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Shakspeare's

DRAMATIC WORKS:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A SELECTION OF

NOTES, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

BY THE

REV. W. HARNESS, A.M.

OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. F. DOVE,

ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

1830.



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SHAKSPEARE'S  
DRAMATIC WORKS.

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VOL. III.

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## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 22d of July, 1598 ; but must have been exhibited before that time, as it was mentioned by Meres, in the *Wit's Treasury*, which was published early in the same year. The first known edition of this comedy is the quarto, " printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, 1600." It was most probably written in 1597. Mr. Malone places it three years earlier ; but he has no authority to support his hypothesis, but a simile of Portia's—

" Thy musick is  
" Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
" To a new crowned monarch."

This passage he supposes to refer to the recent coronation of Henry the Fourth of France, of which a description was published in this country immediately after the event.

The principal incidents of the plot are taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English. The circumstance of the caskets is from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

It has been supposed that there was a play on the subject previous to this of our author, and on which he might have grounded his work. This notion has been suggested by a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, which speaks of " the Jew shewn at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers ;" but these words apply with equal propriety to the *Jew of Marlow*, and to the *Shylock of Shakspeare*.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.\*

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Duke of VENICE.

Prince of MOROCCO, } suitors to PORTIA.  
Prince of ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of VENICE.*

BASSANIO, *his friend.*

SALANIO,<sup>b</sup> }  
SALARINO, } *friends to ANTONIO and BASSANIO.*  
GRATIANO, }

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,*

SALERIO,<sup>c</sup> *a messenger from Venice.*

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,  
jailer, servants, and other attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT, the  
seat of PORTIA on the continent.*

\* In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio, Salino, and Solanio.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto.—STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Ant.* **I**N 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.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>a</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* 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,<sup>b</sup> 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.

<sup>a</sup> — *argosies*.—] Argosie was in our author's time a name given to ships of great burden.—Several derivations have been suggested.—Nares considers that Pope and Douce are correct in supposing it to come from the ship *Argo*, which is confirmed by the word *argis* being used for a ship in low Latin.

<sup>b</sup> *Plucking the grass, &c.*] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.—JOHNSON.

*Salar.* 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<sup>c</sup> dock'd in sand,  
 Vailing<sup>d</sup> her high-top lower than her ribs,  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But, tell not me; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*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 merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salan.* Why then you are in love.

*Ant.*

Fye, fye!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,  
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper:  
 And other of such vinegar aspect,  
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

<sup>c</sup> —Andrew—] The name of the ship.

<sup>d</sup> Vailing—] To vail is to put off the hat—to trike sail—to give sign of submission.—BULLOKAR'S *English Expositor*, 1616.



*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well; We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid 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 the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good-morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so? [when?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio, We two will leave you: but, at dinner time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio; You have too much respect upon the world; They lose it, that do buy it with much care. Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*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; who, 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's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
 Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;  
 I'll end my exhortation\* after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:  
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>f</sup>

*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?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more  
 than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as 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 this same  
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
 How much I have disabled mine estate,  
 By something showing a more swelling port<sup>g</sup>  
 Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
 Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

\* — *exhortation*.—] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of these times: who being generally very long and tedious, were often found to put off that part of their sermon called *exhortation* till after dinner.—WARBURTON.

<sup>f</sup> — *for this gear*.] *For this account*, i. e. on account of Gratiano's lecture.

<sup>g</sup> — *a more swelling port*, &c.] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance.—MALONE.

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 unburthen 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.

*Bass.* 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 advent'ring both,  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well ; and herein spend but time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest<sup>b</sup> unto it : therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues ; sometimes<sup>i</sup> from her eyes

<sup>b</sup> — prest—] *Ready*—old French.

<sup>i</sup> — sometimes—] *Formerly*. These words in old English were synonymous.

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, Colchos' 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 ;  
 Nor have I money, nor commodity  
 To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
 Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
 Where money is ; and I no question make,  
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary 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 mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by<sup>k</sup> white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

<sup>k</sup> — comes sooner by—] i. e. Sooner acquires.

*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 over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter 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 who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, 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,<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>m</sup> Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales,

— a colt, indeed,] *Colt* is used for a witless youngster.—In the days of Shakspeare the Neapolitans were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship; nor have they even now forfeited their title to that praise.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — is there the county Palatine.] *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous.

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 be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a 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 shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper<sup>n</sup> 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 every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety,<sup>o</sup> and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?<sup>p</sup>

<sup>n</sup> — *proper*]—is handsome.

<sup>o</sup> *I think the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. The alliance is here humourously satirized.—WARBURTON.

<sup>p</sup> — *the young German, &c.*] Dr. Johnson supposes that in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

*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 : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of 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 Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he 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.—How now ! what news ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a fore-runner 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<sup>a</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come Nerissa,—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.<sup>r</sup>*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.\*

\* — the condition—] i. e. *The temper.*

<sup>r</sup> — *Shylock.*] It was remarked by Dr. Farmer that Shakspeare probably took this name from an old pamphlet entitled “Caleb Shillocke his Prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction.”—London: printer for T. P. [Thomas Pavier, or Thomas Purfoot] no date.—STEEVENS.

Le juif Shylock est un de ces chefs-d'œuvres en fait de peinture caractéristique qui ne se voient que dans Shakspeare. Il est très facile pour un auteur, ainsi que pour un comédien, de représenter en caricature la manière de parler ou de gesticuler qui règne chez un peuple. Mais Shylock n'est point un juif ordinaire, c'est un homme bien élevé qui a un caractère individuel très déterminé et très original, et cependant la teinte du Judaïsme est tellement répandue sur toute sa personne que l'on croit, seulement en lisant ses paroles, entendre cet accent juif qui se remarque chez les hommes de cette nation, même parmi les classes supérieures de la société. Dans les situations tranquilles, Shylock laisse à peine apercevoir ce qu'il y a en lui d'étranger au sang Européen et aux mœurs Chrétiennes, mais dès que ses passions s'émeuvent, l'empreinte nationale se marque plus fortement. Shylock est un homme instruit, il est même philosophe à sa manière. Il n'y a que la région des sentimens du cœur qu'il n'ait pas découverte. Sa morale est fondée sur l'incrédulité pour tout ce qui est bon et généreux. Après l'avarice, c'est l'esprit de vengeance, excité par l'oppression et l'avisement de ses compatriotes, qui est le principal mobile de ses actions. Ce qu'il haït, surtout, c'est le véritable Chrétien : la doctrine de l'amour du prochain lui paraît celle de l'intolérance et de la persécution. Son idole c'est la lettre de la loi. Il refuse d'écouter la voix de la miséricorde, qui, par l'organe de Portia, lui parle avec une éloquence céleste : il reste inflexible, et en persistant à maintenir son dessein à la rigueur, il mérite que la loi retombe sur sa tête.—SCHLEGEL, *Lit. Dram.* vol. iii. 25.



*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* 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 supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad; But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.<sup>†</sup>

<sup>†</sup> *The rate of usance here with us in Venice.*] “It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes both pryvately and in

If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>u</sup>  
 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-won thrift,  
 Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,  
 If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store :  
 And, by the near guess of my memory,  
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
 Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?  
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
 Will furnish me : But soft ; How many months  
 Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior :

[To ANTONIO.]

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,<sup>x</sup>  
 I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,<sup>y</sup>  
 How much you 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 graz'd 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.

common. For in every citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere ; and if at the yeres end the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at the least doen away to a great disadvantage : by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties."—THOMAS'S *Historie of Italie*, 1561.

<sup>u</sup> — catch upon the hip,] Have an entire advantage. The phrase seems to have originated from hunting, because when the animal pursued is seized by the hip, it is finally disabled from flight.—NARES.

<sup>x</sup> — ripe wants—] Necessities that are come to the height.

<sup>y</sup> — possess'd,] i. e. Acquainted.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings<sup>z</sup> which were streak'd and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome<sup>a</sup> ewes;  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
This was a 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 falshood 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;<sup>b</sup>  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

<sup>z</sup> — the eanlings—] *Lambs just dropt: from ean, eniti.*—MUSGRAVE.

<sup>a</sup> — fulsome—] in this place means *lascivious*.

<sup>b</sup> — my usances;] *Use and usance mean nothing more than interest; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense.*—STEEVENS.

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; 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 for barren metal of his friend?<sup>c</sup>)  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
 Exact the penalty.

*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:—

<sup>c</sup> *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A breed, that is, interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.—WARBURTON.

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  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break this 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 purse the ducats straight ;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>d</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently  
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>d</sup> — *fearful guard, &c.] Guard to be feared, not to be trusted.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike 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<sup>t</sup> the valiant; by my love, I swear,  
The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Hath lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,

\* *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditional sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*.—JOHNSON. It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses.—HARRIS.

<sup>t</sup> — *fear'd*—] i. e. *Terrify'd*.

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 cubs from the she bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
If Hercules, and Lichas,<sup>g</sup> play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance ;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage ; therefore be advised.<sup>h</sup>

*Mor.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*  
To make me blest<sup>i</sup> or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Venice. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run  
from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ;  
and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,*  
*good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo,*  
*use your legs, take the start, run away :* My conscience  
says,—no ; take heed, honest *Launcelot* ; take heed, honest

<sup>g</sup> — *Lichas,*] An attendant of Hercules.

<sup>h</sup> — *advised.*] Well considered.—This word is the opposite to rash.

<sup>i</sup> — *blest*—] For most blest.

*Gobbo*; or as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo*; do not run; scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend: *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens*; <sup>k</sup> *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 conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter Old GOBBO, with a Basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,<sup>l</sup> high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions<sup>m</sup> with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* 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.

<sup>k</sup> — *for the heavens*;] This petty oath, which has much perplexed the commentators, means neither more nor less than *by heaven*, as Mr. Gifford has proved by several apposite quotations.—*Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. 67.

<sup>l</sup> — *sand-blind*,] Having an imperfect sight as if there were sand in the eye.—*Nares*.

<sup>m</sup> — *try conclusions*—] *Try experiments*.



*Gob.* By God's *sonties*,<sup>n</sup> 'twill be a hard way to hit  
Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with  
him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark  
me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you  
of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father,  
though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and,  
God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of  
young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech  
you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master  
Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according  
to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters  
three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, de-  
ceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to  
heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of  
my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff,  
or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentle-  
man: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his  
soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might  
fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows  
his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of  
your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to  
light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but,  
in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not  
Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it,

<sup>n</sup> ——— *God's sonties*,] Supposed to be a corruption of *God's saints*.

but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse<sup>p</sup> has on his tail.

*Laun.* 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.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present ; How 'gree you now ?

*Laun.* Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground : my master's a very Jew ; Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. —O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so :—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock : See these letters deliver'd ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

*[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ; Would'st thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

<sup>p</sup> — my phill-horse—] *Phill*, or *thill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon.

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins :

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both ;—What would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit :  
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well ; Go, father, with thy  
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire [son:—  
My lodging out:—give him a livery. [To his Followers.  
More guarded<sup>p</sup> than his fellows': See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well ; [Looking on his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table ;<sup>q</sup> which doth offer

<sup>p</sup> — more guarded—] i. e. More ornamented.

<sup>q</sup> — table ;] i. e. The palm of the hand extended, so as to allow the observations of one skilled in the art of palmistry.—That of Launce was so good, that it did not only promise, but offered to swear upon a book, that his fortune should be good. This is the explanation of Tyrwhitt, whose mode of printing the passage I have adopted.

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 featherbed;—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.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.*

Yonder sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtained it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;— Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal:<sup>r</sup>—pray thee take pain to Allay 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,

<sup>r</sup> — liberal:] i. e. Coarse, licentious.

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<sup>a</sup>  
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>t</sup>

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me  
 By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity;  
 I would entreat you rather to put on  
 Your holdest 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. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;  
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
 But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee.  
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
 Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
 And so farewell; I would not have my father  
 See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* 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! [Exit.]

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.  
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
 To be asham'd to be my father's child!

<sup>a</sup> — ostent.] i. e. Appearance.

<sup>t</sup> — bearing.] i. e. Deportment.

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 SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;  
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
 All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;  
 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?

*Laun.* 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.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup  
 to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,  
 I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—  
 Gentlemen, [Exit. LAUNCELOT.  
 Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?  
 I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
 At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

*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 rend apparel out;—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

*Laun.* 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 wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go on ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* 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,<sup>u</sup> 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,<sup>x</sup> Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces : But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night : But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ; Say, I will come.

*Laun.* 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.]

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch<sup>y</sup> 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

<sup>u</sup> ——— *Black-Monday last,*] “ *Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion : in the 34th of Edward III. (1360.) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris : which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day it hath been called the *Black-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6.—GREY.

<sup>x</sup> ——— *fife,*]—here means the *fifer*, and not his instrument. Shakspeare is not singular in this application of the word.

<sup>y</sup> ——— *patch*—] A fool, probably from the Italian *pazzo* from wearing a patched or party-coloured coat.—NARES.



His borrowed 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 crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are 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<sup>y</sup> puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;

<sup>y</sup> — scarfed bark—] i. e. *The vessel decorated with flags.*

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 transformed 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 obscur'd.

*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 staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*[Exit, from above.]*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood,\* a Gentile, and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;

\* — *by my hood,*] The hood of his masked habit, by which he swears in imitation of the friars with whom this oath was familiar.—*Gentile* in our author's time was frequently written *Gentle*, as indeed it is at this place, in the first folio and one of the quarto's, and the compliment here conveyed arises from the ambiguity of the word.

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen, away;  
 Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
 'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—  
 No masque to-night; the wind is come about,  
 Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
 Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
 The 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 :

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires her :

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia :

The wat'ry 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 damnation,

To think so base a thought : it were too gross

To rib<sup>a</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

<sup>a</sup> To rib—] i. e. Inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera.

Being ten times undervalued to try'd 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  
 Stamp'd in gold; but that's insculp'd<sup>b</sup> upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it prince, and if my form lie there,  
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold,  
 But my outside to behold:  
 Gilded timber<sup>c</sup> do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscol'd.<sup>d</sup>  
 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.*]

*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 SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
 With him is Gratiano gone along;  
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

<sup>b</sup> — insculp'd upon;] Is embossed on the coin.

<sup>c</sup> — timber—] This is the reading of all the old editors, which Mr. Rowe altered to *wood*, and Dr. Johnson to *tombs*. However great the improvement, the alteration is not required, and therefore ought not to be retained.

<sup>d</sup> — inscol'd:] Written;—the answer alluded to is the dismissal of his suit contained in the last line.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*  
*Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—*  
*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*  
*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*  
*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!*  
*And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,*  
*Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!*  
*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd:  
I reason'd<sup>e</sup> 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.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
Bassanio told him he would make some speed  
Of his return; he answered—*Do not so,*  
*Slubber not<sup>f</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,*  
*But stay the very riping of the time;*

<sup>e</sup> I reason'd—] i. e. I conversed with. In Italian, *racionare* has the same sense.

<sup>f</sup> Slubber not—] i. e. Do not do carelessly.

*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love:<sup>s</sup>  
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.*

*Salan.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>h</sup>  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.*

Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee draw the curtain straight;  
The prince of Arragon hath 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 contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoind 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.

<sup>s</sup> — *mind of love:*] i. e. Your loving mind. So in the tragedy of Cræsus, 1604, *A mind of treason is a treasonable mind.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>h</sup> — *embraced heaviness—*] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of.—EDWARDS.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me:<sup>i</sup> 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,<sup>k</sup> that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force<sup>l</sup> and road of casualty.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump<sup>m</sup> 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 undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded, that command?  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:*  
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

<sup>i</sup> — address'd me:] i. e. Prepared myself.

<sup>k</sup> By the fool multitude,] The prepositions by and of are synonymous.—See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. 139.

<sup>l</sup> — in the force—] i. e. The power.

<sup>m</sup> — jump—] i. e. Agree with.



*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my 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 opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss:  
Some there be, that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>n</sup>  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head;  
So begone, 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 too.—  
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroath.<sup>o</sup>

*[Exeunt 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 loose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Where is my lady?

<sup>n</sup> — I wis,] I know. Wissen, German.

<sup>o</sup> — wroath.] This word is often spelt like ruth, and is used in some of the old books for misfortune.—STEEVENS.

*Por.* Here; what would my lord?

*Serv.* 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;<sup>p</sup>  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of great 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-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio  
hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd 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 wo-  
man of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as  
ever knapp'd 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  
company!

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

<sup>p</sup> — regrets; ] i. e. Salutations.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,<sup>a</sup> 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 Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and

<sup>a</sup> — a prodigal,] Warburton asks why a prodigal?—What, in Shylock's opinion, could be greater acts of prodigality than for Antonio to expose himself to ruin for the sake of his friend, and to lend out money for Christian courtesy?

hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

*[Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. 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, 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 hears'd 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 loss 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 in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! four-score 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:<sup>r</sup> I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

<sup>r</sup> — it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. But Leah might have presented this stone to Shylock for a better reason, as it is said to "take away all enmity and to reconcile man and wife."—STEEVENS.

*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 merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*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,<sup>s</sup> 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 peize the time;<sup>t</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *They have o'er-look'd me,]* *O'erlook* appears to have been a term of witchcraft expressive of the fascinations of the evil eye.—See GLANVIL *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, p. 95.

<sup>t</sup> ——— *to peize the time;]* *To peize*, is to weigh, or balance; and figuratively, to keep in suspense, to delay.—HENLEY.

To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the 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.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* 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 lock'd in one of them ;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is musick then ? then musick is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crown'd 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,<sup>u</sup> but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster :<sup>x</sup> I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

<sup>u</sup> *With no less presence,*] With the same dignity of mien.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> *To the sea-monster :*] See OVID, *Metamorph.* lib. xi. ver. 199. et seq.

With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live :—With much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Musick, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

### SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy<sup>y</sup> bred  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?  
 Reply ;—reply.—*
  2. *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.*

*Bass.*—So may the outward shows be least themselves,

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it<sup>z</sup> with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,<sup>a</sup>  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>y</sup> — fancy—] i. e. Love.

<sup>z</sup> — approve it—] i. e. Justify it.

<sup>a</sup> — valour's excrement,] i. e. The beards of Mars and Hercules.

