, and thus;*

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—*brother, son, and all are dead.*

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

Nor. Why, he is dead.—
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton:

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

Nor. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

L. Bar. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breathed,

To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruted once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan veil his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs, and in his fight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Nor. For this I shall have time enough to
moura.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,
Like stringless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contentation in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tr. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord.

L. Bar. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from
your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complies
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And sum'm'd the account of chance, before you
said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
ranged :

Yet did you say, *Go forth* ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-born action : what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bar. We all that are engag'd to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril feared ;
And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers : he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns inurrection to religion :
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's followed both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones ;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause :
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

Nor. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;
Never so few, and never yet more need. *Ezeunt.*

Scene II.—London. A Street.

*Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword
and buckler.*

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at
me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay,
man, is not able to invent anything that tends to
laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on
me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause
that wit is in other men. I do here walk before
thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her
litter but one. If the prince put thee into my
service for any other reason than to set me off,

why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson
mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap,
than to wait at my heels. I was never manned
with an agate till now : but I will set you neither
in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send
you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the
juvinal, the prince your master, whose chin is
not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow
in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on
his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say, his
face is a face-royal : God may finish it when he
will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it
still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn
sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as
if he had writ man ever since his father was a
bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is
almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said
Master Dombledon about the satin for my short
cloak and my slope ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
better assurance than Bardolph : he would not
take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton !
may his tongue be hotter ! A whoreson Achitophel !
a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a
gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security !
The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing
but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their
girdles ; and if a man is through with them in
honest taking up, then they must stand upon
security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane
in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I
looked he should have sent me two and twenty
yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he
sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ;
for he hath the horn of abundance, and the
lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet
cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to
light him. Where 's Bardolph ?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your
worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me
a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me but a
wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and
wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that com-
mitted the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close ; I will not see him.

Ch. Jus. What 's he that goes there ?

Att. Falstaff, an 't please your worship.

Ch. Jus. He that was in question for the rob-
bery ?

Att. He, my lord : but he hath since done good
service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now
going with some charge to the Lord John of
Lancaster.

Ch. Jus. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Att. Sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder ; my master is
deaf.

Ch. Jus. I am sure he is, to the hearing of
anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I
must speak with him.

Att. Sir John !

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there
not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not

the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Att. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Att. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Att. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Jus. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Jus. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Jus. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Jus. Well, heaven mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Jus. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Jus. I think you are fallen into the disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Jus. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears: and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Jus. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Jus. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Jus. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Jus. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Jus. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Jus. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Jus. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Jus. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Jus. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts apternient to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Jus. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Jus. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Jus. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Jus. Well, be honest, be honest; and Heaven bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Jus. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

Esseunt Chief Justice and Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the plague pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my cures.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A plague of this gout! or, a gout of this plague! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything: I will turn diseases to commodity.

Exit.

Scene III.—York. The Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Lords Hastings, Mowbray and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: and first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our arms: but gladly would be better satisfied, how in our means we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Has. Our present musters grow upon the file To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bar. The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Has. With him, we may.

L. Bar. Ay, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand; For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this, Conjecture, expectation and surmise Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph: for, indeed,

It was young Hotepur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And winking leaped into destruction.

Has. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of war, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant as despair, That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the erection; Which if we find outweighs ability, What do we then, but draw anew the model In fewer offices, or at least desist To build at all? Much more, in this great work, Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down And set another up, should we survey The plot of situation and the model; Consent upon a sure foundation, Question surveyors, know our own estate, How able such a work to undergo, To weigh against his opposite: or else We fortify in paper and in figures, Using the names of men, instead of men: Like one that draws the model of a house Beyond his power to build it; who, half through, Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds, And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Has. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possessed The utmost man of expectation, I think we are a body strong enough, Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bar. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

Has. To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,

Are in three heads : one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Has. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bar. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither ?

Has. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmore-
land ;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth ;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times ?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him
die,

Are now become enamoured on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cri'st now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !
Past and to come seem best ; things present,
worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set
on ?

Has. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. *Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scene I.—London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her,
and Snare following.*

Hos. Master Fang, have you entered the action ?
Fang. It is entered.

Hos. Where's your yeoman ? Is it a lusty yeo-
man ? will he stand to 't ?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare ?

Hos. O Lord, ay ! good Master Snare.

Sna. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Hos. Yea, good Master Snare ; I have entered
him and all.

Sna. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.

Hos. Alas the day ! take heed of him ; he
stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
beastly : in good faith, he cares not what mischief
he doth, if his weapon be out : he will foine like
any devil ; he will spare neither man, woman, nor
child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his
thrust.

Hos. No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once ; an he come but
within my vice,—

Hos. I am undone by his going ; I warrant
you, he's an infinite thing upon my score :—good
Master Fang, hold him sure ;—good Master Snare,
let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-
corner, (savouring your manhoods,) to buy a saddle ;
and he's irridited to dinner to the Lubber's Head,
in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silk-
man ; I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and
my case so openly known to the world, let him be
brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a
long loan for a poor lone woman to bear : and I
have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been
fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from
this day to that day, that it is a shame to be
thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing ;
unless a woman should be made an ass, and a
beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he
comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave,
Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your
offices, Master Fang and Master Snare ; do me,
do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page and Bardolph.

Fal. How now ? whose mare's dead ? what's
the matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
Miss Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph : cut me
off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the
channel.

Hos. Throw me in the channel ! I'll throw
thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou
bastardly rogue ! Murder, murder ! O, thou
honey-suckle villain ! wilt thou kill God's officers,
and the king's ? O, thou honey-seed rogue ! thou
art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-
queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Hos. Good people, bring a rescue or two.
Thou wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't thou ?
do, do, thou rogue ! do, thou hemp-seed !

Fal. Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you
fustilian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Jus. What is the matter ? keep the peace
here, ho !

Hos. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech
you, stand to me.

Ch. Jus. How now, Sir John ! what, are you
brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time and busi-
ness ?

You should have been well on your way to
York.

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Hos. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Jus. For what sum?

Hos. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Jus. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hos. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound! And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book- oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Jus. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hos. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Jus. Prithce, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Jus. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. *Taking her aside.*

Enter Gower.

Ch. Jus. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Hos. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman: come, no more words of it.

Hos. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hos. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hos. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—[*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hos. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

Exeunt Hos., Bar., Officers and Boy.

Ch. Jus. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Jus. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Jus. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Jus. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord.

Ch. Jus. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Jus. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Jus. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Jus. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *Eaeunt.*

Scene II.—London. Another Street.

Enter Prince of Wales and Poins.

Pri. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poi. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Pri. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poi. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Pri. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while; because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poi. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Pri. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poi. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Pri. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poi. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Pri. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poi. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Pri. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poi. The reason?

Pri. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poi. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Pri. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poi. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Pri. And to thee.

Poi. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears! the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Pri. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bar. God save your grace!

Pri. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bar. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

Pri. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!
Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Pri. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Pri. A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there it is, boy.

Poi. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bar. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Pri. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bar. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poi. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bar. In bodily health, sir.

Poi. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Pri. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poi. [Reads.] *John Falstaff, knight*—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are akin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

Pri. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poi. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

Pri. Peace!