<sup>b</sup> — Look on beauty,] i. e. Artificial beauty, and you shall find that it is purchased by the weight,—such as paint, false hair, &c. and makes them lightest, i. e. most vain and wanton who wear most of these ornaments.



And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it ;  
 So are those 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 scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore<sup>c</sup>  
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian ; beauty's,<sup>d</sup> 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 threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
 And here choose I ; Joy be the consequence !

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shuddering fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit !

*Bass.*

What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
 Or, whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
 Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs

<sup>c</sup> — the guiled shore—] i. e. The treacherous shore. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. Some of the modern editors read *gilded*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — an Indian ; beauty's, &c.] I have here deviated slightly from the folio—the ordinary reading represents ornament as “the beauteous scarf veiling an Indian beauty,” a sentence which by no means serves to illustrate the reflexion which Bassanio wishes to enforce. Sir Thomas Haumer proposed to read *dowdy* for *beauty* !

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
 A golden mesh 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:<sup>e</sup> Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
 Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content and seek no new.  
 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:

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give, and to receive,  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;  
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
 Such as I am: though, for myself alone,  
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
 To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
 More rich;  
 That only to stand high on your account,

<sup>e</sup> — *itself unfurnished:*] Incomplete, not furnished with its companion or fellow eye.—M. MASON.

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of nothing ;<sup>f</sup> which, to term in gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn ; happier than this,  
 She is not bred so 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.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is such confusion in my powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something being blent<sup>g</sup> 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 :<sup>h</sup>

<sup>f</sup> — nothing ;—] This is the reading of all the folios. The modern editors read, with one of the quartos, *something* ; which appears to be not only the least intelligible, but the least accredited.

<sup>g</sup> — blent—] i. e. *Mingled*.

<sup>h</sup> — you can wish none from me :] That is, none away from me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.—JOHNSON.

And when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I 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 lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission<sup>i</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing here, until I sweat again;  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand  
ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake  
down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, 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,

<sup>1</sup> — for intermission—] i. e. Intervening time, delay.

My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* 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, Salerio ; 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.

*Sal.* '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.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia.  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;  
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart : When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;

The paper as the body<sup>k</sup> of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Sale.*

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?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd 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?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.*

What, no more?

<sup>k</sup> *The paper as the body*—] The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper as the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body.—  
 STEEVENS.

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
 Before a friend of this description  
 Should lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife:  
 And then away to Venice to your friend,  
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over;  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along:  
 My maid Nerissa, and myself mean time,  
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding day:  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;<sup>1</sup>  
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditars 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:<sup>m</sup>—notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. 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, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—  
 This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—  
 Gaoler, look to him.

<sup>1</sup> *cheer*;] i. e. *Countenance*.

<sup>m</sup> ——— *all debts are cleared, &c.*] According to the general way of printing this passage, the seeing Bassanio at his death has been made the condition of Antonio's forgiving him his debt. Such a want of generosity is inconsistent with the tenderness and nobleness of Antonio. The present punctuation was suggested by Mr. Charles Kemble.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;  
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st 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<sup>a</sup>  
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-eye'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 SHYLOCK.*]

*Salan.* 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 deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* 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,  
Will 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! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — so fond—] i. e. So foolish.



## SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room 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 cruelty?  
This comes too near the praising of myself;  
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return:  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
Not to deny this imposition;

The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now 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 pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt 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 tranect,\* to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*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 accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accouter'd like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with a braver grace:  
And speak, between the change of man and boy,

\* — *tranect*,—] This word occurs only once.—It seems to imply some place from which the public boat was accustomed to set out. There are five sluices leading from the Brenta into the Laguno of Venice, at the last of which there might be a *traino* or *tranetto*, a machine to draw the boat through the pass, and this might be rendered by some English writer *tranect*.—NARES.

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 withal;<sup>p</sup> then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fye! what a question's that,  
 If thou wert near a lew'd 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.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father  
 are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you,  
 I fear you.<sup>a</sup> 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 damn'd. 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?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father  
 got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

<sup>p</sup> *I could not do withal;*] This phrase, which the commentators have so shamelessly misinterpreted, is, in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than *I could not help it.*—See GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. 471.

<sup>a</sup> — *I fear you.*] *I fear for you.*

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd 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.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say ; here he comes.

*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 commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly ; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, too, sir : only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir ?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be 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.

[*Exit.* LAUNCELOT.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited !  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words ; And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a 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 live an upright life ;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is 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  
Pawn'd 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, SALANIO, 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 obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* 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,<sup>r</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:  
And where<sup>s</sup> 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;

<sup>r</sup> — remorse,] i. e. Pity.

<sup>s</sup> — where—] For whereas.

Enough to press a royal merchant<sup>t</sup> down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
To officers of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon the charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :  
But, say, it is my humour ; Is it answer'd ?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine ; For affection,<sup>u</sup>  
Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loaths : Now, for your answer :  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;  
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe ; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

<sup>t</sup> — *a royal merchant*—] This is not a mere sounding expression. The Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago and other maritime places ; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty : only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By the virtue of this licence the Sanudos, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, which their descendants enjoyed for many generations, and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*, which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence the more eminent of our own *merchants*, while public spirit resided among them, were called *royal merchants*.—WARBURTON. Gresham was commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>u</sup> — *affection*,]—in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*, and is so used by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many others.—FARMER.

As to offend, himself being offended;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee  
 twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question<sup>x</sup> 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.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,<sup>y</sup>  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

<sup>x</sup> — question—] i. e. Converse.

<sup>y</sup> — many a purchas'd slave,] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practice the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of doing to others as we would that they should do to us.—  
 JOHNSON.



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, fye 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.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :  
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

*Ner.* From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presents a letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,  
 No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!  
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.  
 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,  
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,  
 Thou but offend'st 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.—  
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Ballhasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd 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 learn'd 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 throughly 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 a rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you,<sup>2</sup> as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger,<sup>3</sup> do you not ?

[*To ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown ;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd 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

<sup>2</sup> ——— *impugn*—] *Oppose, controvert.*

<sup>3</sup> *You stand within his danger,*] i. e. *Within his reach or control.*

Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
Yea, thrice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'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 do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart : Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the 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 appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast;  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, 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 arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
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 lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ; :  
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
 Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;  
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;  
 I would she were in heaven, so she could  
 Entreat some power to change this currish 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 Barrabas<sup>b</sup> [ter ;  
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.*  
 We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;  
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most 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 :  
 Take then 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.

— *Barrabas,*] This name is so written and pronounced throughout Marlowes' Jew of Malta.—In the New Testament it is spelt *Barabbas*.—  
 STEEVENS.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew ;—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ; a learned judge !

*Shy.* I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* 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 forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
 He seek the life of any citizen,  
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
 Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :  
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
 That indirectly, and directly too,  
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd  
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:  
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
 The other half comes to the general state,  
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ;<sup>c</sup> 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,<sup>d</sup>—to render it,

<sup>c</sup> *Ay, for the state ; &c.]* That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> — *the other half in use,—]* There has been a dispute among the critics on the meaning of Antonio's proposition.—The most natural sense appears to be this ; Antonio offers to surrender all right to his moiety of Shylock's confiscated property, on condition that he is allowed to have it in use, [i. e. to pay interest upon it,] during the Jew's life, and on his death render the principal to Lorenzo.



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 possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
I am not well ; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>e</sup>  
To bring the 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.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, 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 ;

<sup>e</sup> ——— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. A jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged.—THEOBALD.

My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
 I pray you, know me, when we meet again;  
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;  
 Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
 Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
 Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—  
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;  
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.  
 The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
 And find it out by proclamation;  
 Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
 You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
 And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
 And 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.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
 Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
 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 overtaken:  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>f</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you:—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant; We shall have old swear-  
That they did give the rings away to men; [ing,  
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.—Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *House.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

<sup>f</sup> — advice,—] i. e. *Reflection.*

And they did make no noise ; in such a night,  
 Triolus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
 And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
 Where Cressed lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
 And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
 To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
 Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
 That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew :  
 And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
 As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
 Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;  
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
 And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And 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 ?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name I pray you,  
 friend ?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,  
 My mistress will before the break of day  
 Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about  
 By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
 For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter;—Why should we go in? My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand: And bring your musick forth into the air.—

*[Exit STEPHANO.]*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

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<sup>s</sup> 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-eyed cherubins:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

<sup>s</sup> ——— with patines of bright gold;] A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the Eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold.—MALONE.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;<sup>h</sup>  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with musick.

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet musick.

[*Musick.*

*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 musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature :  
The man that hath no musick in himself,<sup>i</sup>  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

<sup>h</sup> — wake Diana with a hymn ;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping.—JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> The man that hath no musick in himself, &c.] This sentiment arouses all the indignation of Steevens, and he endeavours to defend those unhappy persons, whom a defect in the organs of sound have subjected to the condemnation of the poet, by several quotations of an opposite tendency from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield. If Mr. Steevens's untuneful friends possess a spark of nobleness, they will rather lie under the malediction of the poet than owe their justification to the advocacy of the peer. This passage of Shakspeare may be contrasted with the following lines from *Massinger's Fatal Dowry*, Act iv. sc. 2.

I never was an enemy to music,  
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion  
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical  
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,  
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums and trumpets :  
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,  
Affirm the world was made by musical discord ;  
Or that the happiness of our life consists  
In a rich varied note upon the lute :  
I love it to the worth of it and no further.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;<sup>k</sup>  
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 seasoned are  
To their right praise, and true perfection !—  
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd ! *[Musick ceases.]*

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—

<sup>k</sup> — without respect ;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances.—JOHNSON.

Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket<sup>1</sup> 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.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.<sup>m</sup>

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light ;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me ;  
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam : give welcome to my  
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend.—  
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.<sup>n</sup>

[*GRATIANO, and NERISSA seem to talk apart.*]

*Gra.* 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 cutler's poetry<sup>o</sup>  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

<sup>1</sup> *A tucket*—] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

<sup>m</sup> *If you would walk in absence of the sun.*] A compliment to the beauty of Portia.

<sup>n</sup> — *I scant this breathing courtesy.*] I abridge this complimentary form, made up only of breath, i. e. words.—MALONE.

<sup>o</sup> — *like cutler's poetry*—] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich.—REED.



*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!—but well I know,  
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his 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<sup>p</sup> 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 so with faith unto your flesh.  
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
 And swear, I lost the ring defending it. *[Aside.]*

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
 Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
 And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
 But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
 I would deny it; but you see my finger  
 Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

<sup>p</sup> — scrubbed—] Stunted and shrub-like.

*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.

*Bass.* 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 zeal, 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.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy:  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;  
For by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you;

I'll not deny him any thing 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 not me take him then ;  
 For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
 And in the hearing of these many friends,  
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
 Wherein I see myself,——

*Por.* Mark you but that !  
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
 In each eye one :—swear by your double self,<sup>a</sup>  
 And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;<sup>r</sup>  
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[*To PORTIA.*

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;  
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
 For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

<sup>a</sup> — swear by your double self,] Double is here used in a bad sense for—  
 full of duplicity.—MALONE.

<sup>r</sup> — for his wealth ;] For his advantage ; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth*  
 was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*.—JOHNSON.

*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 high-ways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'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 but even now returned ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

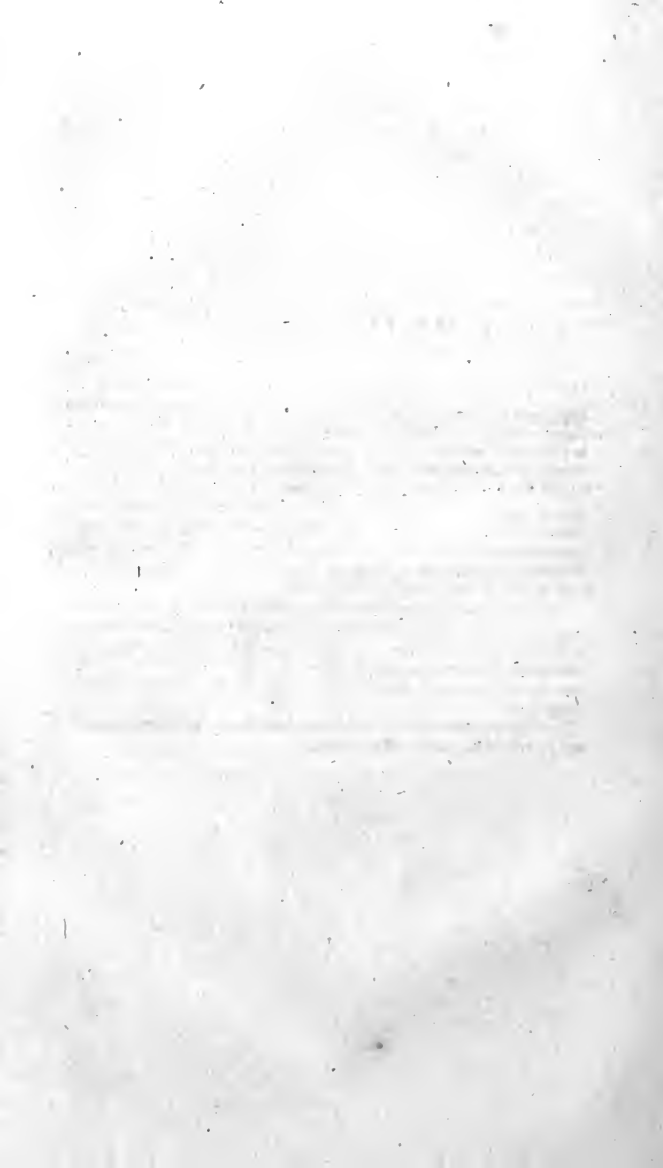
*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied

Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so; The first intergatory,  
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.*]

\* Of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.—JOHNSON.



## AS YOU LIKE IT.

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THOUGH this exquisite comedy appears to have been first published in the player's edition of our author's works in 1623, it must have been written before the year 1600; as at the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. are placed, in which *As you like it* is mentioned. An entry of the 4th of August, 1600, contains a caveat relative to three of our author's plays, the present comedy, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Much ado about Nothing*.—With respect to the other two plays, the caveat was soon taken off, and they were both published within the month. *As you like it* may have been printed at the same time, but no copy of such an edition has been discovered.

The plot of the play was taken from *Lodge's Rosalind*, or *Euphues's Golden Legacy*, 4to. 1590. And Shakspeare has followed the novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals. He has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed, that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.\*

---

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *brother to the duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, }  
JAQUES, } *lords attending on the duke in his banishment.*

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *his wrestler.*

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }  
DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, }  
SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*

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 belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.*

*The Scene lies, first, near OLIVER'S House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

\* The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe.—JOHNSON.



# AS YOU LIKE IT.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns: and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:<sup>a</sup> 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.

<sup>a</sup> — charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:] Much obscurity is imagined to exist in this passage.—“But,” says Johnson, “what is there difficult? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it in spite of himself.”

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?<sup>b</sup>

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.<sup>c</sup>

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard!

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>d</sup>

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain:<sup>e</sup> I am the youngest son of sir

<sup>b</sup> — what make you here?] i. e. What do you here?

<sup>c</sup> — be naught awhile.] A north country proverbial curse equivalent to a mischief on you.—WARBURTON. This interpretation is proved to be the true one by Mr. GIFFORD, *Ben Jonson*, vol. iv. 421.

<sup>d</sup> — reverence.] “More directly the representative of his honours.”—*Specimen of a new edition of Shakspeare*. I believe Orlando here alludes to the reverence due to age, in a manner sufficiently sarcastic to produce the angry rejoinder of Oliver. What, boy!

<sup>e</sup> — I am no villain:] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother in its present meaning, for a worthless, wicked, or bloody man; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a fellow of base extraction.—JOHNSON.

Rowland de Bois : he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains : Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance be at accord.

*Oli.* 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.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis !

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship ?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—] 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* 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 enrich the new duke ; therefore he gives them good leave<sup>f</sup> to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

*Cha.* O, no ; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live ?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,<sup>g</sup> and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day ; and fleet<sup>h</sup> 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 disguis'd against me to try a fall : To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be 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

<sup>f</sup> — good leave—] As often as this phrase occurs, it means a ready assent.  
—STEEVENS.

<sup>g</sup> — in the forest of Arden,] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.  
—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> — fleet—] i. e. Make to pass.

to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means 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 anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.]

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:<sup>i</sup> I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts<sup>k</sup> 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.]

<sup>i</sup> — gamester:] i. e. Adventurous person.

<sup>k</sup> — full of noble device:] i. e. Invention, genius;—all sorts, i. e. ranks and degrees of men.

## SCENE II.

*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, 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 may'st 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,<sup>1</sup> that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the

*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-favour'dly.

*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 creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

*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 fool is the whetstone of the wits.<sup>m</sup>—How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger ?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool ?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good : and yet was not the knight forsworn.

thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel.—*JOHNSON.* I leave Dr. Johnson's note, though I cannot consider it as just. *Good housewife* seems applied to Fortune merely as a jesting appellation, without any reference to the wheel on which she stood. The wheel of Fortune was an emblem of her mutability ; from which Celia and Rosalind proposed to drive her by their wit, that she might ever after cease to be inconstant.

<sup>m</sup> — [the wits.] This is the reading of the folio ; all the modern editions read *his wits*.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not 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.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Ros.* My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him: you'll be whip'd for taxation," one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,<sup>o</sup> the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?*

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport? Of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

<sup>n</sup> — taxation,] i. e. Censure, or satire.—Whipping was the discipline usually inflicted on fools.—DOUCE.

<sup>o</sup> — since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.—JOHNSON.



*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>p</sup>

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me,<sup>q</sup> 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, with bills on their necks.—

*Ros.* *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*<sup>r</sup>

*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, and 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!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost.

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

<sup>p</sup> — *laid on with a trowel.*] *To lay on with a trowel*, is, to do any thing coarsely, and without delicacy. If any man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*.—M. MASON.

<sup>q</sup> *You amaze me,*] *To amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out the intended narrative.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> *Ros. With bills on their necks,—be it known unto all men by these presents.*] In giving the first clause of this sentence to *Le Beau* I have followed the emendation of Dr. Farmer, which is so evidently correct that it appears extraordinary it should never have been admitted into the text before.—*Le Beau* says that the young men came with *bills on their necks*, meaning a *weapon*, which the passages cited by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens prove to have been frequently carried: Rosalind interrupts him in the middle of his sentence, and apprehending the word in the sense of a *label*, utters what she supposes to have been the inscription, at the same time playing on the word *presence* and *presents*.—FARMER. M. MASON and JOHNSON.

*Touch.* 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 musick 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 successfully.

*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 men : In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated : Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so ; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*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.

\* — is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides ?] i. e. To witness the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion.—DOUCE.

*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,<sup>1</sup> 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 persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

<sup>1</sup> — if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment.]  
i. e. If you should use your own eyes, to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.—JOHNSON.

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

*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. [CHARLES is borne out.  
What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable, [else.  
But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt DUKE FRED. TRAIN, and LE BEAU.

*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,<sup>u</sup>  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*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 deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love,

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

<sup>u</sup> — that calling.] i. e. Name or title, a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word.—STEEVENS.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune;<sup>\*</sup>  
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,<sup>y</sup> 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 urg'd conference.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd

<sup>\*</sup> — out of suits with fortune;] I believe this means no longer in her service and stripped of her livery.—STEEVENS. Or, perhaps, out of her favour and not obtaining the suits the petitions, she addressed to her.

<sup>y</sup> — a quintain,] A figure set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament.—“It was,” Mr. Strutt informs us, “originally nothing more than a trunk of a tree or post, set up for the practice of the tyros of chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in likeness of a Turk or Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. The quintain thus made was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure, it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and direct his stroke upon the forehead, between the eyes, or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of these marks, or especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow on the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand.”—*Sports and Pastimes*, book 3. ch. 1.

High commendation, true applause, and love ;  
 Yet such is now the duke's condition,<sup>2</sup>  
 That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
 The duke is humourous ; what he is, indeed,  
 More suits you to conceive, than me 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 smaller, is his daughter :  
 The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;  
 Grounded upon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well !  
 Hereafter in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;  
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—  
 But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*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

<sup>2</sup> — the duke's condition.] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition.—JOHNSON.

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 for my child's father; O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy 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 lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,<sup>b</sup> 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,<sup>b</sup> 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.

<sup>a</sup> By this kind of chase,] That is, by way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dear*. *Rosalind* uses *dearly* in the good, and *Celia* in the bad sense.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> Why should I not,] i.e. Why should I not love him.—MALONE.

*Ros.*

Me, uncle ?

*Duke.*

You, cousin :

Within these ten days if thou be'st found  
So near our publick 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 frantick,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke.*

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 rang'd along.*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;<sup>c</sup>

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 coupl'd, and inseparable.

<sup>c</sup> — remorse ;] i. e. Compassion.



*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-  
Her very silence, and her patience, [ness,  
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 out-stay 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 ;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :  
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?  
No ; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take your change<sup>d</sup> 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 alone with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

<sup>d</sup> — change,] *Reverse*, of fortune, the second folio reads *charge*.—  
STEEVENS.

And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;<sup>e</sup>  
 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-ax<sup>f</sup> 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<sup>g</sup> 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.*]

<sup>e</sup> And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;] *Umb*er is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.—MALONE.

<sup>f</sup> — curtle-ax—] Or cutlace, a broad sword.

<sup>g</sup> — swashing,] Noisy, rattling, bullying.—STEEVENS.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court?  
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,<sup>h</sup>  
 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;<sup>i</sup>  
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

<sup>h</sup> *Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,]* The modern editors all read *but* for *not*.—The alteration was made by Theobald, and is not only unnecessary but palpably wrong. The duke's sentiment is as follows:—Here we do not feel the penalty of Adam, the difference of seasons, because the slight physical suffering that it occasions, only raises a *smile* and suggests a moral reflection.

<sup>i</sup> — *a precious jewel in his head;]* It was the current opinion of Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad a stone called *Crapaudina* was to be found, to which great virtues were ascribed.—“In this stone,” says Maplett, *Green Forest*, 1567, “is apparently seen verie often the verie forme of a tode, with de-spotted and coloured feete, but these uglye and difusedly. It is available against poison.”—It was also considered “a soveraigne remedy for the stone.” To know whether the stone was perfect or not, Lupton, in his seventh book of *Notable Things*, recommends that the proprietor of this great treasure “should holde the stone before a tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the tode will leape towarde it; and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone.” This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS. I saw it somewhere suggested that the *eye*, which in the toad is so bright and beautiful, was perhaps “the precious jewel” alluded to.

*Ami.* I would not change it :<sup>k</sup> 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<sup>l</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*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 hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.*

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

*1 Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similies.

First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;<sup>m</sup>  
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much* : Then, being alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;

<sup>k</sup> *I would not change it :*] Mr. Upton with great probability gives these words to the duke.

<sup>l</sup> — with forked heads—] i. e. With arrows, the points of which were barbed.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — needless stream ;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture.—MALONE.

'Tis right, quoth he ; *this misery doth part  
The flux of company* : Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him : *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;*  
'Tis just the fashion : *Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?*  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke 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<sup>n</sup> in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [ *Exeunt.* ]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible, that no man saw them ?  
It cannot be : some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish<sup>o</sup> clown, at whom so oft  
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard

<sup>n</sup> — to cope—] i. e. *To encounter.*

<sup>o</sup> — roynish—] i. e. *Scurvy, from rogneux, French.*

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<sup>p</sup>  
 To bring again these foolish runaways. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Before Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there ?

*Adam.* What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle master,  
 O, my sweet master, O you memory<sup>q</sup>  
 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<sup>r</sup> to overcome  
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?  
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it !

*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—

<sup>p</sup> — quail—] i. e. Faint, or sink into dejection.

<sup>q</sup> — O you memory—] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial* ; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes do the same.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> fond—] i. e. Indiscreet.

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,<sup>s</sup> 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<sup>t</sup> blood, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregretted 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<sup>u</sup> 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;

<sup>s</sup> — no place—] No seat or residence of a nobleman.—STEEVENS. But as Mr. M. Mason suggests Adam may merely mean to say—This is no place for you.—

<sup>t</sup> —diverted—] Turned out of the course of nature.—JOHNSON.

<sup>u</sup> — rebellious—] i. e. Inciting the sensual passions to rebel against reason.—MALONE.

I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man ; how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having :<sup>x</sup> it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :  
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 in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a  
Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter ! how weary<sup>y</sup> are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's

<sup>x</sup> *Even with the having:]* Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.—JOHNSON.

<sup>y</sup> — *weary*—] This is the alteration of Warburton and Theobald. The old copy reads *merry* which may possibly be correct. Rosalind, in this first line, perhaps speaks in her assumed character ; and with the tone of encouragement which she afterwards addresses to Celia ; her intermediate speech being uttered aside.



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 further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,<sup>2</sup> if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hadst not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

<sup>2</sup> — no cross.] The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamp on it. On this circumstance our author is perpetually quibbling.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own.

*Touch.* And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight<sup>a</sup> to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>b</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with tears, *Wear these for my sake.*<sup>c</sup> 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.<sup>d</sup>

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man, [me.  
If he for gold will give us any food;  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* 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 pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,

<sup>a</sup> — anight—] i. e. In the night. The word is used by Chaucer in *The Legend of good Women*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — batlet,] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — *Wear these for my sake.*] The present made by Touchstone to his mistress consisted of two pods of the pea, which were formerly worn as an ornament. In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of Rymer's *Fædera*, we find "item two peascoddes of gold with 17 pearles."—Mr. Douce informs us, that when worn as an ornament in dress, the *peascod* was represented as open and exhibiting the peas.

<sup>d</sup> — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] i. e. *Abounding in folly.*—In the middle counties, *mortal* from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations.—JOHNSON.

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her.  
And wish for her sake, more than for my own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks<sup>e</sup> to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality :  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice<sup>f</sup> 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 any thing.

*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.*

<sup>e</sup> — recks—] i. e. Heeds.

<sup>f</sup> — my voice—] i. e. My vote or good-will.

## SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

## SONG.

*Ami. Under the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And turn<sup>s</sup> 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 pr'ythee, more.*

*Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.*

*Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee more.*

*Ami. My voice is ragged;<sup>h</sup> 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 them 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.*

<sup>s</sup> — turn—] i. e. *Modulate*, altered by Pope to *tune*.

<sup>h</sup> — ragged;] i. e. *Broken, unequal*.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>i</sup> for my company : I think of as many matters as he : but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun,* [All together here.  
*And loves to live i'the sun,<sup>j</sup>*  
*Seeking the fool he eats,*  
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*  
*Come hither, come hither, come hither ;*  
*Here shall he see*  
*No enemy,*  
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,*  
*That any man turn ass,*  
*Leaving his wealth and ease,*  
*A stubborn will to please,*  
*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme ;<sup>k</sup>*  
*Here shalt he see,*  
*Gross fools as he,*  
*An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducdàme* ?

*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 first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

<sup>i</sup> — disputable]—for disputations.

<sup>j</sup> — to live i'the sun.] i. e. In the clear open light of day, and not confined to those close apartments of cities in which the aims of ambition are pursued.

<sup>k</sup> — ducdàme ;] For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, reads *duc ad me*, i. e. bring him to me—but the alteration is not required. It appears from a stanza, which Dr. Farmer heard an old gentleman sing, that *duck dàmè* was the burthen of an old rural ditty. In the last line of this song I have followed the original folio ; Johnson and Steevens read “ come to *Ami*” for “ come to *me*.”

## SCENE VI.

*The same.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : If this uncouth forest yield 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'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerily : 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 !

## SCENE VII.

*The same.*

*A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast ;  
For I can 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 jars,<sup>1</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> ——— compact of jars,] i. e. Made up of discords.

That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What ! you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a-fool !——I met a fool i'th forest,  
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and 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 :<sup>m</sup>*

And then he drew a dial from his poke :

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*

*Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :*

*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*

*And after an 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<sup>n</sup> 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 bisket

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.*

It is my only suit ;<sup>o</sup>

<sup>m</sup> *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :*] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to ; or, as in Publius Syrus :

*"Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit."*—REED.

<sup>n</sup> — motley—] A habit composed of various colours, the customary dress of a domestic fool.

<sup>o</sup> — suit ;] Suit means petition I believe, not dress.—JOHNSON.

Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please : for so fools have :  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church :  
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth, very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.<sup>p</sup>  
 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.* Fye on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What for a counter,<sup>q</sup> 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<sup>r</sup> itself ;  
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,  
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*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 very 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 ?

<sup>p</sup> — *if not, &c.*] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power ; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomized*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — *counter,*] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *brutish sting*—] A line from *Othello*,

“ —our *carnal stings*, our unbitted lusts,”

Is quoted by Steevens to illustrate these words. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *sty* for *sting*.



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<sup>s</sup> is not on my cost,  
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then; How then, what then? Let me see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland<sup>t</sup> bred,  
 And know some nurture:<sup>u</sup> 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  
 More than your force move us to gentleness. [force,

*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,

<sup>s</sup> — his bravery—] i. e. His fine clothes.

<sup>t</sup> — inland—] i. e. Civilized, opposed to upland the old expression for rustick, which has become obsolete.—TODD.

<sup>u</sup> — nurture.] i. e. Education.

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 eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days :  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
 And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command\* what help we have,  
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

*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 suffic'd,—  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort !  
[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,

\* And take upon command—] i. e. At your own command.—STEEVENS.

† Wherein we play in.] This manner of repeating the preposition, which some of the modern editors have altered, was in Shakspeare's time a familiar idiom of our language ; in proof of which Mr. Malone has collected a long string of apposite quotations ; they may be found in the last edition of his Shakspeare, vol. vi. p. 70.

His acts being seven ages.<sup>z</sup> 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' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,<sup>a</sup>  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick<sup>b</sup> in quarrel,  
 Seek the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern<sup>c</sup> instances,  
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;<sup>d</sup>  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome : Set down your venerable burden,  
 And let him feed.

<sup>z</sup> *His acts being seven ages.*] This was not an unfrequent division of a play before our author's time. One of Chapman's plays (*Two wise men and all the rest fools*), is in *seven acts*. Steevens once possessed an old print, of which Henley remembers to have seen a copy, entitled "*The Stage of Man's life, divided into Seven Ages.*" From this most probably Shakspeare took his hint. "*I well remember,*" says Steevens, "*that it exhibited the school-boy with his satchel hanging over his shoulder.*"—The division of man's life, into seven ages was not a modern invention, it was so divided by Proclus and Hippocrates.

<sup>a</sup> — *and bearded like the pard.*] *Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *sudden and quick.*] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed, that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — *modern.*] i. e. *Trite, common.*

<sup>d</sup> — *pantaloons ;*] One of the general characters of the Italian comedy, called *il pantalone*, is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers* ; and is the only character so dressed.—WARBURTON.

*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 your fortunes :—  
Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

## SONG.

### I.

*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.*

### II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*

*That dost not bite so nigh*

*As benefits forgot :*

*Though thou the waters warp,*

*Thy sting is not so sharp*

*As friend remember'd† not.*

*Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &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

\* *Because thou art not seen.*] Dr. Johnson supposes that the original line having been lost, the above was substituted to supply the deficiency ; and it is confessed, on all hands, that this stanza can only be tortured into a meaning. Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is :—*Thou winter wind, thy rudeness gives the less pain, because thou art an enemy that does not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.*—I never perceived any difficulty, till it was pointed out by the commentators, but supposed the words to mean, that the inclemency of the wind was not so severely felt as the ingratitude of man, because the foe is unseen, i. e. unknown, and the sense of injury is not heightened by the recollection of any former kindness.

† ——— *remember'd*]—for remembering.

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—  
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,  
 That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is :  
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument<sup>g</sup>  
 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.

*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this !  
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him out of  
 And let my officers of such a nature [doors ;  
 Make an extent<sup>h</sup> upon his house and lands :  
 Do this expediently,<sup>i</sup> and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

<sup>g</sup> — an absent argument—] An *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.—JOHNSON.

<sup>h</sup> Make an extent—] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*,) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid.—MALONE.

<sup>i</sup> — expediently,] That is, *expeditiously* ;—throughout our author's plays *expedient* is used in the sense of *expeditious*.—STEEVENS.

## 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,<sup>k</sup> survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
 O ! Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree,  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive<sup>l</sup> she. [*Exit.*

*Enter CORIN, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no

<sup>k</sup> — thrice-crowned queen of night,] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpina, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorable lines :

Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,  
 Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> — unexpressive.—] For inexpressible.

wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,<sup>m</sup> or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.

Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,—

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg,<sup>n</sup> all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they that are often tarr'd over with the surgery

<sup>m</sup> — may complain of good breeding,] i. e. Complain of the want of good breeding, the custom of the language in Shakspeare's age authorizing this mode of speech.—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> — like an ill-roasted egg,] Of this jest, I do not fully comprehend the meaning.—JOHNSON. I presume it only means, that Corin is damned, like an egg that has been spoilt in the roasting. The words *all on one side* merely express the manner in which the egg is spoilt, and do not require that any thing in the corresponding part of the simile should answer them.—An old proverb says, "That a fool is the best roaster of an egg for he's always turning it."

of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civit.

*Touch.* 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.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God will make incision in thee!° thou art raw.<sup>p</sup>

*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.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-weather;<sup>q</sup> and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*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 lin'd,<sup>r</sup>  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair<sup>s</sup> of Rosalind.*

° — make incision in thee! ] The allusion is to that common expression, of cutting such a one for the simples.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — raw. ] i. e. Ignorant, unexperienced.

<sup>q</sup> — bell-wether; ] Wether and ram had anciently the same meaning.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> — lin'd, ] i. e. Delineated.

<sup>s</sup> — fair— ] i. e. Beauty, complexion.



*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted ; it is the right butter woman's rank<sup>t</sup> to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool !

*Touch.* For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap, must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sowrest 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.

*Touch.* 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<sup>u</sup> in the country : for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

*CEL.* *Why should this desert silent be?*

*For it is unpeopled? No ;*

<sup>t</sup> — butter woman's rank—] i. e. The verses follow one another in the jog trot pace with which butter women follow one another to market.—  
WHITER.

<sup>u</sup> — earliest fruit—] Quickest in coming to its decay, in which it is so much earlier than other fruits, that it even precedes its ripeness.—PYF's  
Com. on Comment.

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil<sup>x</sup> 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.<sup>y</sup>  
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide enlarg'd :  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;  
 Cleopatra's majesty ;  
 Atalanta's better part ;<sup>z</sup>  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devis'd,  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches<sup>a</sup> dearest priz'd.  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of

<sup>x</sup> — civil sayings—] i. e. Sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life.  
 —GIFFORD's *Massinger*, vol. ii. 218.

<sup>y</sup> — in little show.] i. e. Show in miniature ; so in *Hamlet* we have " his picture in little " for " his miniature picture. "—STEEVENS.

<sup>z</sup> — better part ;] In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, we read of the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, " both of them for beauty incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one (*Atalanta*) of them to be a maiden for her modest and chaste countenance. "—There is little doubt then but the better part here mentioned was her chastity.—TOLLET. But *Atalanta*'s most celebrated characteristic was her swiftness ; and may not the compliment here paid to *Rosalind* intimate, that she united to the majesty of *Cleopatra*, the ease and lightness of motion that distinguished *Atalanta* ?

<sup>a</sup> — the touches—] i. e. The features ; les traits.

love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*Cel.* How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little :—Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*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 hang'd and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:<sup>b</sup> I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,<sup>c</sup> which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you, who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;<sup>d</sup> but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

<sup>b</sup> — a palm-tree:] A palm-tree, in the forest of *Arden*, is as much out of its place, as the *lioness* in a subsequent scene.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — an Irish rat,] Alluding to the idea of killing rats with rhymes.—In Randolph we have the following passage:—

Thy poets  
Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,  
Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — friends to meet:] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”—STEEVENS.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!<sup>e</sup>

*Ros.* Good my complexion!<sup>f</sup> dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.<sup>g</sup> I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or not at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando; that tripp'd 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.<sup>h</sup>

*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 saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?<sup>i</sup> 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.

<sup>e</sup> — whooping.] To whoop is to exclaim with astonishment.—NARES'S Glossary. Out of all whooping, is beyond the possibility of expressing astonishment.

<sup>f</sup> Good my complexion!] A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath.—RITSON.