Poi. I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favour so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,)

JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars;
JOHN, with my brothers and sisters;
and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Pri. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poi. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Pri. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bar. Yes, my lord.

Pri. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bar. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

Pri. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Pri. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly, and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Pri. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Pri. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poi. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Pri. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town; there's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Pri. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*]—This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poi. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Pri. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poi. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Pri. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy.

Nor. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

Nor. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn; and, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,

Second to none, unseconded by you,

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible: so you left him.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others than with him! let them alone.

The marshal and the archbishop are strong:

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

Nor. Beahrew your heart,

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go, and meet with danger there,

Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles, and the arm'd commons,

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son;

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Dr.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Dr.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old withered knights.* It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Dr.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Dr.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and Master Poin's anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Dr.* By the mass, here will be old ntis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Dr.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. *Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—*What's this?* How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan.—*[Exit 1 Drawer.]—[Singing.]* And was a worthy king. How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her seat; and they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry, our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and caskets:—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know:

to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts: you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

1 *Dr.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he; *Master Dumb*, our minister, was by then; *Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; for, saith he, *you are in an ill name*; now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore take heed what guests you receive: *receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*. There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hos. Come, I'll drink no procs, nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hos. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave, for what?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bar. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I; I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first:—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Hos. Good Captain Pessel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsar's, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hos. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bar. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Hos. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis
Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormente, sperato me contento.—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire!
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

Laying down his sword
Come we to full points here, and are et *cetera*:
nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs
I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not
Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove
groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak
nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bar. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we
imbrue? *Snatching up his sword*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful
days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I
say!

Hos. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me thy rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

Drawing, and driving at Pistol

Hos. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and
frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas,
alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your
naked weapons. *Exeunt Bardolph and Pistol.*

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is
gone.

Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Hos. Are you not hurt i' the groin? me
thought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bar. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have
hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas,
poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe
thy face: come on, you whoreson chops: ah,
rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous
as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon,
and ten times better than the Nine Worthies:
ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in
a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou darest for thy heart.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my
knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue
fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a
churcho. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew
boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days,
and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine
old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince of Wales and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no hate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Pri. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off? Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poi. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Pri. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poi. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lying to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt see me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

Pri. *Poi.* [Advancing.] Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Pri. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Pri. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hos. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poi. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Pri. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Hos. Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Pri. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Pri. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse: and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse. *Pri.* Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poi. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Pri. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose seal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poi. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable: and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Pri. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Hos. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hos. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Pri. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. *Knocking heard.*

Hos. Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Pri. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Pri. By heaven, Poin, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt Prince, Poin, Peto and Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. More knocking heard at the door?

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what's the matter?

Bar. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [To the Page.] Pay the musicians, sirrah.
—Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst.—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.

Hos. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peacod time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bar. [Within.] Mistress Tearsheet!

Hos. What's the matter?

Bar. [Within.] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Hos. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

Exeunt.

Act III.

Scene I.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earls of Surrey and Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurley, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd!

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together; and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,—

To Warwick.

You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.—
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;*
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state,
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss:
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:* so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intrasur'd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time:
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Exeunt.

*Scene II.—Gloucestershire. Before Justice
Shallow's House.*

*Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy,
Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf and Servants,
behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an
early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfel-
low? and your fairest daughter and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my
cousin William is become a good scholar: he is
at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must, then, to the inns o' court
shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I
think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called *lusty Shallow* then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing;
and I would have done any thing indeed too,
and roundly too. There was I, and little John
Dot of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale a Cotswold
man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in
all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you,
we knew where the bona-robas were, and had
the best of them all at commandment. There
was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page
to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw

him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when
he was a crack not thus high: and the very same
day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a
fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days
that I have spent! and to see how many of mine
old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very
sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to
all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks
at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—a' drew a good bow;
and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John of Gaunt
loved him well, and betted much money on his
head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the cloud
at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft
a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would
have done a man's heart good to see.—How a
score of ewes now?

Sil. Ewethers as they be: a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bar. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of
the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bar. My captain, sir, commends him to you;
my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman,
by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a
good backword man. How doth the good knight?
may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommo-
dated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well
said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is
good; yea indeed, is it: good phrases are surely,
and ever were, very commendable. Accommo-
dated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a
good phrase.

Bar. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.
Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know
not the phrase; but I will maintain the word
with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a
word of exceeding good command, by heaven.
Accommodated! that is, when a man is, as they
say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being,
whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated;
which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your
good hand, give me your worship's good hand:
by my troth, you look well, and bear your years
very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master
Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in
commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fis! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy! let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mou. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mou. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use; very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Mou. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mou. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John: let me see; Simon Shadow.

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightest mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Dost she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes by midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner: come, let's to dinner.—O the days that we have seen!—Come, come. *Exeunt Fal. and Justices.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends, else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bar. Go to; stand aside,

Mou. And, good master corporal captain, for my old game's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bar. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bar. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bar. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf; for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it:—I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with us great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O! give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bar. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, if 'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,) I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece

thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in. *Rah, tah, tah,* would he say; *Bounce,* would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure; I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—*[Exeunt Justices.]* On, Bardolph; lead the men away. *[Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.]* As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the heifer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake: a' came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scouted huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he laud and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exit.*

Act IV.

Scene I.—Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings and others.

Arch. What is this forest called?

Has. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Has. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him tough
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Has. Now, what news?

Mes. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them
out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Wes. Health and fair greeting from our
general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace,

What doth concern your coming.

Wes. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,

And countenanced by boys and beggary,

I say, if damn'd commotion so appeared,

In his true, native and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, Lord Arch-

bishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath

tutor'd;

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,

Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question

stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseased;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life, Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Wes. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born a household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Wes. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours?

Wes. O, my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed, it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me

Either from the king, or in the present time,

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on: were you not restored

To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,

Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mow. What thing, in honour, had my father

lost,

That need to be revived and breathed in me?

The king that loved him, as the state stood then,

Was force perforce compelled to banish him:

And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warden down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives,
That by indictment and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Wes. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blessed and graced, indeed, more than the king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mow. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Wes. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compelled.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
Wes. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.
Has. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

Wes. That is intended in the general's name:

I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redressed,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consign'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Wes. This will I show the general. Please you,
lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;

And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
Exit Westmoreland.

Mow. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Has. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mow. Ay, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yes, every idle, nice and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory

That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.

So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Has. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our stonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Wes. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mow. Your grace of York, in God's name then,
set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord,
we come. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings and others: from the other side, John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers and Attendants.

Law. You are well encountered here, my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischief might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeit seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Has. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Wes. Pleaseth your grace to answer them
directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Has. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
Wes. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

Wes. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Wes. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus, *some good thing comes to-
morrow.*

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. *Shouts within.*

Lan. The word of peace is rendered: hark, how
they shout!

Mow. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— *Exit Wes.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings; *Exit Has.*
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night to-
gether.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

Wes. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Has. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

Wes. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mow-
bray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

Wes. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

Ezeunt.

Scene III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a wholeschool of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter John of Lancaster, Westmoreland and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

Exit Westmoreland.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—*I came, saw, and overcame.*

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds: or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with

mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for these.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now have you left pursuit?