<sup>g</sup> — a South-sea-off discovery.] i. e. Every delay however short is as tedious as a voyage of discovery as far off as to the South-sea.—JOHNSON. The old reading is a South-sea of discovery: which Mr. Henley would retain, and interprets thus:—"A South-sea of discovery, is not a discovery as far off, but as comprehensive as the South-sea; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity.

<sup>h</sup> — speak sad brow, and true maid.] i. e. Seriously and honestly.

<sup>i</sup> Wherein went he?] In what manner was he clothed?—HEATH.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth<sup>k</sup> first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, or 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,<sup>l</sup> as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue,<sup>m</sup> I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.<sup>n</sup>

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Enter ORLANDO and JAKES.*

*Cel.* You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

<sup>k</sup> — *Garagantua's mouth*—] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> — *to count atomies*,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room.—HENLEY.

<sup>m</sup> *Cry, holla! to thy tongue*,] *Holla* was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse.—MALONE.

<sup>n</sup> — *to kill my heart*.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*, which words in our author's time were frequently spelt alike; as is the case in the present instance in the folio.

*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 with you ;<sup>o</sup> let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There is no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

*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 goldsmith's wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>p</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it is 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 would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

<sup>o</sup> *God be with you ;*] In the folio, the words are *God buy you* : the same expression is again used by Jaques in the fourth act, and is again changed by the modern editors.—I have retained the alteration in both places, though it is probable that the folio is right, and that *God buy you* was no unfrequent expression in the sense of *God redeem you*.

<sup>p</sup> — *right painted cloth,*] A common kind of hangings for rooms, made of cloth or canvass painted in oil with various devices and mottos. "Master Thomas More, in hys youth, devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageants."—*Sir T. More's English Works, by Rastelle.*—STEEVENS.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There shall I see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you ; farewell, good signior love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your daparture ; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES.—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester ?

*Orl.* Very well ; what would you ?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clock ?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

*Ros.* By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee 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 intrim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*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 this forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you a native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed<sup>p</sup> 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 in-land<sup>q</sup> 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 touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No ; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*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

<sup>p</sup> — removed—] i. e. Remote.

<sup>q</sup> — inland—] Civilized, in opposition to rustick.



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,<sup>r</sup> and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;<sup>s</sup> which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having<sup>t</sup> in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device<sup>u</sup> 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

<sup>r</sup> — a blue eye,] i. e. A blueness about the eyes.

<sup>s</sup> — an unquestionable spirit;] i. e. A spirit impatient of being spoken to.

<sup>t</sup> — having—] i. e. Estate.

<sup>u</sup> — point-device—] i. e. Drest with finical nicety.—STEEVENS.

me: At which time would I, being but a moonish<sup>x</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him; then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living<sup>y</sup> humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: 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.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;<sup>z</sup> JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature<sup>a</sup> content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

<sup>x</sup> — moonish—] i. e. *Variable*.

<sup>y</sup> — living—] i. e. *Permanent*.

<sup>z</sup> — *Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *feature*—] is here used for *form* or *person* in *general*, as it is in Henry VI. p. 1. and in *Anthony and Cleopatra*; but this use of the word, seems to be a refinement in language above Audrey's comprehension.

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious<sup>b</sup> poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited!<sup>c</sup> worse than Jove in a thatched house! [*Aside.*

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:<sup>d</sup>—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool!<sup>e</sup> [*Aside.*

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* 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.<sup>f</sup>

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end, I have been with Sir

<sup>b</sup> — capricious]—is not here used in the sense of humoursome, but lascivious.—UPTON.

<sup>c</sup> — ill-inhabited!] i. e. Ill-lodged.

<sup>d</sup> — a great reckoning in a little room:—] i. e. The entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant.—WARBURTON.

<sup>e</sup> A material fool!] A fool with matter in him: a fool stocked with notions.—JOHNSON.

<sup>f</sup> — foul.] i. e. Not fair:—Audrey thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation.—M. MASON.

Oliver Mar-text, 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. [*Aside.*]

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* 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?<sup>g</sup> 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.<sup>h</sup> Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence<sup>i</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*

Here comes Sir Oliver:<sup>k</sup>—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on the gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you<sup>l</sup> for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

<sup>g</sup> — what though? *What then?*

<sup>h</sup> — the rascal.] Lean, poor deer, are called rascal deer.

<sup>i</sup> — defence—] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the art of fencing.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> — *Sir Oliver*;] *Sir* was a title frequently applied to the inferior clergy. See note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act 1. sc. 1. In some parts of North Wales the clergy are still distinguished by this appellation.—NICHOLS.

<sup>l</sup> — God'ild you—] i. e. God yield you, God reward you.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow,<sup>m</sup> sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon 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 pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* 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. [*Aside.*]

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey;  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—"O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee;"

But—"Wind away,  
Begone I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee."<sup>n</sup>

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND and CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

<sup>m</sup> — his bow,] i. e. His yoke. The ancient yoke in form resembled a bow.  
—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> O sweet Oliver, &c.] This stanza appears to be composed of two quotations from popular old songs put in opposition to each other.—JOHNSON.

The ballad of "O sweet Olyver,

Leave me not behind thee,"

was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, August 6, 1584, by Richard Jones.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; 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:<sup>o</sup> marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sapotity as the touch of holy bread.<sup>p</sup>

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood<sup>q</sup> 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 cover'd goblet,<sup>r</sup> 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 confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

<sup>o</sup> *Something browner than Judas's:]* Judas was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with red hair and beard.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — *as the touch of holy bread.]* We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd.—WARBURTON.

<sup>q</sup> — *a nun of winter's sisterhood,]* i. e. Of an unfruitful sisterhood who had devoted herself to chastity. As those who were of the sisterhood of the Spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of Summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of Autumn, of Pomona; so those of the *sisterhood of Winter* were the votaries of Diana; called *of Winter*, because that quarter is not like the other three productive of increase.—WARBURTON.

<sup>r</sup> — *as concave as a cover'd goblet,]* i. e. Shakspeare wishes to convey the idea of *hollowness*; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered than when it is not.—M. MASON.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>r</sup> with him : he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart<sup>s</sup> the heart of his lover ; as a puny 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 unto 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

<sup>r</sup> — question—] i. e. Conversation.

<sup>s</sup> — quite traverse, athwart, &c.] This is a metaphor taken from the tilt-yard, for the elucidation of which, see note to *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1. *Claudio*.

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<sup>†</sup> by bloody drops ?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner ;  
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
 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<sup>‡</sup>  
 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,<sup>‡</sup>  
 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,

<sup>†</sup> — dies and lives—] To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. *Lives* does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, who is all his life conversant with bloody drops.—MUSGRAVE.

<sup>‡</sup> The cicatrice and capable impressure—] Cicatrice is here not very properly used ; it is the scar of a wound.—JOHNSON. Capable here means perceptible.—MALONE.

<sup>‡</sup> — fancy,] i. e. Love.



Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might  
be your mother,<sup>y</sup>

That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,<sup>z</sup>  
(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:<sup>a</sup>—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<sup>b</sup> eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man,  
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper,  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.<sup>c</sup>  
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

<sup>y</sup> — *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses.—JOHNSON.

<sup>z</sup> — *no beauty,*] The original reading. The sense is, Must you, because you are plain, therefore be *proud and pitiless*, as ugly in mind as in person?—All the modern editors have most unnecessarily given *more* for *no*.

<sup>a</sup> *Of nature's sale-work:*—] The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up to sell in quantities to retailers.—WARBURTON.

<sup>b</sup> — *bugle*—] A bead of black glass.

<sup>c</sup> *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.*—JOHNSON.

*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 her foulness, and she'll  
fall in love with my anger : If it be so, as fast as she an-  
swers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce 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 falser than vows made in wine :  
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—  
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—  
Come, sister :—Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud ; though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.<sup>d</sup>  
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd !<sup>e</sup> now I find thy saw of might ;  
*Who ever lov'd that lov'd 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 extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love ; Is not that neighbourly ?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love :  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure : and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for farther recompense,

<sup>d</sup> ——— *though all the world could see,*

*None could be so abus'd in sight as he.]* Though all mankind could look on  
you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> *Dead shepherd !]* This refers to Marlowe, from whose poem of Hero and  
Leander the subsequent line is taken.

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere  
while?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old carlot<sup>f</sup> once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy:<sup>g</sup>—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 it is well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.<sup>h</sup>  
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;

<sup>f</sup> — carlot—] i. e. *Peasant*, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakespeare's coinage.—DOUCE.

<sup>g</sup> — a peevish boy:] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies *weak*, *silly*.

<sup>h</sup> — constant red and mingled damask.] The constant is uniform red.—*Mingled damask*, the silk of that name, on which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited.—STEEVENS.

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me ;  
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again :  
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.  
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
 And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;  
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :  
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :  
 Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, 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<sup>1</sup> 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 politick ; nor the lady's, which is nice ;<sup>k</sup> 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, is a most humourous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands, to see

<sup>1</sup> — modern]—in a sense now disused ; common, trivial, worthless.

<sup>k</sup> — which is nice ;] i. e. Silly, trifling.

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.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>m</sup> 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.<sup>n</sup> [*Exit Jaques*]*—*Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o'the shoulder, but I 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 woo'd 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 jointer I think, than you can 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

<sup>l</sup> — disable—] i. e. Undervalue.

<sup>m</sup> — swam in a gondola.] That is, been at Venice, the seat at the time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.—JOHNSON.

beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer<sup>o</sup> 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 gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us !) matter, the cleanest 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,

<sup>o</sup> — leer—] i. e. Feature, complexion, or colour.

and being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish coroners<sup>p</sup> 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 say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*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;<sup>q</sup> 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.

<sup>p</sup> — *coroners*—] I have here followed the reading of Sir Thomas Hanmer.—The old copy reads *chronoclers*, a word which might be a misprint either for *coroners* or *chroniclers*, but as the former word is supported by the sense of the context, I have followed the advice of Mr. Edwards, and Mr. M. Mason in adopting it.

<sup>q</sup> — *your commission*;] i. e. *Your order for me to speak*, the words are addressed to Celia.

*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 Diana in the fountain,<sup>r</sup> and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>s</sup> 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<sup>t</sup> 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?*<sup>u</sup>

*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,<sup>x</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

<sup>r</sup> — *I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain,*] Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains.—*WHALLEY*.

<sup>s</sup> — *I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.—*STEEVENS*.

<sup>t</sup> — *Make the doors,*] i. e. *Fasten the doors*. This expression is in *Derbyshire* still constantly used.—*STEEVENS*.

<sup>u</sup> — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him.—*STEEVENS*.

<sup>x</sup> — *her husband's occasion,*] i. e. *Occasioned by her husband*. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposes to read *accusation for occasion*.—*JOHNSON*.



*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 *pathetical*<sup>y</sup> 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 misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.<sup>z</sup>

*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,<sup>a</sup> conceived of spleen, and born of mad-

<sup>y</sup> — *pathetical*—] i. e. *Affected, or affecting falsely.*—NARES's *Glossary*.

<sup>z</sup> — *to her own nest.*] So in Lodge's *Rosalynde*; "I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foul bird defiles her own nest?"—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *thought,*] i. e. *Melancholy.*



## SCENE 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 did bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,  
By the stern brow, and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
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 Phœnix; Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*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,* [Reads.  
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—*

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*  
*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<sup>d</sup> to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne*  
*Have power to raise such love in mine,*  
*Alack, in me what strange effect*  
*Would they work in mild aspect ?*  
*Whiles you chid me, I did love ;*  
*How then might your prayers move ?*  
*He, that brings this love to thee,*  
*Little knows this love in me :*  
*And by him seal up thy mind ;*  
*Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>e</sup>*  
*Will the faithful offer take*  
*Of me, and all that I can make ;<sup>f</sup>*  
*Or else by him my love deny,*  
*And then I'll study how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding ?

<sup>d</sup> ——— vengeance]—is used for mischief.  
<sup>e</sup> ——— kind—] The old word for nature. <sup>f</sup> ——— make ;] i. e. Raise as profit.

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Ros.* Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,<sup>g</sup>) and say this to her ;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company. [*Exit SILVIUS.*

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good-morrow fair ones : Pray you, if you know Where, in the purlieus of this forest,<sup>h</sup> stands A sheep-cote, fenc'd 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.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then I should know you by description ; Such garments, and such years : *The boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself<sup>i</sup> Like a ripe sister : but the woman low, And browner than her brother.* Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both ; And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin ; Are you he ?

*Ros.* I am : What must we understand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkerchief was stain'd.

<sup>g</sup> — a tame snake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow.—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> — purlieus of the forest,] "A place near joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend forty shillings by the year of freeland."—BULLOCKAR's *Expositor*, 1616.

<sup>i</sup> — bestows himself,] i. e. Conducts himself.

*Cel.*

I pray you tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
 He left a promise to return again  
 Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
 Lo, what 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 wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast,  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
 And he did render<sup>k</sup> him the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst 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 purpos'd so:  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling<sup>l</sup>  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

<sup>k</sup> *Render*.—] i. e. *Describe*.

<sup>l</sup> — *hurtling*.—] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult.—  
 STEVENS.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* 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 bath'd,

As, how I came into that desert place;—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!<sup>m</sup>

*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.

<sup>m</sup> — Cousin—Ganymede!] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, Ganymede.—JOHNSON.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, 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 counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do : but, i'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 ?  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.



*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age: Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, sir, so, so.

*Touch.* *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open.<sup>n</sup> You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being 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.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which toge-

<sup>n</sup> — grapes were made to eat and lips to open.] This was designed as a sneer against the insignificant sayings and actions of the ancient philosophers recorded by the writers of their lives, Diogenes, Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. Shakspeare was made acquainted with these philosophical trifles by a book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, printed by Caxton, 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers.—WARBURTON and STEEVENS.

ther is, abandon the society of this female ; or clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*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 perséver to enjoy her ?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say, with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other ; it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers : Go you, and prepare Aliena : for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.<sup>o</sup>

*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 handkerchief?

*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 Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I *came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.<sup>p</sup>

*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 no longer then 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

<sup>o</sup> *And you, fair sister.*] Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother.—CHAMIER.

<sup>p</sup> — clubs cannot part them.] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "*Clubs—Clubs,*" to part the combatants.—MALONE.

my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and not yet damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her:—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,<sup>q</sup> 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:<sup>r</sup> 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 despitiful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And 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.

<sup>q</sup> — human, as she is,] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> — I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:] In the reigns of Elizabeth and James there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians. It was therefore natural for Rosalind to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been serious, would have involved her.—STEEVENS.

*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 ;<sup>s</sup>  
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 ?

[*To ROSALIND.*

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[*To PHEBE.*

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you ?*

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to SILVIUS*] if I can :—I would love you [*to PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, [*to ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—I will content you, [*to SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet ;—as you [*to SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet ; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fair you well ; I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> — *observance* ;] This word has been used in the last line but one, and it is scarcely possible that the author could have been guilty of such gross tautology in a passage that does not appear to have been written without considerable attention. The fault must have originated either with the transcriber or the compositor.—Mr. Ritson proposes to read *obeisance* : perhaps *endurance* might be more in harmony with the context.

## SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart : and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.<sup>4</sup> Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you : sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

## SONG.

## I.

*It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty rank<sup>a</sup> time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

## II.

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.*

<sup>4</sup> — a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I."—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — rank—] The old copy reads *rang*—Mr. Steevens recommends *ring*, which Mr. Douce approves, as the spring appears from the old calendars to have been the season of marriage.—I suppose the right word is *spring*.

## III.

*This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In spring time, &c.*

## IV.

*And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.\*

*1 Page.* You are deceived, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Another part of 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.<sup>y</sup>

\* ——— yet the note was very untimeable.] Though the words of the song were so trifling, you have not remedied the defect by your skill in singing them.

<sup>y</sup> As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.] The meaning, I think, is, As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized ; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears.—MALONE. If any emendation of the line is necessary, perhaps, we should read, *As those that fear may hope and know they fear.*

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke.  
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? [To ORLANDO.

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[To PHEBE.

*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?

[To SILVIUS.

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*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.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all !

*Jaq.* Good, my lord, bid him welcome ; This is the motley-minded gentleman ; that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ;<sup>z</sup> I have flattered a lady ; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up ?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause ?—Good, my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God'ild you, sir ;<sup>a</sup> 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 :<sup>b</sup>—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.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.<sup>c</sup>

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed ;—Bear your body more seeming,<sup>d</sup> Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike

<sup>z</sup> — trod a measure ;] A very stately solemn dance.

<sup>a</sup> God'ild you, sir ;] i. e. God yield you, reward you.

<sup>b</sup> — according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] A man, by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife ; when, therefore, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. —HENLEY.

<sup>c</sup> — dulcet diseases.] It is plain from the context, that the fool means *dulcet* sayings ; the present reading is certainly corrupt. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *discourses*.

<sup>d</sup> — seeming,] i. e. *Seemly*.

the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book:<sup>e</sup> as you have books for good manners:<sup>f</sup> I will name you the

<sup>e</sup> *O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book:]* The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to, is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie*, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combat* in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the *right understanding of Words*, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—1. What the reason is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies. 2. Of the manner and diversity of lies. 3. Of lies certain [or direct]. 4. Of conditional lies [or the lie circumstantial]. 5. Of the lie in general. 6. Of the lie in particular. 7. Of foolish lies. 8. A conclusion returning the wresting or returning back of the lie [or the countercheck quarrelsome]. In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes; —If thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” —By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between.—WARBURTON. The words included within crochets were inserted by the commentator.

<sup>f</sup> — *books for good manners:]* Such a book was the “*Galateo of Maister John Casa*, Archbishop of Benevento; or rather, a treatise on the manners and behaviours it becometh a man to use and eschewe in his familiar conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all gentlemen or others; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn,” 4to. 1576.—REED.

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,<sup>g</sup> and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN,<sup>h</sup> leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.*

Still Musick.

*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 might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Duke S.*  
*To you I give myself, for I am yours.* [*To ORLANDO.*

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then,—my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To Duke S.*

<sup>g</sup> — *stalking-horse,*] See note to *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3.

<sup>h</sup> *Enter Hymen,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.—JOHNSON.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To ORLANDO.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To PHEBE.

*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.<sup>k</sup>

You and you no cross shall part:

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You [to PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

As the winter to foul weather,

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

### SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;*

*O blessed bond of board and bed!*

*'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 art thou 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.<sup>k</sup> [To SILVIUS.

<sup>i</sup> *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if their be truth in truth, unless truth fails of veracity.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> — combine.] Shakspeare is licentious in his use of this verb, which here only signifies to bind.—STEEVENS.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*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 enterprize, and from the world :  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well begot :  
And after, every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustick revelry ;—  
Play, musick ;—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 convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
You to your former honour I bequeath ;      [*To Duke S.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—

You [*to ORLANDO*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

You [*to OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—

You [*to SILVIUS*] to a long and well deserved bed;—

And you [*to TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures; I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, And 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 not more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,<sup>m</sup> '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 cause 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<sup>n</sup> like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the

<sup>1</sup> *To see no pastime, I: &c.*] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable, though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — *no bush,*] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time.—STEEVENS and RITSON.

<sup>n</sup> — *furnished*—] i. e. *Drest*.

women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them : and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,<sup>o</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,<sup>p</sup> 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 curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>q</sup>

<sup>o</sup> *If I were a woman,*] In this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

<sup>p</sup> — *liked me,*] i. e. *Pleased me.*

<sup>q</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia gave away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays ; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.—JOHNSON. The taste of the poet is here, as in many other instances, to be preferred to that of the critic.—Though Shakspeare has shewn great judgment in substituting the conversion of Frederick in the place of his death, which is the fate allotted him in Lodge's novel, nothing could have been more *out of keeping* with the tone and colour of the play, than the representation of such an event. It was a circumstance to be related and not performed. A scene of so severe a character, as that between the guilty duke and the aged hermit must necessarily have been, could have no appropriate place in this tale of love and mirth, and wit and idleness. In a work, like the present, calculated to unfatigue the mind and delight the imagination by a succession of pleasing incidents, every thing of a sad or solemn nature is with admirable propriety omitted, or only cursorily glanced at.





## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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OF this play there is no edition earlier than the first folio. Mr. Malone supposes it to have been written in the year 1606; but the many passages of rhyme scattered through the play seem to speak it an earlier production. Meres, in 1598, mentioned a play of our author's called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, an appellation which very accurately applies to this, but to no other of his plays; and its date may be perhaps assigned a year or two earlier.

The title *All's Well that ends Well*, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

The story was originally taken from Boccacio, but came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the first vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. To the novel, however, Shakspeare is only indebted for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.<sup>a</sup>

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*King of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

BERTRAM, *count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU,<sup>b</sup> *an old lord.*

PAROLLES,<sup>c</sup> *a follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French lords, that serve with Bertram in the  
Florentine war.*

Steward, } *servants to the countess of Rousillon.*  
Clown, }

*A Page.*

*Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the countess.*

*An old Widow of Florence.*

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA,<sup>d</sup> } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

MARIANA,

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.  
French and Florentine.*

*Scene, partly in France and partly in Tuscany.*

<sup>a</sup> The persons were first enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

<sup>b</sup> *Lafeu,*] We should read—*Lefeu*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> *Parolles,*] I suppose we should write this name—*Paroles*, i. e. 'a creature made up of empty words'.—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical history, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576.—STEEVENS.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *the Countess of Rousillon*, HELENA,  
and LAFEU, *in mourning.*

*Count.* IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,<sup>a</sup> 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.

*Count.* 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.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it 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?

<sup>a</sup> — in ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. And as this prerogative was a part of feudal law, it may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France as it was with that of England.—JOHNSON and SIR J. HAWKINS.

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam ; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly : he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of ?<sup>b</sup>

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentleman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon ?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord ; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises ; her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,<sup>c</sup> there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too ; in her they are the better for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood<sup>d</sup> 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.<sup>e</sup>

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

<sup>b</sup> *What is it the king languishes of ?*] The king of France's disorder is thus described in Painter's translation from Boccaccio's novel, on which this play is founded : " She heard by report that the French king had a swelling upon his breast, which by reason of ill cure was grown into a fistula," &c.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — *virtuous qualities,*] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition, in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa* ; and not moral ones. Shakspeare observes that, *virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too* ; i. e. estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. *The Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are even of such elegance and knowledge that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.—WARBURTON and JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — *all livelihood*—] i. e. *All appearance of life.*

<sup>e</sup> *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father ; her *real* grief for the departure of Bertram.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>f</sup>

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* 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 birth-right! 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,<sup>g</sup> and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

*Ber.* The best wishes,<sup>h</sup> that can be forged in your  
thoughts, [*to HELENA*] be servants to you! Be comfortable  
to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit  
of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father;<sup>i</sup>  
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 it, but Bertram's.  
I am undone; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one,

<sup>f</sup> *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.* [*Lafeu says, excessive grief is the enemy of the living: the countess replies, If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal: that is, If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess. By the word mortal, I understand that which dies.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> *That thee may furnish,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications.—JOHNSON.

<sup>h</sup> *The best wishes, &c.*] i. e. *May you be mistress of your wishes.*

<sup>i</sup> — *You must hold the credit of your father, &c.*] *Lafeu endeavours to soothe the grief of Helena by desiring her to hold in mind the credit of her father, and console herself for his loss by the recollection of his fame, which draws from her the exclamation, Oh, were that all!—Would that I had no other cause of solicitude!*

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.<sup>k</sup>  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table ; heart, too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his 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.<sup>m</sup>

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monárch.<sup>n</sup>

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.<sup>o</sup>

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity ?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier<sup>p</sup> 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

<sup>k</sup> — *not in his sphere.*] I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> — *trick of his sweet favour :*] i. e. Peculiarity of his countenance.

<sup>m</sup> *Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.*] Cold for naked : as superfluous for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.—WARBURTON.

<sup>n</sup> — *Monarch.*] Steevens is most probably correct in imagining that this answer conveyed an allusion to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shakspeare, of whom an account has been given in the note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1.

<sup>o</sup> *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you a monarch, or *monarcho*.

<sup>p</sup> — *stain of soldier.*] For what we now say, *tincture*, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier.—JOHNSON.

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, men will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick 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 it.

*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 offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited<sup>a</sup> 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.<sup>r</sup> 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : off with't, while 'tis ven-

<sup>a</sup> — inhibited—] i. e. Forbidden.

<sup>r</sup> — Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.] Parolles, in answer to the question, "How one shall lose virginity to her own liking?"—plays upon the word liking and says, "She must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity."—JOHNSON.

dible : answer the time of request. Virginitie, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now:<sup>p</sup> Your date<sup>q</sup> 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 any thing with it?<sup>r</sup>

*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,<sup>s</sup> and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of petty, fond, adoptious christendoms,<sup>t</sup>  
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,

<sup>p</sup> — *which wear not now:*] i. e. Which we wear not now.—TYRWHITT.

<sup>q</sup> — *date*—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a candid *fruit*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *Will you any thing with it?*] The proposed emendation of Tyrwhitt ought to be here admitted into the text, for it renders an obscure passage perfectly intelligible.—He would read, *Will you any thing with us?*—i. e. *Will you send any thing?*—to which Helena answers "Not my virginity yet."—*Will you*, in the sense of *will you send*, is used in *Twelfth Night*, act 3. sc. 1.

<sup>s</sup> — *traitress*,] This word, and those of *captain* and *enemy* in the last line but one, and the rest of this catalogue of whimsical titles, are all terms of endearment, for every one of which, it would not be difficult to find an authority in the love poetry of Shakspeare's time.—HEATH.

<sup>t</sup> — *christendoms*,] *Appellations*. Christendom was not only used by our ancestors for the *Christian part of the world*, but also for *baptism*; and hence for the *name given in baptism*.—"This passage," says *Archdeacon Nares* in his invaluable *Glossary*, "the commentators appear not to have understood: *adoptious christendoms* that *blinking Cupid gossips*, means, *adopted appellations* to which *blind Cupid* stands *godfather*."



And show what we alone must think, which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

*[Exit Page.]*

*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,<sup>u</sup> 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.  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,

<sup>u</sup> — *of a good wing,*] A bird of a good wing is a bird of a swift and strong  
flight ; and such was the virtue of Parolles ; for his valour allowed him to go backward  
for advantage, and his fear, for the same reason, made him run away.—  
M. MASON.

What power is it, which mounts my love so high :  
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?<sup>x</sup>  
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
 To join like likes, and kiss like native things.<sup>y</sup>  
 Impossible be strange attempts to those  
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,  
 What hath been cannot be :<sup>z</sup> 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. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters ; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys<sup>a</sup> 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,

<sup>x</sup> — and cannot feed mine eye?] i. e. Cannot the power which makes her see, also feed her sight by giving her the object.

<sup>y</sup> *The mightiest space in fortune, &c.*] The affections given us by Nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity : and cause them to join like likes, i. e. *instar parium*, like persons in the same rank of life, and kiss like native things, i. e. like things formed by nature for each other.—STEEVENS and M. MASON.

<sup>z</sup> *That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,*

*What hath been cannot be :*] Johnson proposes to read *han't* for *hath* ; but there is surely no need of any alteration ; Helena is encouraging herself to a hazardous undertaking, by reflecting, that the achievement of great designs are only impossible to those who calculate the difficulties with a cold and overcautious consideration, and suppose that the success which has once rewarded an adventurous act, may not happen again.

<sup>a</sup> — *Senoys*—] The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.—STEEVENS.

Approv'd 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 may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here ?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, 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  
May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship  
First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Discipl'd 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.<sup>b</sup>  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness ;<sup>c</sup> if they were,

<sup>b</sup> *He had the wit, &c.] Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity, in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities.—  
JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — *pride or sharpness,]*—are in this place used in a good sense for dignity of manners and readiness of wit.

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 :<sup>d</sup> who were below him  
 He us'd as creatures of another place ;  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times ;  
 Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now  
 But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;  
 So in approof<sup>e</sup> 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,*—  
 Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
 When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,  
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff<sup>f</sup>*  
*Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses*  
*All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are*  
*Mere fathers of their garments ;<sup>g</sup> whose constancies*  
*Expire before their fashions :—*This he wish'd :  
 I, after him, do after him wish too,  
 Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
 To give some labourers room.

*2 Lord.* You are lov'd, sir :  
 They, that least lend it you shall lack you first.

<sup>d</sup> *His tongue obey'd his hand :*] We should read—*His tongue obey'd the hand.* That is, the hand of his honour's clock, shewing the true minute when exceptions bade him speak.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> — *aproof*—] i. e. *Approbation*, the praises of his epitaph are faint in comparison with the commendations of the king.

<sup>f</sup> — *the snuff*—] i. e. *The contempt.*

<sup>g</sup> — *whose judgments are*

*Mere fathers of their garments ;*] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress.—JOHNSON.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;—the rest have 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.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

## SCENE III.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.<sup>h</sup>*

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content,<sup>i</sup> I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for them we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.<sup>k</sup>

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

<sup>h</sup> — *Steward and Clown.*] A clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licensed jester, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the fool. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise.—JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> — *to even your content,*] To act up to your desires.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> — *you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.*] The natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them."—M. MASON.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,<sup>1</sup> Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears<sup>m</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> — to go to the world.] This phrase has occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and in *As you like it*, and signifies to be married.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — ears—] i. e. *Ploughs*.

the puritan, and old Poysam the papist,<sup>n</sup> howso'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I,<sup>o</sup> madam; and I speak the truth the next way:<sup>p</sup>

*For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find:  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

*Count.* Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,* [Singing.  
*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*

*Fond done,<sup>q</sup> done fond,  
Was this king Priam's joy.  
With that she sighed as she stood.  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.<sup>r</sup>*

<sup>n</sup> — *Charbon the puritan, and Poysam the papist,*] For *Poysam*, Mr. Malone very judiciously proposes to read *Poisson*; by this alteration the names would be appropriate to the sects of the parties. *Charbon* to the red-hot, intemperate zeal of the puritan, and *Poisson* to the fast-day diet of the papist.

<sup>o</sup> *A prophet I,*] Alluding to the vulgar superstition which is still common in the East, and was once equally prevalent among all the nations of Europe, that *natural fools*, have in them something of divinity. In the popular story of John Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, he is represented as an idiot. Pantagruel in Rabelais, was advised to go and consult the *fool* Triboulet as an oracle.—DOUCE and WARBURTON.

<sup>p</sup> — *the next way,*] i. e. *Without circumlocution.*—HENLEY.

<sup>q</sup> *Fond done,*] i. e. *Foolishly done.*

<sup>r</sup> *There's yet one good in ten.*] This second stanza is perverted into a jest upon women. The lines of the song, which the countess accuses the fool of corrupting must have run:

*"If one be bad amongst nine good,  
There's but one bad in ten."*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten.—WARBURTON.

*Count.* 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 tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan,<sup>s</sup> 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 Clown.*]

*Count.* Well now.

*Stew.* I know madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* 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.

*Stew.* 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<sup>t</sup> where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor night to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome

<sup>s</sup> — *honesty no puritan,*] Alluding to the obstinacy of the puritans in refusing to wear the surplice. The clown's argument is this; "Honesty will do no harm though it submit to ceremonies that it dislikes, and wear the surplice of humility over a big heart,—a big heart is a heart great in spirit.—SEYMOUR.

<sup>t</sup> — *only*—used for *except*.



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,<sup>u</sup> in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* 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.*

*Count.* Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is 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?

*Count.* You know, Helen,  
I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother  
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care:  
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,  
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,

<sup>u</sup> — sithence,] i. e. Since.

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?<sup>x</sup>  
Why ?——that you are my daughter ?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam ;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :  
I am 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.

*Count.* 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,<sup>y</sup>  
So I were not his sister : Can't no other,<sup>z</sup>  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;  
God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,  
So strive<sup>a</sup> 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.<sup>b</sup> Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son ; invention is asham'd,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;  
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, one to the other : and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,  
That in their kind<sup>c</sup> they speak it : only sin

<sup>x</sup> ——— What's the matter,

*That this distemper'd messenger of wet,*

*The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?]* There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers round the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears.—HENLEY.

<sup>y</sup> *I care no more for than I do for heaven,]* i. e. It would rejoice me as much as to obtain heaven.

<sup>z</sup> ——— *Can't no other ?]*—for can it be no other way ?

<sup>a</sup> ——— *strive—]* Contend.

<sup>b</sup> *Your salt tears' head.]* The source of your tears.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> ——— *in their kind—]* i. e. According to their nature.—STEEVENS.

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?  
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;  
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me !

*Count.* Do you love my son ?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress !

*Count.* Love you my son ?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam ?

*Count.* Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection ; for your passions  
Have to the full 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 lov'd of me : I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit ;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;  
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,<sup>d</sup>  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still :<sup>e</sup> 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,<sup>f</sup>

<sup>d</sup> — *captious and intenible sieve,*] The allusion is to the story of the daughters of Danaus. *Captious* means *recipient*, capable of receiving what is put into it ; and *intenible*, incapable of holding it.—MALONE.

<sup>e</sup> *And lack not to lose still :*] i. e. And fail not constantly to lose the waters of her love.—MALONE.

<sup>f</sup> *Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,*] i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age shows, or proves, that you were no less virtuous when young.—MALONE.

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking  
 Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian  
 Was both herself and love ;<sup>f</sup> O then, give pity  
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;  
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
 To go to Paris ?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore ? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.  
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,  
 And manifest experience, had collected  
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me  
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive<sup>g</sup> were,  
 More than they were in note : amongst the rest,  
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
 To cure the desperate languishes, whereof  
 The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
 For Paris, was it ? speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this ;  
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
 Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
 Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
 If you should tender your supposed aid,  
 He would receive it ? He and his physicians  
 Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,  
 They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit  
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
 Embowell'd<sup>h</sup> of their doctrine, have left off  
 The danger to itself ?

*Hel.* There's something hints,

<sup>f</sup> — and love ;] i. e. The goddess of amorous rites.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — ntes, whose faculties inclusive—] Receipts, in which greater virtues  
 were enclosed than appeared to observation.—JOHNSON,

<sup>h</sup> Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. Exhausted of their skill.—STEEVENS.

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.

*Count.* Dost thou believ't ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :  
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish* Enter King, with young Lords, taking leave  
for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and  
Attendants.

*King.* Farewell, young lords, these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewell :—  
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd<sup>i</sup> soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes<sup>k</sup> 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

<sup>i</sup> ——— well enter'd—] Should we not read *we're entered* ?

<sup>k</sup> ——— owes—] i. e. *Possesses*.

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy,) see,<sup>1</sup> that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when  
The bravest questant<sup>m</sup> 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.<sup>n</sup>

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark——

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable ; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;  
*Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind stand to it, 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 !<sup>o</sup> 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 tortured body.

<sup>1</sup> ——— let higher Italy

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy,) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition ; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower ; and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene, or Tuscan, the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic.—HANMER.

Those 'bated here signifies, those being taken away or excepted. The sentence implies no more than they excepted, who possess modern Italy, the remains of the Roman Empire.—HOLT WHITE.

<sup>m</sup> ——— questant—] i. e. Competitor.

<sup>n</sup> Before you serve.] i. e. Before you serve in war.—JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> But one to dance with !] It should be remembered that, in Shakspeare's time, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.—MALONE.

1 *Lord*. Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord*. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

*Par*. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals ;—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord*. We shall, noble captain.

*Par*. Mars dote on you for his novices ! [*Exeunt Lords.*]  
What will you do ?

*Ber*. Stay : the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*

*Par*. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait,<sup>p</sup> eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and, though the devil lead the measure,<sup>q</sup> 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 sinewy sword-men. *Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf*. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] 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.

<sup>p</sup> ——— there, do muster true gait, &c.] The meaning is that those lords living constantly in the court, or, as Shakspeare expresses it, *wearing themselves in the cap of the time*, do there muster the true gait, i. e. gain perfect knowledge of the most approved rules of conduct,—they eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; of the person in the highest repute for fashion.

<sup>q</sup> ——— measure,] i. e. The dance.