Wes. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution:

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to
court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. *Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh, but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inward to the parts extreme; it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits

muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bar. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King, Clarence, Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And everything lies level to our wish: Only, we want a little personal strength; And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, Where is the prince your brother?

P. Hum. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

P. Hum. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Hum. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas; Thou hast a better place in his affection Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou mayst effect Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren: Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observed: He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity: Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congeal'd in the spring of day. His temper, therefore, must be well observed: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth; But, being moody, give him line and scope, Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends; A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, That the united vessel of their blood, Mingled with venom of suggestion, (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love. *King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cl. He is not there to-day; he dines in London. *King.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cl. With Poinis, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds, And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is overspread with them: therefore my grief Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape, In forms imaginary, the unguided days

And rotten times that you shall look upon When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb, When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together, O, with what wings shall his affections fly

Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay! *War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions, Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no further use, But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time, Cast off his followers; and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb

Enter Westmoreland.

In the dead carrion. Who's here, Westmoreland?

Wes. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand: Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings and all,

Are brought to the correction of your law; There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,

But peace puts forth her olive everywhere: The manner how this action hath been borne,

Here at more leisure may your highness read, With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird, Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bar-
dolph,

With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :
O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill.

P. Hum. Comfort, your majesty !

Cl. O my royal father !
Wes. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these
fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be
well.

Cl. No, no, he cannot long hold out these
pangs :

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break
out.

P. Hum. The people fear me ! for they do
observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them
over.

Cl. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be-
tween :

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
covers.

P. Hum. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

Scene V.—Another Chamber.

The King on a bed : Clarence, Gloucester, War-
wick and others.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends ;

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Got me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cl. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise !

Enter Prince of Wales.

Pri. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Cl. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Pri. How now ! rain within doors, and none
abroad !

How doth the king ?

P. Hum. Exceeding ill.

Pri. Heard he the good news yet ?
Tell it him.

P. Hum. He altered much upon the hearing it.
Pri. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords : sweet
prince, speak low :

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cl. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with
us ?

Pri. No ; I will sit and watch here by the king.

Exeunt all except Prince of Wales.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep't at the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night ! Sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose brow with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord ! my

father !

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep

That from this golden rigol hath divorced

So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

Which heaven shall guard : and put the world's

whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me : this from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

Exit.
King. Warwick ! Gloucester ! Clarence !

Re-enter Warwick and the rest.

Cl. Doth the king call ?

War. What would your majesty ? How fares
your grace ?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords ?

Cl. We left the prince, my brother, here, my
liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales ! Where is he ?
let me see him :

He is not here.

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

P. Hum. He came not through the chamber
where we stav'd.

King. Where is the crown ? who took it from
my pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence : go, seek
him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him
hither. *Exit Warwick.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Lo, where he comes.—

Re-enter Prince of Wales.

Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Exeunt Warwick and the rest.

Pri. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few
hours,

Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou bid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Pri. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward dutious spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your ma-
jesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou' most fine, most honoured, most re-
nowned,*

Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
 Coming so wisely in excuse of it!
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding suppos'd peace; all these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument: and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
 chased,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garment wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st at more sure than I could
 do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
 out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Pr. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords
 and others.*

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal
 father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 son John;

But health, slack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
 My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Pr. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must
 end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
 But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *Ezrent.*

Act V.

Scene I.—Gloucestershire. Shallow's House.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away
 to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
 Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be
 excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is
 no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.
 Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy.—let me see,
 Davy; let me see:—yes, marry, William cook,
 bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be
 excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot
 be served: and again, sir, shall we sow the head-
 land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William
 cook:—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is, now, the smith's note
 for shoeing and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid. Sir John, you
 shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must
 needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any
 of William's wages, about the sack he lost the
 other day at Huncley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons,
 Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of
 mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell
 William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a
 friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.
 Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant
 knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir;
 for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy busi-
 ness, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wil-
 liam Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of
 the bill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against
 that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my
 knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave,
 sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should
 have some countenance at his friend's request.
 An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself,
 when a knave is not. I have served your worship
 truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once
 or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an
 honest man, I have but a very little credit with
 your worship. The knave is mine honest friend,

air; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bar. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—[*To the Page.*] and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dosen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his; they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and he shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Westminster. The Palace.

Enter Warrick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?

Ch. Jus. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Jus. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Jus. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Jus. I know he doth not, and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Gloucester, Clarence, Westmoreland and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry: O, that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Jus. O God, I fear, all will be overturned!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Hum. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Jus. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Hum. O. good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed:

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Jus. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Jus. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;

But Harry lives that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness.

Lan., &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me:—and you most:

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Jus. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly sent to prison

The immediate heir of England? Was this easy?

May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Jus. I then did use the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me :
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours ;

Be now the father and propose a son ;
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained :
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that miscame my place,
My person, or my liege's sov'ignity.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well :

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.—
And princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raise out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us :—

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

Exeunt.

*Scene III.—Gloucestershire. The Garden of
Shallow's House.*

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the
Page and Davy.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of
my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so-
forth. Come, cousin Silence : and then to bed.
Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwell-
ing, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beg-
gars all, Sir John : marry, good air. Spread,
Davy ; spread, Davy : well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he
is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too
much sack at supper :—A good varlet. Now sit
down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall [*Singing.*]

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year :
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart ! Good Master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that, anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.
Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon ;
most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master
page, sit. Proface ! What you want in meat,
we'll have in drink : but you must bear ;—the
heart's all. *Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph ;—and my
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

*Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall :
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.*

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been
a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I ? I have been merry twice and
once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
Setting them before Bardolph.

Shal. Davy !

Davy. Your worship ? I'll be with you straight.
A cup of wine, sir ?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

*A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine ;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry; now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [Singing.]

*Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. An I might see you there, Davy.

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bar. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bar. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?

Fal. [To Silence, who drinks a bumper.] Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.]

*Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.*

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys,

And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A fountra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Singing.]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons: And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A fountra for this office!—

Sir John, thy tender lamkin now is king:

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.— Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bar. O joyful day! I would not take a knight-hood for my fortunes.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master

Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt;

I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll

ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bar-

dolph! Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and

withal, devise something to do thyself good.

Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young

king is sick for me. Let us take any man's

horses; the laws of England are at my command-

ment. Happy are they which have been my

friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led? say they:

Why, here it is. Welcome these pleasant days!

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Hos. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

I Bea. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hos. O the Lord, that Sir John would come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

I Bea. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner! If you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bea.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Hos. O, that right should thus overcome might !
Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to justice.

Hos. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death ! goodman bones !

Hos. Thou atomy, thou !

Doll. Come, you thin thing ! come, you rascal !

1 *Bea.* Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Gro.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Gro.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Gro.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : dispatch, dispatch.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as a' comes by ; and do but mark the countenance he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight !

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* : 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance and contagious prison ;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Aleecto's snake,

For Doll is in : Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Shouts within and trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God savé thy grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal.

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Jus. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swoll'd, so old and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandising ; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :

Presume not that I am the thing I was ;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self ;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots ;

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. *Exeunt King and his train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this : I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world : fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw.