*Laf.* Goodfaith, 'across :<sup>r</sup>  
But, my good lord, 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd  
Of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat  
No grapes, my royal fox ? yes, but you will,  
My noble grapes, and if my royal fox  
Could reach them : I have seen a medicine,<sup>s</sup>  
That's able to breathe life into a stone ;  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,<sup>t</sup>  
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,  
To give Great Charlemain a pen in his hand,  
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she ; My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>u</sup>  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness :<sup>v</sup> 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 time,  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.]

<sup>r</sup> — *across* :] This word is used when any pass of wit miscarries.—JOHNSON.  
While chivalry was in vogue, breaking spears against a quintain was a favourite exercise. He who shivered the greatest number was esteemed the most adroit ; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if achieved by a side stroke, or *across*, it shewed unskilfulness, and disgraced the practiser.—HOLT WHITE.

<sup>s</sup> — *medicine* ]—here put for a *female physician*.

<sup>t</sup> — *canary*,] A quick and lively dance.

<sup>u</sup> — *profession*,] i. e. Her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

<sup>v</sup> *Than I dare blame my weakness* :] Lafeu's meaning appears to be this :—  
“That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it.—M. MASON.



*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*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 towards him ;  
Knowing him, is enough. On his 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 bad me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,—  
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To émpiricks ; or to dissever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

\* — Cressid's uncle,] i. e. Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.

† — well found.] i. e. Of acknowledged excellence.

*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 rest<sup>2</sup> 'gainst remedy :  
 He that of greatest works is finisher,  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown  
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,  
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.<sup>3</sup>  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;  
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :  
 Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
 It is not so with him that all things knows,  
 As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :  
 But most it is presumption in us, when  
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent :  
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim

<sup>2</sup> — set up your rest—] i. e. *Make up your mind*. It is a metaphor taken from the once fashionable game of *Primero*, and in its original signification means, to stand upon the cards you have in your hand.

<sup>3</sup> When miracles have by the greatest been denied.] Dr. Johnson did not see the import or connexion of this line. It certainly refers to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles *had been denied*, or not harkened to by Pharaoh.—HOLZ WHITE. Dr. Johnson supposed that a line had been omitted, from the subsequent time's standing without a correspondent rhyme. I believe on the contrary, that words have been inserted, and that we should read,

Oft expectation fails : and oft it hits,  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

Myself against the level of mine aim ;<sup>b</sup>  
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 murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hoth 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 divulged shame,—  
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worst of worst extended<sup>c</sup>  
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak ;  
His powerful sound, within an organ weak :  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.<sup>d</sup>  
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;<sup>e</sup>  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
That happiness and prime<sup>f</sup> can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

<sup>b</sup> *Myself against the level of mine aim ;*] i. e. *I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud.* I think what I speak.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — *nay, worst of worst extended, &c.*] I have adopted the emendation of Malone—the old copy reads “ *ne worse of worst,*” which words evidently require some correction, and that which I have chosen has the merit of being intelligible, without the aid of further comment.

<sup>d</sup> *In common sense, sense saves another way.*] i. e. And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting.—MALONE.

<sup>e</sup> — *in thee hath estimate ;*] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.—JOHNSON.

<sup>f</sup> — *prime*—] i. e. *Vigour of life.*

Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property<sup>s</sup>  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;  
And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*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<sup>h</sup> of thy state :  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;  
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must ;  
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—  
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* . *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height  
of your breeding.

<sup>s</sup> — in property—] Here used, with much laxity, for—in the due performance.—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> — branch or image—] *Branch* refers to the collateral descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the direct and immediate line.—HENLEY.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught :  
I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court ! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God hath lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg,<sup>1</sup> 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.

*Count.* 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.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,<sup>k</sup> 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 queen to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned

<sup>1</sup> — make a leg,] i. e. Make a bow.

<sup>k</sup> — Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,] Tib and Tom were usually joined, like Jack and Jill, as the common names for a low or ordinary man and woman. The *rush* alludes to the *rush-ring*, which was an ancient practice not only in England but in other countries, with such persons who meant to live together in a state of concubinage. This custom is mentioned by Breval, in his antiquities of Paris, and forbidden by Richard Moore, bishop of Salisbury, in his Constitutions, anno 1217. The practice seems to have continued to the time of Sir W. D'Avenant, who alludes to it in one of his songs. In the present passage, Tib the woman is represented as giving the ring. This is in agreement with the old custom of exchanging rings in the marriage ceremony.—  
SIR J. HAWKINS and M. MASON.

should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : Ask me, if I am a courtier : it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again,<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>m</sup>—There's a simple putting off ;—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and spare not me ? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir* : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir, to your business : Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back : Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ; This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you : You understand me ?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

<sup>1</sup> *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.—JOHNSON.

<sup>m</sup> *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.—WARBURTON.

## SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern<sup>n</sup> and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into<sup>o</sup> seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.<sup>p</sup>

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists,——

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick<sup>q</sup> 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 an——

*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<sup>r</sup> is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the

<sup>n</sup> ——modern——] i. e. Common, ordinary.

<sup>o</sup> ——ensconcing ourselves into——] i. e. Fortifying ourselves in; into for in, is frequent with our old writers.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> ——fear.] Is here an object of fear.

<sup>q</sup> ——authentick——] The phrase of the diploma is "*authentice licentiatus*."—MUSGRAVE. Mr. Giffard says, (notes to Ben Jonson, vol. 2. p. 136.) that an "*authentick physician*, was one who was allowed to practise publicly."

<sup>r</sup> ——dolphin——] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books.—STEEVENS.

brief and the tedious of it; and he is a most facinorous<sup>s</sup> 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.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick,<sup>t</sup> 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.<sup>u</sup>

*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 promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice<sup>x</sup>  
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!<sup>y</sup>

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal,<sup>z</sup> and his furniture,

<sup>s</sup> — facinorous—] i. e. Wicked.

<sup>t</sup> — Lustick,] The Dutch word for lusty.

<sup>u</sup> — a coranto.] A swift and lively dance.

<sup>x</sup> O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice—] They were his wards as well as his subjects.—HINLEY.

<sup>y</sup> — to each, but one!] i. e. To all except Bertram.

<sup>z</sup> — bay Curtal,] i. e. A bay docked horse.



My mouth no more were broken<sup>a</sup> than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven has through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for  
you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid;—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
*We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,  
Let the white death<sup>b</sup> 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?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.<sup>c</sup>

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace<sup>d</sup>  
for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her?<sup>e</sup> An they were sons of

<sup>a</sup> *My mouth no more were broken*—] A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — *white death*—is the paleness of death, and not the Chlorosis, as Dr. Johnson has supposed.

<sup>c</sup> — *the rest is mute.*] i. e. I have no more to say to you.—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — *ames-ace*—] When the two aces are thrown on the dice.

<sup>e</sup> *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafau and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.—JOHNSON.

mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid [*to a Lord*] that I your hand should  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake : [take ;  
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.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father  
drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth  
of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you ; [*to BERTRAM*] but I  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live, [give  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy  
wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness,  
In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me ?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord ;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down [bed.  
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<sup>f</sup> thou disdain'st in her, the which  
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty : If she be  
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,

<sup>f</sup> — 'Tis only title—] i. e. The want of title. .

A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st  
 Of virtue for the name : but do not so :  
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed :  
 Where great additions swell,<sup>g</sup> and virtue none,  
 It is a dropsied honour : good alone  
 Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :<sup>h</sup>  
 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,<sup>i</sup>  
 And is not like the sire : Honours best thrive  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers ; the mere word's a slave,  
 Debauch'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 should'st strive to  
 choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad ;  
 Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,<sup>k</sup>  
 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, poizing us in her defective scale,

<sup>g</sup> *Where great additions swell,*] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which great men are distinguished from each other.—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> ——— *good alone*

*Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :*] The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title : so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear.—MALONE.

<sup>i</sup> ——— *honour's born*]—is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North.—HENLEY.

<sup>k</sup> ——— *defeat,*]—from *defaire*, *French*, to *free*, to *disembarrass*.—TYRWHITT.

Shall weigh thee to the beam ;<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>m</sup> 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 counterpoize ; 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 contráct ; whose ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,<sup>n</sup>  
 And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast  
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,  
 and Attendants.*]

<sup>1</sup> ——— that canst not dream,

*We, poizing us in her defective scale,*

*Shall weigh thee to the beam ;*] That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale (which you esteem so light), we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam.—MALONE.

<sup>m</sup> ——— the staggers,] A violent disease in horses, used here metaphorially : any staggering or agitating distress.—ARCHDEACON NARES.

<sup>n</sup> *Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,*] *Brief* is often used in the sense of a short speech, and the meaning of the above words therefore is, *The marriage ceremony is expedient in consequence of the speech we have just heard.*—NARES.

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation ?—My lord ?—my master ?

*Laf.* Ay ; Is it not a language, I speak ?

*Par.* A most harsh one ; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master ?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

*Par.* To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man ; count's master is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>o</sup> to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass : yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking up ;<sup>p</sup> and that thou art 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 indignity.

*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.

<sup>o</sup> ——— for two ordinaries,] Whilst I sat twice with thee at table.—JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> ——— taking up ;] i. e. Contradicting.—JOHNSON.

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,<sup>q</sup> 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.<sup>r</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*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: methinks, 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.

<sup>q</sup> — in the default,] That is, at a need.

<sup>r</sup> — for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] "I cannot do much; doing I am past, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave; i. e. as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *past*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakspeare plainly meant it."—EDWARDS.

*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 heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. 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 Parolles, 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 kicksy-wicksy<sup>s</sup> here at home ;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !  
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in't, jades ;  
Therefore, to the war !

*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,

<sup>s</sup> *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy, &c.]* Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife.—  
GREY.

Where noble fellows strike : War is no strife  
To the dark house,<sup>1</sup> 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, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.  
'Tis hard ;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd :  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :  
The king has done you wrong : but, hush ! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*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

<sup>1</sup> To the dark house,] The dark house is a house made gloomy by discontent.  
—JOHNSON.



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 art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'er-flow 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.<sup>u</sup>

*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.

<sup>u</sup> ——— probable need.] A specious appearance of necessity.—JOHNSON.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*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. [*To BERTRAM.*]

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses; and to-night,

\* — a bunting.] The bunting is, in feather, size, and form, so like the sky-lark, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sings in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.—J. JOHNSON.

When I should take possession of the bride,—  
And, 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 nothings 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 ;<sup>y</sup> 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 his prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you, than you have or will 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,

<sup>y</sup> *You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ;*] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose.—THEOBALD.

Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
 The ministration and required office  
 On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
 For such a business; therefore am I found  
 So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,  
 That presently you take your way for home;  
 And rather muse,<sup>2</sup> 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; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;<sup>a</sup>  
 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 horse.

*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,

<sup>2</sup> — muse,] i. e. Wonder.

<sup>a</sup> — owe;] i. e. Own.

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :—  
 Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio ! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.*

*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,<sup>b</sup>  
 That the great figure of a council frames  
 By self-unable motion : therefore dare not  
 Say what I think of it ; since I have found  
 Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
 As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*2 Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,<sup>c</sup>  
 That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
 Come here for physick.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be ;  
 And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
 Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;  
 When better fall, for your avails they fell :  
 To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>b</sup> — an outward man,] i. e. One not in the secret of affairs.—WARBURTON.

<sup>c</sup> — the younger of our nature,] i. e. as we say at present, our young fellows.  
 —STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess'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.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff,<sup>c</sup> 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.<sup>d</sup>

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court ; our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court : the brains of my Cupid's knocked out ; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away ; know it, before the repart come. If there be breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,*

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,

<sup>c</sup> — *mend the ruff,*] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle* ; and perhaps it should be so here.—WHALLEY.

<sup>d</sup> — *I know a man, &c.*] The only authentic copy reads, "I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song." The reading which is now found in the text is that of the third folio, and does not seem to have much connexion with the preceding portion of the clown's speech. Some alteration is evidently necessary, and I think it would be more in agreement with the context to read, "*I know a man that has this trick of melancholy, holds a goodly manner for a song, i. e. has an excellent habit of singing.*"

To fly the favours of so good a king ;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between  
two soldiers of my young lady.

*Count.* 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.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd ?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does : the danger is in standing to't ; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more : for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

*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.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me<sup>e</sup> 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 ; from thence we came,  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.  
[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,<sup>f</sup> 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.

<sup>e</sup> Can woman me—] i. e. Affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger into thy possession.—WARBURTON.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen.

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,<sup>s</sup>

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.

Count.

And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believ't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count.

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.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel.

Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which  
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here, that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord,

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

Count.

Parolles, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. 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.<sup>h</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, &c.]* This sentiment is elliptically expressed. *If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself, i. e. "all the griefs that are thine," &c.—STEEVENS.*

<sup>h</sup> — *a deal of that, too much,*

*Which holds him much to have.]* That is, his vices stand him in stead.—  
WARBURTON.



*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen,  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him, that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.<sup>i</sup>  
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 none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing<sup>k</sup> air,  
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere  
I met the ravin<sup>l</sup> 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;<sup>m</sup>

<sup>i</sup> Not so, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies,—No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> — still-piecing—] i. e. Closing as soon as divided.—The old reading is, “move the still peering air;” the emendation which has been generally adopted, and which I have retained, was made by Steevens. Dr. Warburton supposes that the words have become accidentally “shuffled into nonsense,” and that the following transposition would rectify the passage:—“Pierce the still-moving air, That sings with piercing.”

<sup>l</sup> — ravin—] i. e. Ravenous or ravening.

<sup>m</sup> Whence honour but of danger, &c.] The sense is, from these wars, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon,

As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :  
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence :  
 Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
 To 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, 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 but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?  
 Might you not know, she would do as she has done,  
 By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself.—HEATH.

Stew. *I am St. Jaques' pilgrim,<sup>n</sup> thither gone :  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest master, your dear son may hie ;  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :  
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;  
I, his spiteful Juno,<sup>o</sup> 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.*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!——

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>p</sup> so much,  
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, 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<sup>q</sup> too light : my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—

<sup>n</sup> — *St. Jaques' pilgrim,*] From Heylin's *France* painted to the life, 8vo. 1656, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there.—REED.

<sup>o</sup> — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules.

<sup>q</sup> — *weigh*—] i. e. Esteem.

<sup>p</sup> — *advice*—] Discretion or thought.

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 my age is weak ;  
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence.  
 DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, 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<sup>r</sup> 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 :<sup>s</sup> many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for

<sup>r</sup> — suggestions—] *Temptations.*

<sup>s</sup> — are not the things they go under :] They are not the things for which their names would make them pass.—JOHNSON.

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.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another; I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmer<sup>t</sup> lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.*

Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*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.

<sup>t</sup> — palmer—] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. A palmer differed from a pilgrim thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, a palmer none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, a palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim might go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant till he had the palm: that is, victory over his ghostly enemies and life by death.—BLOUNT'S *Glossography*.

*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 examin'd.<sup>u</sup>

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady !  
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* I write good creature<sup>x</sup> wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean ?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed ;  
And brokes<sup>y</sup> with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine  
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else !

*Wid.* So, now they come :  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman ?

<sup>u</sup> ——— examin'd,] That is, questioned, doubted.

<sup>x</sup> I write good creature—] I warrant her a good creature.

<sup>y</sup> ——— brokes—] To broke is to deal with panders. A broker, in our author's  
time, meant a bawd or pimp.—MALONE.

*Dia.* He ;

That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;  
I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honester,  
He were much goodlier :—Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

*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'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he ?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt in 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, Officers,  
and Soldiers.

*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 on this virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,<sup>z</sup> hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer<sup>a</sup> of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,<sup>b</sup> your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

<sup>z</sup> — a hilding,] A hilding is a paltry, cowardly fellow.

<sup>a</sup> — leaguer—] i. e. Camp. "They will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings, to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but to call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not afford to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*."—*Sir John Smyth's Discourses*, &c. 1590.—DOUCE.

<sup>b</sup> — if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,] i. e. Treat him very ill; a proverbial expression of doubtful origin.—Holenshed thus defines it; speaking of the hospitality of a mayor of Dublin, he says, that "his porter or



*Enter PAROLLES.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design : let him fetch off his drum in any hand.<sup>c</sup>

*Ber.* How now, monsieur ? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum ! Is't but a drum ? A drum so lost ! —There was an excellent command ! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service ; it was a disaster of war that 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*.<sup>d</sup>

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

other officer durst not for both his ears give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *John Drum's entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders,"—*Hist. of Ireland*, b. 2. col. i. cit. cap.

<sup>c</sup> — in any hand.] i. e. At any rate.

<sup>d</sup> — or *hic jacet*.] i. e. Or here lies ;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy ; or die in the attempt.—MALONE.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,<sup>e</sup> 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 art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.<sup>f</sup>—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.

2 *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 ?

1 *Lord.* None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost emboss'd<sup>g</sup> him, you shall see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.<sup>h</sup> He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

<sup>e</sup> — pen down my dilemmas,] i. e. He will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other.—M. MASON.

<sup>f</sup> *Par.* I love not many words.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name ; which, without doubt (as Mr. Steevens has observed), ought, in strict propriety, to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable :

“ Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* live.”

He probably did not know the true pronunciation.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — emboss'd—] “ To know when a stag is weary you shall see him *imbost*, that is, *foaming* and *slaving* about the mouth with a white froth.”—MARKHAM'S *Country Contentments*.

<sup>h</sup> — case him.] i. e. Strip him naked.

1 *Lord*. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

*Ber*. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *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.

2 *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 coxcomb that we have i'the wind,<sup>i</sup>  
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 ?

2 *Lord*. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt*.

## SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel*. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.<sup>k</sup>

*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 ;

<sup>i</sup> — we have i'the wind,] To have one in the wind, is enumerated as a proverbial saying by Ray.

<sup>k</sup> But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.] i. e. Helena can give the widow no other assurance of her being Bertram's wife, without discovering herself to the count, and thus destroying the grounds on which her scheme for winning him to his duty was founded.

For you have show'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he woos your  
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,  
Now his important<sup>1</sup> blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand: A ring the county<sup>m</sup> 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 perséver,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

<sup>1</sup> ——— important——] i. e. *Important*.

<sup>m</sup> ——— the county——] i. e. *The count*.