I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours : go with me to dinner :—Come, Lieutenant Pistol ; come, Bardolph : I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter John of Lancaster, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Jus. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet :

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Jus. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

Exeunt all but John of Lancaster and the Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Jus. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Jus. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence ? *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.—Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my fear ; then, my courtesy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my courtesy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean

indeed to pay you with this ; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies ; bate me some, and I will pay you some ; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me : if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you ;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in King Henry's army.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on Katharine.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly,
and now married to Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers
and Attendants. Chorus.

This play appeared in quarto the same year, 1600, as *Henry IV., Part II.* It was printed by Thomas Creede for Millington and Busby. The title ran as follows:—*The Chronicle History of Henry the fifth. With his battel fought at Agin Court in France. Together with antient Pistoll.* It was entirely recast before it appeared in the folio, presumably by Shakespeare himself, and the quarto is considered by Knight and others to have been a piracy. The scene is laid in England and subsequently in France.

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and
fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unrais'd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,

Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. *Exit.*

Act I.

*Scene I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the
King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the
Bishop of Ely.*

Can. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is
urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Can. It must be thought on. If it pass against
us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout

By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Can. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Can. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Can. The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortitied in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Can. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences:
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Can. It must be so; for miracles are ceased; And therefore we must needs admit the means How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord, How now for mitigation of this bill Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty Incline to it, or no?

Can. He seems indifferent, Or rather swaying more upon our part Than cherishing the exhibitors against us; For I have made an offer to his majesty, Upon our spiritual convocation And in regard of causes now in hand, Which I have open'd to his grace at large, As touching France, to give a greater sum Than ever at one time the clergy yet Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Can. With good acceptance of his majesty; Says that there was not time enough to hear, As I perceived his grace would fain have done, The severals and unhidden passages Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms And generally to the crown and seat of France Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Can. The French ambassador upon that instant Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Can. Then go we in, to know his embassy; Which I could with a ready guess declare, Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
Exeunt.

Scene II.—The King's Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland and Attendants.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Ens. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good uncle.

Wes. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

King. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Can. God and his angels guard your sacred throne, And may you long become it!

King. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed And justly and religiously unfold Why the law Salique that they have in France Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim: And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, That you should should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul With opening titles miscreate, whose right Suits not in native colours with the truth; For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in approbation Of what your reverence shall incite us to. Therefore take heed how you impawn our person, How you awake our sleeping sword of war: We charge you, in the name of God, take heed; For never two such kingdoms did contend Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops Are every one a woe, a sore complaint 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality. Under this conjuration speak, my lord; For we will hear, note and believe in heart That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd As pure as sin with baptism.

Can. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services To this imperial throne. There is no bar To make against your highness' claim to France But this, which they produce from Pharamond, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant: No woman shall succeed in Salique land:* Which Salique land the French unjustly glose To be the realm of France, and Pharamond The founder of this law and female bar. Yet their own authors faithfully affirm That the land Salique is in Germany, Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French; Who, holding in disdain the German women For some dishonest manners of their life, Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female Should be inheritrix in Salique land: Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appear the Salique law Was not devised for the realm of France; Nor did the French possess the Salique land Until four hundred one and twenty years After defunction of King Pharamond, Idly supposed the founder of this law; Who died within the year of our redemption Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French Beyond the river Sala, in the year Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, Did, as heir general, being descended Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair, Make claim and title to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, To find his title with some shows of truth, Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught, Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare, Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth, Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet, Could not keep quiet in his conscience, Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother, Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:

By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than simply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Can. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandfire's tomb,
From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew the feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renown'd them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ese. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Wes. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Can. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

King. We must not only arm to invade the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Can. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;

For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the glean'd land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-hood.

Can. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the oze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

Wes. But there's a saying very old and true,

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Ese. It follows then the cat must stay at home:

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the arm'd hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Can. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, arm'd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four ;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

King. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin. *Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved ; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-
doms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tomblless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

1 Amb. May't please your majesty to give us
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1 Amb. Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle ?

Ere. Tennis-balls, my liege.

King. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us ;

His present and your pains we thank you for :
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the bazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er as with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :

For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them : for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
bands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down ;

And some are yet ungoten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To vengeance as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Ere. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to made the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Act II.

PROLOGUE.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.

The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightest thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted
men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masbam, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *Exit.*

Scene I.—London. A Street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bar. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bar. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hos. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bar. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Hos. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile! The *solus* in thy most mervailous face; The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy, And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels; For I can take, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in goods terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Couple a gorge!*

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—panca, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bar. Away, you rogue!

Hos. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

Ereunt Hostess and Boy.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil

should, we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
They draw.

Bar. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bar. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithsee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; Is not this just? for I shall outlive by me; Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight: that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Southampton. A Council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey and Attendants.

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France,

Doing the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them?

Scr. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you With hearts create of duty and of seal.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scr. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant services.

King. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rail'd against our person: we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scr. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his suffrance, more of such a kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our

eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and

digested,

Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their

dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our

French causes:

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scr. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there

is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham : and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :
Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen !

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion ? Look ye, how they
change !

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you
there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scr. }

King. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge
here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appurtenants
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To fill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldest thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being
fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions *I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.*

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open :
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices !

Ese. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scr. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;
And I repeat my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce ;

Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended ;
But God be thank'd for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
offers

Received the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

Ereunt Cam., Scr. and Grey, guarded.
Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothen'd on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No King of England, if not King of France.

Ezeunt.

Scene III.—London. Before a Tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph and Boy.

Hos. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe: *Nym,* rouse thy vaunting veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bar. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Hos. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John!* quoth I: *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So a' cried out *God, God, God!* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Hos. Ay, that a' did.

Bar. And of women.

Hos. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Hos. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Hos. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bar. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:
 Let senses rule; the word is *Pitch and Pay*:
 Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafercakes,
 And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
 Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
 Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bar. Farewell, hostess. *Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Hos. Farewell; adieu. *Ezeunt.*

Scene IV.—France. The King's Palace.

Flourish. *Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable and others.*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
 To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
 To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage and with means defendant;
 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 Though war nor no known quarrel were in
 question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
 You are too much mistaken in this king:
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems:
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flash'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales ;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroidal seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Ambassadors from Harry King of Eng-
land

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward
dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem to
threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Esoter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England ?
Ese. From him ; and thus he greets your
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you overlook this pedigree :
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Ese. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my mes-
sage ;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further :

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?
Ese. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, con-
tempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king ; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Ese. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now : now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain : that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind
at full.

Ese. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions :

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Act III.

PROLOGUE.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene
flies

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning :

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused: behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
 siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
 back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum, and chambers go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eche out our performance with your mind.
Exit.

Scene I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester and Soldiers with scaling-ladders.

King. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gall'd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
 not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry God for Harry, England, and Saint George!
Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

Scene II.—France. Before Harfleur.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol and Boy.

Bar. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound: -

*Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.*

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

*If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie.*

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
 As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould. Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage, abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. *Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against

my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermine: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. My Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach: so we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: we shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame,

by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll do gud service, or ay'll ligi' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I snerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal—What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as yourself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. *Ezeunt.*

Scene III.—France. Before the Gates.

Guerrors and Citizens on the walls; English Soldiers below. Enter King Henry and his train.

King. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion,
Enlink'd to waste and death,
What is't to me, if you yourselves are cause,
If your prey and spoils fall into the hand
Of him that forceth violation?

How can he hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls,

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

Flourish, and enter the town.