And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.<sup>n</sup>  
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner : When you 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 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.<sup>o</sup> 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 to one another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose :<sup>p</sup> chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile

<sup>n</sup> *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, &c.]* The first line relates to Bertram, whose *means* is *wicked in a lawful deed* ; the second line relates to Helena, whose *meaning and art* were equally lawful. *Where both not sin*, means, *where neither sin*, and yet the *fact was sinful* on the part of Bertram, for he designed to commit adultery.—MALONE.

<sup>o</sup> — *some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.]* That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — *not to know what we speak to one another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:]* As long as we pretend to know what one says to the other, our ignorance is as good as if we *know straight*, i. e. had a direct knowledge of *our purpose*, i. e. of our conversation ; this sense of the word *purpose* was a very common one, but has become obsolete.

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? I 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 fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*1 Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[Aside.]*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance?<sup>a</sup> Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,<sup>r</sup> if you prattle me into these perils.

*1 Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? *[Aside.]*

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*1 Lord.* We cannot afford you so. *[Aside.]*

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard;<sup>s</sup> and to say, it was in stratagem.

*1 Lord.* 'Twould not do. *[Aside.]*

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

*1 Lord.* Hardly serve. *[Aside.]*

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from a window of the citadel——

*1 Lord.* How deep? *[Aside.]*

<sup>a</sup> —— the instance?] The proof.

<sup>r</sup> —— of Bajazet's mule,] Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity. Malone reads *mute* according to Dr. Warburton's emendation.—REED.

<sup>s</sup> —— baring of my beard;] i. e. Shaving of my beard.

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo 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 will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

*Kerelybonto:*—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—

*Manka revania dulce.*

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hook-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muf-  
fled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—  
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more of that!

I pr'ythee, 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 make the truth ;  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by :<sup>t</sup>  
But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you, tell me,  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill ?<sup>u</sup> this has no holding,  
To swear by him<sup>x</sup> 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 perséver.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes, in such a scar<sup>v</sup>  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord ?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors :  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
In me to lose.

<sup>t</sup> — swear not by:] All the difficulty which the commentators have found in this and the following lines appears to have originated in their not knowing, or their forgetting, that *by* and *of* were anciently synonymus. See *Gifford's Ben Jonson*, vol. 1. 189. note. Diana's argument is this:—"We can not swear concerning that which is not holy: but take the Highest to witness, i. e. Suppose you do call God to witness in this cause of yours; what validity can there be in your oath when you swear that you love me and then endeavour to do me injury?"

<sup>u</sup> When I did love you ill?] i. e. Disprove my vows by unkind acts.

<sup>x</sup> — by him—] i. e. Concerning him.

<sup>v</sup> — make hopes, in such a scar.] Scar is a broken precipice used here metaphorically for extremity.—The old folio reads, "make ropes in such a scarre," which the modern authors have converted into *make hopes in such affairs*.—That *ropes* was misinterpreted for *hopes* is evident, and the emendation of Rowe is therefore continued; for the restitution of the word *scar* I have the authority of Archdeacon Nares, who observes, that though this reading "may not be quite satisfactory; yet, to go against the consent of the folios, twice in one sentence, appears still less so."

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring :  
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
 In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom  
 Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
 Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring :  
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
 And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
 I'll order take, my mother shall not hear. [window ;  
 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 his 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid :  
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
 To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> — braid,] i. e. Crafty or deceitful.

## SCENE III.

*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords,<sup>a</sup> and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

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 everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am in the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

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;<sup>b</sup> so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.<sup>c</sup>

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us,<sup>d</sup> to be trum-

<sup>a</sup> — *two French Lords,*] In the original edition these characters are with more propriety called Capt. E. and Capt. G. They evidently held a very subordinate station; but as the reader has been used to find them lords, I have followed the example of Johnson in allowing them to retain the titles, which the liberality of the modern editors has conferred on them.

<sup>b</sup> — *still reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;*] i. e. They are perpetually talking of the mischief they intend, before the deed is done.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*] That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shows that this is the meaning.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — *meant damnable*—] i. e. *Damnably meant.* Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries.

peters 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<sup>e</sup> anatomized; 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 makes 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

<sup>e</sup> — his company—] i. e. His companion.

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 cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now ? where's your master ?

*Serv.* 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.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight ?

*Ber.* I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest ; buried a wife, mourned for her ; writ to my lady mother, I am returning ; entertained my convoy ; and, between these main parcels of despatch, 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 ;<sup>f</sup> he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

<sup>f</sup> — bring forth this counterfeit module ;] *Module* being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue, pretended to make himself a pattern.—JOHNSON.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth : [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber*. No matter ; his heels have deserved it in usurping his spurs so long.<sup>f</sup> How does he carry himself ?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood ; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk : he hath 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 he ?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face : if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber*. A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush ! hush !

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes !—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold*. He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

*Par*. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold*. *Basko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold*. You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par*. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that ?

*Par*. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. Shall I set down your answer so ?

<sup>f</sup> — in usurping his spurs so long.] These words allude to the ceremonial degradation of a knight. The punishment of a recreant or coward was to hack the spurs off.—STEEVENS and MALONE.

*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 are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick<sup>s</sup> 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 Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*1 Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't,<sup>h</sup> in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*1 Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*1 Sold.* 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,<sup>i</sup> I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many ; Corambus so many, Jacques so many ; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each : mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each : so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll ; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,<sup>k</sup> lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him ?

<sup>s</sup> ——— theorick—] i. e. Theory.

<sup>h</sup> ——— I con him no thanks—] To con thanks exactly answers the French *savior gré*. To con is to know.—STEEVENS.

<sup>i</sup> ——— if I were to live this present hour, &c.] Perhaps we should read :—if I were to live but this present hour.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> ——— cassocks,] Cassock signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare.—STEEVENS.

1 *Lord*. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,<sup>1</sup> and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold*. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?*

*Par*. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories:<sup>1</sup> Demand them singly.

1 *Sold*. Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par*. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool<sup>m</sup> with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

*Ber*. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.<sup>n</sup>

1 *Sold*. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par*. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord*. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold*. What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par*. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold*. Marry, we'll search.

*Par*. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there,

<sup>1</sup> — conditions,] i. e. Disposition and character.

<sup>m</sup> — interrogatories:] i. e. Interrogatories.

<sup>n</sup> — sheriff's fool—] The custody of all idiots possessing landed property, belonged to the king, who was entitled to the income of their land, but obliged to find them necessaries. This prerogative, where there was a large estate in the case, was generally granted to some court favourite. Where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits by the sheriff, who accounted for them to the crown.—RITSON.

<sup>o</sup> — though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day.—S. W.



or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* 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 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue !

1 *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score :*

*Half won, is match well made ; match, and well make it ;<sup>p</sup>*

*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 his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

<sup>p</sup> *Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it ;*] The meaning is, " a match well made, is half won ; make your match, therefore, but make it well."—M. Mason.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the 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 *Sold.* 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;<sup>a</sup> 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 pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* 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,<sup>r</sup> to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

<sup>a</sup> — an egg out of a cloister;] *He will steal any thing, however trifling; from any place, however holy.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> — Mile-end,] See note on Henry the Fourth, part 2. act iii. sc. 2.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>s</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it: and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow of 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 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming: a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>t</sup> of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously 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, headsmen, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

<sup>s</sup> ——— for a quart d'ecu—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money.

<sup>t</sup> ——— to beguile the supposition—] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well.—JOHNSON.

1 *Lord*. God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord*. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord*. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *Lords*, &c.]

1 *Sold*. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par*. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold*. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit*.]

*Par*. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,  
 'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;  
 But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
 As captain shall, simply the thing I am  
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart  
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!  
 There's place, and means, for every man alive.  
 I'll after them.

} [*Exit*.]

#### SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter* HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

*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 mine intents, to kneel:  
 Time was, I did him a desired office,  
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
 And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant, to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor your<sup>u</sup> mistress,  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence 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<sup>x</sup>  
And helper to a husband. But O strange men !  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away :  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions,<sup>y</sup> I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word,<sup>z</sup> 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 prepar'd, and time revives us :<sup>a</sup>  
*All's well that ends well* : still the fine's the crown ;<sup>b</sup>  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>u</sup> — your—] I have restored the old reading which Mr. Rowe changed to *you*.

<sup>x</sup> — motive—] i. e. *Assistant*,—obsolete.

<sup>y</sup> — impositions,] i. e. *Imposed tasks*.

<sup>z</sup> *But with the word, &c.*] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant. The meaning of Helena's observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — *time revives us* :] This refers to the happy and speedy termination of their embarrassments. She had just before said :

“ With the word, the time will bring on summer.”—HENLEY.

<sup>b</sup> — *the fine's the crown* ;] i. e. *Finis coronat opus*.

## SCENE V.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron<sup>c</sup> 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.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, '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.<sup>d</sup>

*Laf.* They are not salad-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,<sup>e</sup> sir, to do her service.

<sup>c</sup> — *whose villainous saffron*—] Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs.—WARBURTON.

<sup>d</sup> — *herb of grace*.] i. e. Rue.

<sup>e</sup> — *my bauble*.] This part of the furniture of a fool was a kind of truncheon with a head carved upon it, which the fool usually carried in his hand.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

*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, he 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<sup>f</sup> thee from thy master thou talkest of ; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir,<sup>g</sup> 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 his 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 my tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks ; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.<sup>h</sup>

*Count.* 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,<sup>i</sup> but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well ; 'tis not amiss : and I was about

<sup>f</sup> —suggest—] i. e. Seduce.

<sup>g</sup> I am a woodland fellow, sir, &c.] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his fools, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*.

—WARBURTON.

<sup>h</sup> —unhappy.] i. e. Mischievously waggish.

<sup>i</sup> —no pace,] i. e. No prescribed walk.—JOHNSON.

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?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under 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<sup>k</sup> 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.*

<sup>k</sup> — carbonadoed—] i. e. Scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.



## 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.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* 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.

*Gent.* 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 your have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed:  
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

<sup>1</sup> *Enter a gentle Astringer.*] *A gentle astringer is a gentleman falconer.* The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell, in his *Law Dictionary*, "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *austringer*."—STEEVENS.

*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*; yet;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend this 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.<sup>m</sup>

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good monsieur Lavatch,<sup>n</sup> give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood,<sup>o</sup> and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.<sup>p</sup>

*Par.* Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

<sup>m</sup> *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> *Lavatch,*] This word is evidently corrupted from *la vache*.

<sup>o</sup> ——— *mood,*] *Resentment, anger.* Dr. Warburton most arbitrarily changed this word to *moat*.

<sup>p</sup> ——— *allow the wind.*] i. e. *Stand to the leeward.*

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh, pr'ythee, stand away ; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal : Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.]*

*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'ecu* for you : Let the justices make you and fortune friends ; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more : come, you shall ha't ; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then.<sup>a</sup>—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

<sup>a</sup> — more than one word—] A quibble on the word *parolles*, which, in French is plural, and signifies words.—MALONE.

once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night, though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;<sup>r</sup> go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem<sup>s</sup> Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.<sup>t</sup>

*Count.* '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

<sup>r</sup> — *you shall eat*;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve.—JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> — *esteem*.—] Meaning that his esteem was lessened in its value by Bertram's misconduct; since a person who was honoured with it could be so ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity.—M. MASON.

<sup>t</sup> — *home*.] That is, *in its full extent*.

Of richest eyes ;<sup>u</sup> whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him  
hither ; —

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition :<sup>x</sup> — Let him not ask our pardon ;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion do we bury  
The incensing relicks of it : let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

*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,<sup>y</sup>  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine 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,<sup>z</sup>  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

<sup>u</sup> *Of richest eyes ;*] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the richest in ideas of beauty.—STEEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> — *the first view shall kill*

*All repetition :—*] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on such other occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment ; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play.—JOHNSON.

<sup>y</sup> *I am not a day of season,*] i. e. *A seasonable day.*

<sup>z</sup> — *high-repented blames,*] i. e. *Faults repented of to the utmost.*—STEEVENS.

*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  
The 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 ;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.*

Well excus'd :

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt : But love that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone : our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :  
Oft our displeasure, 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.<sup>a</sup>  
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.

<sup>a</sup> *Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*

*While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.*] Our own love in this couplet does not mean, as Mr. M. Mason asserts it must, our self-love, but simply our love, which has been suppressed by anger during life, but which at the death of the individual awakes to weep while shameful hate, i. e. hate ashamed, sleeps out the afternoon, i. e. is allayed for all the after period of our existence.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !  
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature cease !

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And 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 fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitied to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her : Had you that craft, to reave her  
Of what should stead her most ?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,<sup>b</sup>  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd :<sup>c</sup> but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

<sup>b</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — *ingag'd*:] In the sense of *uningaged* ; this word is of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*.—MALONE.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,<sup>d</sup>  
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,<sup>e</sup> and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour :  
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'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.<sup>f</sup>—Away with him ;—  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded*.]

<sup>d</sup> — the tinct and multiplying medicine,] Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> — Then, if you know

That you are well acquainted with yourself,

Confess 'twas hers,] The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>f</sup> *My fore-past proofs, &c.*] The *proofs* which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had too little fear.—JOHNSON.



*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.*

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<sup>g</sup>

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 CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him :<sup>h</sup> 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.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,

Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.*

Now, justice on the doers !

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

<sup>g</sup> — for four or five removes, come short—] Helena had come short, or missed the king at four or five different removes or post-stages.

<sup>h</sup> — toll him:] i. e. Enter him on the toll-book, to prove I came honestly by him.—STEEVENS.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet ;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease,<sup>i</sup> 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 [*to BERTRAM.*] 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 !

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord ;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price :  
Do not believe him : O, behold this ring,

<sup>i</sup> ——— cease,] i. e. Die.

Whose high respect, and rich validity,<sup>k</sup>  
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* 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.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath 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<sup>l</sup> for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd ;<sup>m</sup>  
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth :  
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing ?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth :  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course<sup>n</sup>  
Are motives of more fancy ; and in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,<sup>o</sup>  
Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient ;  
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me.<sup>p</sup> I pray you yet,

<sup>k</sup> — validity,] i. e. Value.

<sup>l</sup> — quoted—] i. e. Noted.

<sup>m</sup> — debosh'd ;] i. e. Corrupted.

<sup>n</sup> — fancy's course—] i. e. Course of love.

<sup>o</sup> — insuit coming with her modern grace,] Insuit is request,—modern is meanly pretty.

<sup>p</sup> May justly diet me.] May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you.—MALONE.

(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?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
 Out of a casement.

*Dia.* 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?

*Dia.* 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 no knave:—  
 What an *equivocal companion*<sup>a</sup> is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

<sup>a</sup> — *equivocal companion*.—] i. e. *Equivocating fellow*.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*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 marriage, and things that would derive me illwill 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<sup>r</sup> in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,  
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;  
To prison with her: and away with him.—  
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.\*

<sup>r</sup> — But thou art too fine—] *Too fine, too full of finesse, too artful.* A French expression—*trop fine.*—MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — customer.] i. e. *A common woman.*

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty ;  
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :  
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;  
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

*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 abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him :  
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd ;  
And at that time he got his wife with child :  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;  
So there's my riddle, One that's dead, is quick ;  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter* Widow, with HELENA.

*King.* Is there no exorcist<sup>t</sup>  
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 wond'rous 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.

<sup>t</sup> — *exorcist*—] In Shakspeare's time this word was synonymous with *conjuror*, and is so given in *Minsheu's Dict.* 1617.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—  
Good Tom Drum, [*to PAROLLES.*] lend me a handkerchief : So, I thank thee ; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIANA.*  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;  
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
Of that, and all the progress more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :  
All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done :  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content ; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts :<sup>u</sup>  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.* [*Exeunt.*<sup>x</sup>

<sup>u</sup> *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;*] The meaning is : Grant us then your patience : hear us without interruption. And take our parts ; that is, support and defend us.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram ; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth ; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate : when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.—JOHNSON.

Johnson témoigne son aversion pour le comte Bertrand, et trouve mauvais qu'il se tire d'affaire sans autre punition qu'une honte passagère, bien com-

pensée par la possession d'une épouse vertueuse. Mais Shakspear n'a point voulu adoucir l'impression que produit l'insensible fierté et la dureté légère de Bertrand ; il ne le montre distingué que sous le rapport d'une brillante valeur. Et n'est-ce pas peindre le véritable cours des choses du monde, que de montrer que les hommes n'expient guère, dans l'opinion, leurs torts envers les femmes lorsqu'ils conservent les avantages auxquels on attache pour eux l'idée de l'honneur ? Le compte Bertrand n'a qu'une seule excuse, c'est que le roi s'est permis contre lui un acte d'autorité, qui pour un objet est du ressort des droits personnels, le choix d'une épouse.—SCHLEGEL. *Cours de Litt. Dram.* vol. 3. p. 17, and 18.



## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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MR. MALONE supposes this comedy to have been written in 1596. It is founded on an anonymous play of nearly the same title, "*The Taming of a Shrew*," which was probably written about the year 1590, either by George Peele, or Robert Green. The outline of the induction may be traced, as Mr. Douce observes, through many intermediate copies, to the *Sleeper Awaked* of the *Arabian Nights*. It has been doubted by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Farmer whether this comedy is really the production of Shakspeare. They have no other grounds for their opinion, but the inferiority of its style. The play, as a whole, is certainly not in our author's best manner, but in the induction and in the scenes between Katharine and Petruchio the traces of his hand are strongly marked. If it be not Shakspeare's, to whom can it be attributed?

Beaumont and Fletcher have written a sequel to this comedy called "*The Woman's prize, or the Tamer Tamed*," in which a character bearing the name of Petruchio (for nothing but the name remains to him), is subdued by a second wife.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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*A Lord.*

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken tinker.* } *persons in the*  
*Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and* } *Induction.*  
*other servants attending on the Lord.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*  
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *servants to Lucentio.*  
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *servants to Petruchio.*  
CURTIS, }

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the shrew;* } *daughters to Baptista.*  
BIANCA, *her sister,* }

*Widow.*

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista  
and Petruchio.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in  
PETRUCHIO'S House in the Country.*

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

*Sly.* I'll pheese<sup>a</sup> you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;<sup>b</sup> let the world slide: *Sessa*!

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?<sup>c</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—  
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>d</sup>

*Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough.<sup>e</sup> [*Exit.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

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

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

<sup>a</sup> — pheese—] i. e. Chastise, beat, humble; the word is still in use in the west of England.—GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. iv. p. 189.