Scene IV.—The French's King's Palace.

Enter Katharine, Alice and an old Gentlewoman.

Kat. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alé. Un peu, madame.

Kat. Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois ?

Alé. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kat. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alé. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres.

Kat. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vitelement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alé. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

Kat. De nails. Écoutez, dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alé. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kat. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alé. De arm, madame.

Kat. Et le coude ?

Alé. De elbow.

Kat. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alé. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kat. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alé. De elbow, madame.

Kat. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

Alé. De neck, madame.

Kat. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alé. De chin.

Kat. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Alé. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kat. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alé. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

Kat. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alé. De nails, madame.

Kat. De nails, de arm, de elbow.

Alé. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kat. Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Alé. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kat. De foot et de coun ! Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alé. Excellent, madame !

Kat. C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à diner. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The French King's Palace.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France ; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

Bou. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty ? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ! Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say Our mettle is bred out and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bow. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach volutas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed
him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rousai, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and
knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gowar and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you
from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent ser-
vices committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous
as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and
honour with my soul, and my heart, and my
duty, and my life, and my living, and my utter-
most power: he is not—God be praised and
blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the
bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline.
There is an ancient lieutenant there at the
pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as
valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man
of no estimation in the world; but I did see him
do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of
heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore
her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind;
and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify
to you, which is the moral of it, that she is
turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and
variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon
a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:
in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent
description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
him;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hangèd must a' be:
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy
voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to
rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother,
I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure,
and put him to execution; for discipline ought
to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy
friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words
at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.
But it is very well; what he has spoke to me,
that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that
now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself
at his return into London under the form of a
soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the
great commanders' names: and they will learn
you by rote where services were done; at such
and such a sounce, at such a breach, at such a
convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot,
who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on;
and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war,
which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and
what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid
suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles
and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought
on. But you must learn to know such slanders

of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

King. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most brave passages; marry, th' adversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' adversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mon. My master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mon. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

King. What is thy name! I know thy quality.
Mon. Montjoy.

King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me,
God,

That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mon. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. *Exit.*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramboires, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and

the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truse lavée au boubrier: thou makest use of any thing.*

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with *There is flattery in friendship.*

Orl. And I will take up that with *Give the devil his due.*

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with *A plague of the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mes. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming

on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : come, shall we about it ?

Orl. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.
Exeunt.

Act IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of
night

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation :
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent.
Let him cry *Praise and glory on his head !*
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Ner doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;

Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
Exit.

Scene I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford and Gloucester.

King. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great
danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty !
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me
better,

Since I may say *Now lie I like a king.*

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present
pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

King. No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry ! *Exeunt all but King.*

King. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là ?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus unto me ; art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common and popular ?

King. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

King. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a sawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame ;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate Upon Saint Davy's day.

King. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!

King. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. *Exit.*

King. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Heaven, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

King. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court and Michael Williams.

Cou. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bat. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Wil. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A friend.

Wil. Under what captain serve you?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Wil. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bat. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears,

out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bat. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bat. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Wil. That's more than we know.

Bat. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Wil. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all *We died at such a place*; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, he his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they

have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Wil. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bat. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Wil. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Wil. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Wil. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Wil. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Wil. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King. There.

Wil. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Wil. Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

King. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Wil. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bat. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

King. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st at more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

The fardel title running fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,

And follows so the ever-running year,

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

King. Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O

Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown!

I Richard's body have interrèd new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood :
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My liege !

King. My brother Gloucester's voice ? Ay ;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
Exeunt.

Scene II.—The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords !

Dau. Montes à cheval ! My horse ! varlet !
laquais ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. Via ! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
neigh !

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood ?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears ?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight
to horse !

Do but behold you poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport ; let us but blow
on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation :

But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount ;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Gra. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favourèdly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they
stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
suits

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guidon : to the field !
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The English Camp.

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham,
with all his host : Salisbury and Westmore-
land.*

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
battle.

Wes. Of fighting men they have full three score
thousand.

Ese. There's five to one ; besides, they all are
fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful
odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck
go with thee !

Ese. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-
day :

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Wes. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say *To-morrow is Saint Crispian*:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say *These wounds I had on Crispin's day*.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Wes. Perish the man whose mind is backward
now!

King. Thou dost not wish more help from
England, coz?

Wes. God's will! my liege, would you and I
alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

King. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
thousand men;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. Once more I come to know of thee, King
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assur'd overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be engulf'd. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor

bodies

Must lie and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mon. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was killed with hunting
him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
hills,

They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,

That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable

We are but warriors for the working-day;

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;

There's not a piece of feather in our host—

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this,—

As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

They shall have none, I swear, but these my

joints;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,

Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mon. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee

well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *Exit.*

King. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
march away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Field of Battle.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French
Soldier and Boy.*

Pistol. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.

Pistol. Qualitie calmie custure me! Art thou a
gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pistol. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pistol. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty
moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force
de ton bras?

Pistol. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pistol. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firr him,
and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto
him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firr.

Pistol. Bid him prepare: for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous
faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout
à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pistol. Owy, cuppelle gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de
Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de
bonne maison: gardes ma vie, et je vous donnerai
deux cents écus.

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a
gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom
he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les
écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de
vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille
merrecimens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis
tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le
plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur
d'Angleterre.

Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he
hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks,
the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy
signieur of England.

Pistol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt
Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know
so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but
the saying is true, *The empty vessel makes the
greatest sound.* Bardolph and Nym had ten
times more valour than this roaring devil i' the
old play, that every one may pare his nails with
a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged;
and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing
adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys,
with the luggage of our camp: the French might
have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there
is none to guard it but boys. *Exit.*

Scene V.—Another part of the Field.

*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin
and Rambures.*

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est
perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. *A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke!

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bou. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but
shame!

Let us die in honour: once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us
now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throings,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bou. The devil take order now! I'll to the

throing:

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Another part of the Field.

*Alarums. Enter King Henry and forces, with
prisoners; Exeter and others.*

King. Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-
trymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your
majesty.

King. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Ere. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all baggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says *Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have
stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum.

But, hark! what new alarm is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

Ereunt.

Scene VII.—Another part of the Field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth,

that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter and others.

King. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr away, as swift as stones Enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Ere. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

King. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Comest thou again for ransom?

Mon. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable licence.

That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men,
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

King. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mon. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mon. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flo. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward
the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in
France.

King. They did, Fluellen.

Flo. Your majesty says very true: if your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did
good service in a garden where leeks did grow,
wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which,
your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable
badge of the service; and I do believe your
majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon
Saint Tavy's day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flo. All the waters in Wye cannot wash your
majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can
tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as
long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

King. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flo. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's country-
man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to
all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your
majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty
is an honest man.

Enter Williams.

King. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Points to Wil. Exeunt Herald with Mon.

Ene. Soldier, you must come to the king.

King. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in
thy cap?

Wil. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage
of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Wil. An't please your majesty, a rascal that
swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and
ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to
take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my
glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a
soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out
soundly.

King. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it
fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flo. He is a craven and a villain else, an't
please your majesty, in my conscience.

King. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of
great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flo. Though he be as good a gentleman as the
devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is
necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow
and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now,
his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-
saunce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's
ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

King. Then keep thy vow, arrah, when thou
meetest the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my liege, as I live.

King. Who servest thou under?

Wil. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flo. Gower is a good captain, and is good
knowledge and literated in the wars.

King. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Wil. I will, my liege.

Exit.

King. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour
for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon
and myself were down together, I plucked this
glove from his helm: if any man challenge this,
he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our
person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend
him, an thou dost me love.

Flo. Your grace doo's me as great honours as
can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I
would fain see the man, that has but two legs,
that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove;
that is all; but I would fain see it once, an
please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Knowest thou Gower?

Flo. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him
to my tent.

Flo. I will fetch him.

Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother
Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with cholur, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Wil. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flo. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I
beseech you now, come apace to the king: there
is more good toward you peradventure than is in
your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flo. Know the glove! I know the glove is a
glove.

Wil. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flo. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the
universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flo. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give
treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flo. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you
in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a
friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flo. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be

God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

King. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Wil. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

King. Give me thy glove, soldier:

Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Wil. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

King. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Wil. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garment, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

King. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle eno'gh in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

King. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

King. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Ese. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bonciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; Jacques of Chathillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures; Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead!

Herald shows him another paper.

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss

On one part and on the other? Take it, God,

For it is none but thine!

Ese. 'Tis wonderful!

King. Come, go we in procession to the village: And be it death proclaimed through our host To boast of this or take that praise from God Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

King. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

King. Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;

The dead with charity enclosed in clay:

And then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

Exeunt.

Act V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story, That I may prompt them: and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more
could,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
Exit.

Scene I.—France. The English Camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you
your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my
friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld,
beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol, which
you and yourself and all the world know to be
no better than a fellow, look you now, of no
merits, he is come to me and prings me pread
and salt yesterday. look you, and bid me eat my
leek: it was in a place where I could not breed
no contention with him; but I will be so bold
as to wear it in my cap till I see him once
again, and then I will tell him a little piece of
my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his

turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol!
you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal bow?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peesech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave,
at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you,
you do not love it, nor your affections and your
appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with
it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when
God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean
time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce
for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday
mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you
can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite,
I pray you; it is good for your green wound and
your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out
of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more
sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good
for your broken coxcomb. When you take occa-
sions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at
'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it;
or I have another leek in my pocket, which you
shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in
cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy
nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and
keep you, and heal your pate. *Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly
knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,
begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a
memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare
not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I
have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentle-
man twice or thrice. You thought, because he
could not speak English in the native garb, he
could not therefore handle an English cudgel:
you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh
correction teach you a good English condition.
Fare ye well. *Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me
now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is ougdelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurses of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *Exit.*

Scene II.—France. A Royal Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy and his train.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

King. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow less
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulters rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, defused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

King. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enashed briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet

There is no answer made.

King. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erghanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and p̄emptory answer.

King. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

King. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

Escort all except King, Kath. and Alice.

King. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kat. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your English.

King. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kat. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell what I like me.

King. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kat. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alc. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il. *King.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kat. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

King. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alc. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mine it in love, but directly to say I love you: then if you urge me farther than to say *do you in faith?* I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; y' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kat. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

King. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-anapes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he performs must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kat. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

King. No; it is not possible you should love

the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kat. I cannot tell vat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—dons votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kat. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

King. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kat. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her disguise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kat. I do not know dat.

King. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kat. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceave de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

King. Now, lie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and

thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say *Harry of England, I am thine*: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud *England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine*; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kat. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kat. Den it sall also content me.

King. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kat. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant le main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

King. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kat. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

King. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alc. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

King. To kiss.

Alc. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

King. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alc. Oui, vraiment.

King. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

King. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

King. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

King. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

King. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

King. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

King. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

King. Is't so, my lords of England?

Wes. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Eze. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre tres-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

King. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness.

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem :
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Pla. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Pla. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Pla. O uncle, would some part of my young
years
Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me, as the slaugh-
terer doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only, give order for my funeral :
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war !

Dies.

Pla. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

*Exeunt Gaoles, bearing out the body
of Mortimer.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort ;
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Act III.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

*Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, War-
wick, Somerset and Suffolk ; the Bishop of
Winchester, Richard Plantagenet and others.
Gloucester offers to put up a bill ; Winchester
snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated
lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester ? If thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly ;
As I, with sudden and extemporal speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest ! this place commands
my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :
No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness ;
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree ;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower ?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sov' reign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouch-
safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor ?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provoked ?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke :
It is, because no one should sway but he ;
No one but he should be about the king ;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo. As good ?

Thou bastard of my grandfather !
Win. Ay, lordly sir ; for what are you, I pray.
But one imperious in another's throne ?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest ?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church ?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloucester !

Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Rome thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler ;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touched so
near.

War. State holy, or unhalloved, what of that ?
Is not his grace protector to the king ?

Pla. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should ;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloucester, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar !

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
A noise within; 'Down with the tawny coats!'

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Began through malice of the bishop's men.
A noise again within; 'Stones! Stones!'

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

1 Ser. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Ser. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 Ser. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgrac'd by an inkhorn mate,

We and our wives and children all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1 Ser. Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace,

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse,

To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity;

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest

Should ever get the privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the
duke

Hath banished moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothen'd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fis, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to
thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Ser. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Ser.

And so will I.

3 Ser. And I will see what physic the tavern
affords. *Exeunt.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sove-
reign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for,

sweet prince,

As if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willoth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Pla. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoop, then, and set your knee against
my foot;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

And rise created princely Duke of York.

Pla. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may
fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they

That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke
of York!

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.

The presence of a king engenders love

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

Sennet. Flourish. *Exeunt all except
Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feign'd ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all;
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere the hapless time. *Exit.*

Scene II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle, disguised, with four Soldiers
with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of
Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

I Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the
city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. *Knocks.*

Watch. [Within.] *Qui est la?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to
the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans,
and forces.

Cha. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bas. Here entered Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Ale. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower;

Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch
burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

Bas. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Cha. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Ale. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
ends;

Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damn'd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. *Exit.*

An alarm. Excursions. Bedford brought in
sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy
without; within, La Pucelle, Charles, the
Bastard of Orleans, Alençon and Reignier, on
the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn
for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless cour-
tezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Cha. Your grace may starve perhaps before that
time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break
a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold
thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
They whisper together in council.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the
speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for
fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest:

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Ale. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the
walls;

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. *Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquish'd his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then, be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy. *Exit.*

An alarm. Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fas. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fas. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. *Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.

An alarm. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles
his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris to the king,

For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

Bur. What kills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his esquires fulfilled in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couch'd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Cha. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bas. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alc. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions mixed with sugared words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Cha. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our provinces.

Alc. For ever should they be expelled from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wish'd end.

Drum sounds afar off.
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and his forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a parley.

Cha. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Cha. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France, And see the cities and the towns defaced By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe, When death doth close his tender dying eyes, See, see, the pining malady of France; Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast! O, turn thy edg'd sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom, Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Whom join'st thou with but with a lordly nation,

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words

of hers

Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours:

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn

again!

Cha. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship

makes us fresh.

Bas. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Ale. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Cha. Now let us on, my lords, and join our

powers;

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Paris. The Palace.