<sup>b</sup> — *paucas pallabris*;) *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *cessa*, i. e. be quiet.—THEOBALD.

<sup>c</sup> — *you have burst*;) To burst and to break were anciently synonymous.

<sup>d</sup> *Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] These words are used by Edgar in *King Lear*; they appear to have been taken from *Kyd's* play of *Hieronimo*, as it originally was acted. It was altered by Ben Jonson, and by him this line was perhaps omitted; as it no longer has a place in that tragedy.

<sup>e</sup> — *the thirdborough.*] The office of *thirdborough* is the same with that of constable, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant.—RITSON.

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,<sup>f</sup>  
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
 At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;  
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
 And twice to-day pick'd 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 warm'd  
 with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!  
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—  
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a 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 with warm distilled waters,  
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
 Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

<sup>f</sup> *Brach Merriman*,—the poor cur is emboss'd,] *Brach* is a lurcher, or a beagle, or any dog of a fine scent, from the German *bract*, a scenting dog.—*Emboss'd* is applied to a deer or any other animal when fatigued and foaming at the mouth.

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
 And, with a low submissive reverence,  
 Say,—What is it your honour will command?  
 Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;  
 Another bear the ewer, the third a 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 lunatick;  
 And, when he says he is—<sup>g</sup> say, that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
 This do, and do it kindly,<sup>h</sup> gentle sirs;  
 It will be pastime passing excellent,  
 If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>i</sup>

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,  
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
 He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*

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

[*Exit* Servant.

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

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Serv.* An it please your honour,  
 Players that offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near:—

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

<sup>g</sup> ——— says he is—,] Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, *and when he says he's Sly.*

<sup>h</sup> ——— kindly,] i. e. *Naturally.*

<sup>i</sup> ——— modesty,] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess.—JOHNSON.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.<sup>k</sup>

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

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto<sup>l</sup> 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, ever-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 *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.  
And give them friendly welcome every one :  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Batholomew my page, [To a Servant.  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;  
And say,—What is't your honour will command,

<sup>k</sup> — to accept our duty.] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> Soto—] There is a character so called in the *Woman pleused* by Beaumont and Fletcher, who is as described a farmer's eldest son, but he does not woo any gentlewoman.—TYRWHITT.

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
 May show her duty, and make known her love?  
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
 And with declining head into his bosom,—  
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
 Who, for this seven years, hath esteem'd him  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion will do well for such a shift;  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:  
 I long to hear him call the 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 night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord dressed like a Servant.*

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

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask

me what raiment I'll wear: for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!  
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;<sup>m</sup> 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:<sup>n</sup> Heres——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* 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 musick? hark! Apollo plays. [*Musick.*

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.

<sup>m</sup> — of Burton-heath:—*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.*] I suspect we should read—*Barton-heath.* *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Wincot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character.—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> — *I am not bestraught;*] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or *distracted*.—MALONE.



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 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as  
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. [swift

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee  
Adonis, painted by a running brook : [straight  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;  
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world ;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?  
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?  
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;  
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 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your  
hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, 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 wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

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

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
And rail upon the hostess of the house;  
And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>o</sup>  
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

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

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;  
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps 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  
Above some fifteen year and more. [slept

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

<sup>o</sup> — leet,] At the court-leet, or courts of the manor.

<sup>p</sup> — John Naps of Greece]—read old John Naps o'the Green.—  
BLACKSTONE.

*Sly.* 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—  
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two;  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed:  
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.  
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will  
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet;  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a com-  
monty 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 ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Public Place.*

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since—for the great desire I had  
'To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—

P — Is not a comonty—] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read  
—It is not a commodity, &c. *Comonty for comedy.*—STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly  
for a *comedy.*—BLACKSTONE.

I am arriv'd 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,  
 Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
 Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
 A course of learning, and ingenious<sup>r</sup> studies.  
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
 Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,<sup>s</sup>  
 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 achiev'd.  
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,  
 And am to Padua come; as he that leaves  
 A shallow splash, 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 stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,<sup>t</sup>  
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
 Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,  
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk:

<sup>r</sup> — *ingenious*—] It was probably written—*ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. In *Cole's Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked—" *ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded." so late as the time of the *Spectator*, we read, No. 437, 1st. edition, "A parent who forces a child of a liberal and *ingenious* spirit."—JOHNSON and REED.

<sup>s</sup> — *to serve all hopes conceiv'd*,] To fulfil the expectations of his friends.

<sup>t</sup> — *Aristotle's checks*,] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a misprint, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it.—BLACKSTONE.

Musick and poesy use to quicken<sup>a</sup> you ;  
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
 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, thou wert come ashore,  
 We could at once put us in readiness ;  
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.  
 But stay awhile : What company is this ;

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and  
 HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no further,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;  
 That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
 Before I have a husband for the elder :  
 If either of you both love Katharina,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :—  
 There, there Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Kath.* I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will  
 To make a stale<sup>x</sup> of me amongst these mates ?

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for  
 you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Kath.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;  
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart :  
 But, if it were, doubt not her care should be  
 To comb your noddle with a three-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 !

<sup>a</sup> ——— quicken ;] i. e. *Animate*.

<sup>x</sup> ——— a stale—] i. e. *A decoy, anything used to entice or draw on a person*. In this passage, it has been observed by Mr. Douce that there is a quibbling allusion intended to the *stale mate* at chess.—NARES'S *Glossary*.

*Tra.* Hush, master ! here is some good pastime toward ;  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful forward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

*Tra.* Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze 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.

*Kath.* A pretty peat !<sup>y</sup> 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye,—and she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
My books and instruments, shall be my company ;  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?<sup>z</sup>  
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 resolv'd :—  
Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In musick, 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<sup>a</sup>  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;  
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay ;

<sup>y</sup> *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.—JOHNSON.

<sup>z</sup> ——— *so strange?*] i. e. So different from others in your conduct.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *cunning men*—] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible.—JOHNSON.

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

*Kath.* Why, and I trust, I may go too; May I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts<sup>b</sup> are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love<sup>c</sup> 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.<sup>d</sup>

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,<sup>e</sup> 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: Think'st thou Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*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

<sup>b</sup> ——— gifts—] i. e. Endowments.

<sup>c</sup> ——— Their love,] i. e. The love of Baptista and Bianca.

<sup>d</sup> ——— wish him—] i. e. Recommend him.

<sup>e</sup> ——— upon advice,] i. e. On consideration.

Bianca !—Happy man be his dole !<sup>f</sup> He that runs fastest, gets the ring.<sup>g</sup> 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.* [*advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible, or likely ;  
But see ! while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in 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<sup>h</sup> from the heart :  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*<sup>i</sup>

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly<sup>k</sup> 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<sup>l</sup> had,

<sup>f</sup> *Happy man be this dole !*] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is a share or lot in any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses.—STEEVENS. The meaning is, "let his lot be the title *happy man*."—NARES.

<sup>g</sup> — *gets the ring.*] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring.—DOUCE.

<sup>h</sup> — *rated*—] i. e. *Chidden*.

<sup>i</sup> *Redime, &c.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it might not be brought as an argument for his learning.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> — *longly*—] i. e. *Longingly*. I have met with no example of this adverb.—STEEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> — *daughter of Agenor*—] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull.—STEEVENS.



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 shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now '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;<sup>m</sup> content thee; for I have it full.<sup>n</sup>  
We have not yet been seen in any house;  
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,  
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

<sup>m</sup> *Basta*;] i. e. 'Tis enough; Italian and Spanish.

<sup>n</sup> — *I have it full.*] i. e. Conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it.—STEEVENS.

Keep house, and port,<sup>o</sup> 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. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief then, 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.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are  
 you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?  
 Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither ; '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 ?

*Bion.* I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;  
 Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him ; 'Would I were so too !

<sup>o</sup> — port,] i. e. figure, show, appearance.

*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.<sup>p</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

*I 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't were 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 Grumio ; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any  
man has rebused your worship ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* 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.

<sup>p</sup> — *good and weighty.*] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the tinker are introduced ; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation.—STEEVENS.

*Gru.* 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, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ;<sup>a</sup>  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Gru.* 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 Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—  
How do you all at Verona ?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?  
*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*  
*Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*  
Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.<sup>r</sup>—  
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 Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do 'it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !  
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*  
*Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?*  
And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :  
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;

<sup>a</sup> — wring it ;] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — what he 'leges in Latin.] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin.—STEEVENS.

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes further than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But in a few,<sup>r</sup>  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee<sup>s</sup> to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
(An wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>t</sup>  
As old as Sybil, 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 Adriatick seas:  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* 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;<sup>u</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a  
tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as

<sup>r</sup> — in a few,] i. e. In short, in few words.

<sup>s</sup> — wish thee—] i. e. Recommend thee.

<sup>t</sup> Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis*. Florent is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.—STEEVENS.

<sup>u</sup> — aglet-baby;] i. e. A diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point. An aglet-baby was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace.—MALONE.

two and fifty horses ; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;  
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman :  
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)  
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,  
And shrewd,\* and froward ; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect :—  
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman :  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her :  
And he knew my deceased father well :—  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.  
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would  
think scolding would do little good upon him : She may,  
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's  
nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>†</sup>  
I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him<sup>‡</sup> 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 :<sup>§</sup> You know him not, sir.

\* — shrewd,]—here means, *shrewish*.

† — rope-tricks.] The same as *ropery*, which in our author's days was synonymous with *roguery*, as well deserving a *rope*.—Nares.

‡ — stand—] i. e. *Withstand*.

§ — that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:] It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light.—Johnson.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;  
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;  
 And her withholds from me, and other more  
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)  
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst !  
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;  
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
 Well seen in musick,<sup>b</sup> to instruct Bianca :  
 That so I may by this device, at least,  
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguised with books  
 under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile the old folks,  
 how the young folks lay their heads together ! Master,  
 master, look about you : Who goes there ? ha !

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—  
 Petruchio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous !

*[They retire.*

*Gre.* O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.  
 Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :  
 All books of love, see that at any hand ;<sup>c</sup>  
 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,

<sup>b</sup> *Well seen—*] i. e. *Well versed.*

<sup>c</sup> *— at any hand ;*] i. e. *At all events.*

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.* Whate'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 :  
 Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words  
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning ! what a thing it is !

*Gru.* O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah.

*Hor.* Grumio, mum !—God save you, signior Gremio !

*Gre.* And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,  
 Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully  
 About a schoolmaster for 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 you.

*Hor.* 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,  
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;  
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove. *[Aside.]*

*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 curst Katharine ;  
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* 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.

*Gre.* 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.

*Gre.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :  
But if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name ;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But, will you woo this wild cat ?

*Pet.* Will I live ?

*Gru.* Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*

*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 the ear,  
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?  
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.<sup>d</sup>

*Gru.* For he fears none. [*Aside.*

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark !  
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promis'd, we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will ; provided, that he win her.

*Gru.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

*Enter* TRANIO, bravely apparell'd ; and BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* 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 ?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters :<sup>e</sup>—is't [*aside*  
to TRANIO] he you mean ?

<sup>d</sup> — with bugs.] i. e. With bugbears.

<sup>e</sup> He that has the two fair daughters :—] Mr. Tyrwhitt attributes this speech to Gremio ; but as there is no need for any such deviation from the old copy, I have followed Malone in restoring it to the original proprietor.

*Tra.* Even he. Biondello !

*Gre.* Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to——

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir ; What have you to do ?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no ?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

*Gre.* No ; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you ?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you ?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,——  
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown ;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :  
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

*Tra.* No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two ;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth ;—

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 stead us all, and me among the rest ;  
 An 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,<sup>f</sup>  
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;  
 And do as adversaries do in law,—<sup>g</sup>  
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's begone.<sup>h</sup>

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—  
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me :  
 That I disdain ; but for these other gawds,  
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

<sup>f</sup> — contrive this afternoon,] i. e. Wear out the afternoon : *contrive*, from *contero*. So, in the Hecyra of Terence, totum hunc contrivi diem.—STEEVENS.

<sup>g</sup> — as adversaries do in law,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but barristers, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their clients seldom “eat and drink with their adversaries as friends.”—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> — Fellows, let's begone.] *Fellows* means fellow-servants. Grumio and Biondello address each other.—MALONE.

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more :  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.<sup>1</sup>

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?  
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while :  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* 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<sup>k</sup> of a develish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

*Bap.* What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit.* BIANCA.

*Kath.* 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.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — keep you fair.] i. e. Keep you richly.

<sup>k</sup> — hilding—] The word *hilding* or *hindeling*, is a low wretch: it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour.—JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — lead apes in hell.] This phrase is still in use, and though Mr. Hayley, in *Essay on Old Maids*, gives several fanciful conjectures as to the origin of the

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;  
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRA-  
NIO, with BIONDELLO 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, call'd Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—  
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
Her affability, 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 musick, and the mathematicks,  
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?

proverb, none of them are satisfactory. "That women," says Steevens "who re-  
fused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in  
leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution."

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name : Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :  
Baccare !<sup>m</sup> you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain bedoing.

*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 musick and mathe-  
matics : his name is Cambio ; pray accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome,  
good Cambio.—But gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO,] methinks,  
you walk like a stranger ; May I be so bold to know the  
cause of your coming ?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ;  
That being a stranger in this city here,  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous,  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister :  
This liberty is all that I request,—  
That upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
And free access and favour as the rest.  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :<sup>n</sup>  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

<sup>m</sup> *Beccare* !] A cant word, meaning *stand back* ; used in allusion to a proverbial saying, “ *Bachare* quoth Mortimer to his sow ;” probably in ridicule of some men who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it.—FARMER.

<sup>n</sup> ——— *this small packet of Greek and Latin books* :] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances.—PERCY.

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa: by report  
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—  
Take you [*to HOR.*] the lute, and you [*to LUC.*] 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 decreas'd:  
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands:  
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of°  
Her widowhood,—be 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,  
This 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:

° — of—] Perhaps we should read *on*. In the old copies *of* and *on* are frequently confounded by the printers' inattention.—STEEVENS.

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 arm'd 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,<sup>p</sup>  
 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;  
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
*Frets, call you these ?* quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*  
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;  
 And there I stood amazed for a while,  
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;  
 While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,  
 And—twangling Jack ;<sup>q</sup> 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.—

<sup>p</sup> — *her frets,*] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> *And—twangling Jack ;*] To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition.—HENLEY.



Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,  
and HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of  
hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you  
hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.<sup>r</sup>

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee :  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be ? should buz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.<sup>s</sup>

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too  
angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting ?  
In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue ?

*Kath.* 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.

*Kath.* That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

<sup>r</sup> A joint-stool.] This is proverbial expression ;

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."—See Ray's Collection.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ——— for a turtle as he takes a buzzard.] i. e. He may take me for a turtle,  
but he should find me a hawk.—JOHNSON. This expression also seems to have  
been proverbial.—STEEVENS.

*Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like craven.<sup>†</sup>

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ?

*Kath.* Well-aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'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 hazle-twig,  
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue,  
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?  
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;  
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

<sup>†</sup> — a craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. *Craven* was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents ; the consequence of which was they were for ever after deemed infamous.—REED.

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.<sup>a</sup>

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:  
And therefore, sitting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)  
Thou must be married to no man but me:  
For I am he, am born to tame you Kate;  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate<sup>x</sup>  
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?

*Kath.* Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;  
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 talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curst, it is for policy:

<sup>a</sup> ——— *keep you warm.*] This appears to allude to some proverb, which is now lost. In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have, "he has wit enough to keep himself warm."

<sup>x</sup> ——— *a wild Kate to a Kate*—] This is the reading of the old folio. The modern editors read *a wild cat*. Petruchio plays upon the word *Cate* a delicacy.

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.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;  
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
 That she shall still be curst in company.  
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—  
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss  
 She vied so fast,<sup>y</sup> protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,<sup>z</sup>  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock wretch<sup>a</sup> 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 KATHARINE, severally.*]

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

<sup>y</sup> *She vied so fast,*] *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, used in the obsolete game of *primero*, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*.—FARMER.

<sup>z</sup> ——— '*'tis a world to see,*] i. e. It is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers.—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *A meacock wretch*—] i. e. *A tame dastardly creature*, generally an over-mild husband, called a *meek cock*, because *hen pecked*.—NARES.

*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  
'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both, [strife :  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;  
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands :  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,<sup>b</sup>  
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
Pewter<sup>c</sup> and brass, and all things that belong

<sup>b</sup> — counterpoints,] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes* ; but either mode of spelling is proper. *Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived, that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> *Pewter*—] Even in the time of Elizabeth pewter was too costly to be used in common. It appears from the regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, &c. that vessels of pewter were hired by the year. This household book was begun in the year 1512.—STEEVENS.

To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers.  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,  
 I am my father's heir, and only son:  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!  
 My land amounts not to so much in all:  
 That she shall have; besides an argosy,<sup>d</sup>  
 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,<sup>e</sup>  
 And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
 And she can have no more than all I have;—  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
 By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.<sup>f</sup>

*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 cavil; he is old, I young.

<sup>d</sup> — argosy,] See note to Merchant of Venice, act 1. sc. 1.

<sup>e</sup> — two galliasses,] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — out-vied.] This is a term at the old game of *primero*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*.—STEEVENS.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd :—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. [*Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;

Sirrah, young gamester,<sup>g</sup> your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.<sup>h</sup>

'Tis in my head to do my master good :—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;

And that's a wonder ; fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*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 welcom'd you withal ?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :

Then give me leave to have prerogative ;

And when in musick we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

<sup>g</sup> — gamester,] Alluding to Tranio's having talked of out-lying him.

<sup>h</sup> — faced it with a card of ten.] A common phrase, derived most probably from the game of *primero*, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. A *card of ten* means the tenth card, a *ten* : *to face*, meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face.—Nares.



*Luc.* Preposterous ass ! that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd !  
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching<sup>i</sup> 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 tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[*To BIANCA.*—*HORTENSIO retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last ?

*Luc.* Here, madam :—

*Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>k</sup>

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

*Bian.* Let's hear ;— [*HORTENSIO plays.*

O fye ! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

<sup>i</sup> — breeching—]—is here put for breechable, i. e. liable to be whipt.

<sup>k</