Enter King, Gloucester and other lords, Vernon, Basset, &c.; to them, with his soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have awhile given truce unto my wars.

To do my duty to my sovereign: In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength, Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet, And with submissive loyalty of heart Ascribes the glory of his conquest got First to my God and next unto your grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,

That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—

I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword,

Long since we were resolv'd of your truth,

Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.

Bennet. Flourish. *Exeunt all but Vernon*

and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear

In honour of my noble Lord of York,—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou

spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir: as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue

Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as

York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is

such,

That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood,

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as

you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

Exeunt.

Act IV.

Scene I.—Paris. A Hall of State.

Enter King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, the Governor of Paris and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the

sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

That you elect no other king but him;

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state;
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fas. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installèd in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill-beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st
thy doom:

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

Exit Fastolfe.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed
his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly.—*To the king!*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads.*] *I have, upon especial
cause,*

*Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
France.*

O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why then, Lord Talbot there, shall talk
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes, but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to float his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. *Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble
prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour
him!

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave
to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me
wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law

Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-
sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed,
 With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections;
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths,
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Eze. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
 Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
 And you, my lords, remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle, wav'ring nation:
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father;
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach:
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France:
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector and the rest,
 After some respite will return to Calais;
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

Flourish. *Ezeunt all but York, Warwick, Eater and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—But let it rest;

Other affairs must now be managed.

Flourish. *Ezeunt York, War. and Ver.*

Eze. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howso'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

Exit.

Scene II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
 And thus he would:—Open your city gates;
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quart'ring steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thon ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight:
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, 'dus thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colour'd,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Ezeunt General, &c., from the walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,

Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs !
 If we be English deer, be then in blood ;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather, moody mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the oowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mes. They are returned, my lord, and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot : as he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led ;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for
 Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
 And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
 strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! To Bourdeaux,
 York !

Else, farewell Talbot, France and England's
 honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud
 heart

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep
 That thus we die, while rōmiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd
 lord.

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike
 word ;

We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
 soul !

And on his son, young John ; whom two hours
 since

I met in travel toward his warlike father.
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
 And now they meet where both their lives are
 done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
 Away ! vexation almost stops my breath,

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
 Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay. *Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglectio'n doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth :—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. *Exit.*

Scene IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

*Enter Somerset, with his army ; a Captain of
 Talbot's with him.*

Som. It is too late ; I cannot send them now ;
 This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted ; all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
 Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
 By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure :
 York set him on to fight and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
 name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William ! whither were you
 sent ?

Lucy. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold
 Lord Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions :
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
 honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent
 him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace ex-
 claims ;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had
 the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love ;

And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
 France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot ;

Never to England shall he bear his life ;

But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen
 straight :

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Son. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyd danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse:
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away,
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renown'd name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight,

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath:

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encounter'd

And interchanging blows I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus,—Contaminated, base

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave

boy:

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's

care,—

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat!

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain an if I stay;

'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's

fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;

All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me

smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my

heart:

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France;

To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Crete,

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Another part of the Field.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot, led by
a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is
gone;

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the elust'ring battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit, and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Ser. O, my dear lord! lo, where is your son
borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st at us here
to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-
day.

Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Dies.

*Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, the Bastard,
La Pucelle and forces.*

Cha. Had York and Somerset brought rescue
in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bas. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging
wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid:
But, with a proud majestic high scorn,
He answer'd thus,—*Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurse of his harms!

Bas. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Cha. O, no, forbear! for that which we have
fed

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the
day.

Cha. On what submissive message art thou
sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Cha. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our
prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urehinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beeseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Cha. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence: but from their
ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Cha. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Scene I.—London. The Palace.

Enter King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'tablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac,—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young;

And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate
and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchester installed,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt King and train; Gloucester, Exeter
and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive

The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,

That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overcome by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. Exeunt.

Scene II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pucelle
and forces, marching.

Cha. These news, my lord, may cheer our
drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alc. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of
France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Sco. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Cha. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee,
speak.

Sco. The English army, that divided we
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Cha. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-
cursed:

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Cha. Then on, my lords; and France be fortun-
ate! Exeunt.

Scene III.—France. Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents,—

Thunders.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are called
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk and speak not.

O! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

They depart.

See, they forsake me! now the time is come,
That France must veil her lofty-plum'd crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit.

*Excursions. Enter French and English fighting:
La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand: La
Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you
fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape.

Puc. Changed to a worse shape thou canst
not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper
man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
these!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banuing hag, enchantress, hold thy
tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to
the stake. *Ereunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his
hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
What art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a
king,

The King of Naples, whose'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

She is going.

O stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinking another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy
suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom
must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd.
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a
wife;

Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not
hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling
card.

Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is
mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer
me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that, too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralled? he seems
a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be resoned by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere
now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid pro Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not sup-
pose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto
me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's
queen;

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What? *His love.*
Suf.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am:
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours
forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!

Rei. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Rei. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and, for thy honour, give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Rei. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Snffolk doth not flatter, face or feign.

Rei. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Exit from the walls.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Rei. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
child,

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Rei. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
worth

To be the princely brides of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom,—I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Rei. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:—
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe,
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Rei. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he
here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise,
and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

She is going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you,
Margaret,—

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly di-
rected.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. *Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so pre-
sume,

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

Exit Reignier and Margaret.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,
stay;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
'Twere Minotaurs and deadly treasons lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount
Mad natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.
Exit.

Scene IV.—Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemned
to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.

She. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart
outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

She. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis
not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows;

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parent-
age?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath
been,

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

She. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

She. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curs'd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, curs'd drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceiv'd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, airs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be snow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides,
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forfend! the holy maid
with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;

Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accus'd minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrow'n,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the townes,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, the Bastard, Reignier and others.

Cha. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be inform'd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choleric
chokes

The hollow passage of my poisoned voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alc. Must he be then as shadow of himself ?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Cha. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king :
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd viceroy of the whole ?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret
means

Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reti. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alc. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility ;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our con-
dition stand ?

Cha. It shall ; only reserved, you claim no in-
terest

In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Suffolk, in conference with King ; Gloucester and Exeter following.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble
earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise ;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit :
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,

She is content to be at your command,—
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem :
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having won'd
To try his strength, flossaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your
king,

That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us.

In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forc'd, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a
king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king :

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,

Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with
me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
she.

King. Whether it be through force of your re-
port,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to
 France;
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crowned
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so, conduct me where, from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *Exit.*
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he
 goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the
 king;
 But I will rule both her, the king and realm. *Exit.*

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

All. Amen!

King. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Flourish.
Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

King. Prepare we for our marriage: on which
day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
Sennet. Escort.

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England
bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. *Exit.*

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great uncle to the King; Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY and SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, SIR WILLIAM LUCY, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White Rose or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster Faction.

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY and ALENÇON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris. Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle. Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers and Attendants.

The foundation of this play was an older one entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, of which the first edition known was published in 1594. Shakspeare's improvement of this play was first printed in the folio of 1623. Some have endeavoured to discriminate between the passages that are wholly his and those which are taken bodily from the first version, but the results are very contradictory. The costume can best be studied in the illuminated chronicles of the period. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in France.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Act I.

Scene I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Eze. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, what'er we like, thou art Protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace;

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:

Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,

And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make

Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,

Paris, Guyvors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead

Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns

Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recalled to life again,

These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Eze. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mes. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,

That here you maintain several factions;

And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals:

One would have lingering wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Eze. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.

Give me my steeld coat! I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 Mes. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crown'd king in Rheims;

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Ene. The Dauphin crown'd king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mes. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hears, I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mes. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges,

They pitch'd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continu'd;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:
The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out again,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

3 Mes. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mes. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;

The English army is grown weak and faint:

The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Ene. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,

To go about my preparation. *Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can.

To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *Exit.*

Ene. To Eltham will I, where the young

king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise. *Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *Exit.*

Scene II.—France. Before Orleans.

Sound a flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon and Reignier, marching with drum and Soldiers.

Cha. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alc. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,

And have their provender tied to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drown'd mice.

Rei. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear;

Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury;

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men, nor money hath he to make war.

Cha. Sound, sound alarm! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

Exeunt.

Here alarm; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter Charles, Anthon and Reignier.

Cha. Who ever saw the like? what men have I! Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled.

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Rei. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alc. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Oliver's and Rowlands bred,

During the time Edward the Third did reign.

Most truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons, and Goliases,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

I lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?

Cha. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-

brained slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the

siege.

Rei. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device,

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alc. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bas. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have

news for him.

Cha. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bas. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer

appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordain'd is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfaillible.

Cha. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But

first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan la

Pucelle and others.

Rei. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these won-

drous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be-

guile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Rei. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's

daughter,

My wit untrained in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,

God's mother deign'd to appear to me,

And in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised, and assured success:

In complete glory she revealed herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infused on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Cha. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high

terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged

sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's

churchyard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Cha. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no

woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle

overcomes.

Cha. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an

Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too

weak.

Cha. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must

help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred, from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

Cha. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate

thrall.

Rei. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alc. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her

smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Rei. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no

mean?

Alc. He may mean more than we poor men do

know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their

tongues.

Rei. My lord, where are you? what devise you

on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

R

Cha. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, Since I have entered into these wars. Glory is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, Till by broad swelling, it disperse to nought. With Henry's death the English circle ends; Dispersed are the glories it included. Now am I like that proud insulting ship, Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Cha. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? Thou with an eagle art inspirèd, then. Helen, the mother of great Constantine, Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee. Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth, How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Ale. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Rei. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Cha. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. *Eæunt.*

Scene III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his serving-men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day: Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance. Where be these warders, that they wait not here? Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

Servants knock.

1 *War.* [Within.] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Ser.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2 *War.* [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Ser.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *War.* [Within.] The Lord protect him, so we answer him:

We do not otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willèd you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I. Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize: Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower gates and Woodville, the Lieutenant, speaks within.

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear? Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids: From him I have express commandment, That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sov'reign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Ser.* Open the gates unto the lord protector; Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou maifest conspirator, Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursèd Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dared and bearded to my face? Draw, men, for all this privilegèd place;

Blue coats to tawny coats.—Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly: Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope or dignities of church, Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?

These I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrained the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester too, a foe to citizens: One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm,

And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. *Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to bear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we'll meet, to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mar. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away: This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head; For I intend to have it, ere long.

Escout, severally, Gloucester and Winchester, with their serving-men.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. *Escout.*

Scene IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner of Orleans and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, Howe'er unfortunate I missed my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have inform'd me
How the English, in the suburbs close entrenched,

Went, through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;

And thence discover how, with most advantage,

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them. Now do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, on the turrets, Salisbury, Talbot, Glansdale and Gargrave, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,

Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have bartered me,

Which I disdain'd, scorn'd; and crav'd death,

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my

heart;

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell't thou not how thou wert enter-tain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame:

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them wa-

spread,

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured

But we will be revenged sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee

Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Gla. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be furnish'd

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shoot and Salisbury falls down

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretches sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech

doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whilst—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.
What stir is this? What tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarm, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth
groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard French-
men dare. *Alarm. Eeunt.*

Scene V.—Orleans.

*Here an alarm again, and Talbot pursueth the
Dauphin and driveth him; then enter Joan la
Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her; then
re-enter Talbot.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour and my
force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou
serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must dis-
grace thee. *Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my
courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
come;

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

*A short alarm: then enter the town
with Soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starv'd men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament;
This day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome
stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

A short alarm.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead;
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdu'd slaves.

Alarm. Here another skirmish.

It will not be:—retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot. Alarm. Retreat. Flourish.

Scene VI.—Orleans.

*Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Roig-
nier, Alençon and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Cha. Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the
next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orleans:
More bless'd hap did ne'er befall our state.

Rei. Why ring not out the bells throughout
the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alc. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have played the
men.

Cha. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is
won;

For which I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope or Memphis ever was:

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. Eeunt.

Act II.

Scene I.—Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Sen. Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors,

When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy and forces with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrances several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cry, 'St. George! A Talbot!' and all enter the town.

1 Sen. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon and Reignier, half ready and half unready.

Al. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bas. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Rei. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.
Al. Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturesome or desperate than this.

Bas. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Rei. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Al. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Bas. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Cha. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Cha. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Al. Had all your quarters been so safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bas. Mine was secure.
Rei. And so was mine, my lord.

Cha. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endanger them.

Alarm. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! A Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curs'd town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armèd men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely
train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak
with him?

Mes. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouch-
safe

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world
of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You per-
ceive my mind.

Cap. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
Exeunt.

Scene III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Cou. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys
to me.

Por. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Cou. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mes. Madam, according as your ladyship
desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Cou. And he is welcome. What! is this the
man?

Mes. Madam, it is.

Cou. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Cou. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mes. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Cou. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Cou. To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's
shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.

Cou. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Cou. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Cou. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarities agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*Winds his horn. Drums strike up; then a peal
of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter
Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Cou. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor miscon-
strue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me :
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Cou. With all my heart ; and think me
honour'd

To feast so great a warrior in my house. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk and War-
wick ; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon and Lawyer.*

Pla. Great lords and gentlemen, what means
this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient.

Pla. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth ;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it ;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth ;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper ;
Between two horses, which both bear him best ;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye ;—
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment :
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Pla. Tut, tut ! here is a mannery forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Pla. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours ; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset :
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Pla. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the
case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on : who else ?

Law. [To Somerset.] Unless my study and my
books be false,

The argument you held, was wrong in you.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Pla. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?
Som. Here in my scabbard ; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Pla. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Pla. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Pla. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleed-
ing roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Pla. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.

Pla. Proud Pole, I will ; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole !

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of Eng-
land.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Pla. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days ?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Pla. My father was attach'd, not attainted ;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker Pole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension :

Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

Son. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Pla. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!

And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Son. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. *Exit.*

Pla. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house,

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Pla. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That thou on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Pla. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. *Exeunt.*

Scene V.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaoles.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new hal'd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief;
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is
numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Gao. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:

We sent unto the Temple unto his chamber;
And answer was returned, that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.

But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 Gao. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Pla. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?
Pla. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twix Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detained me all my flowering youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Pla. Discover more at large what cause that was;

For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that (young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I deriv'd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt,
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress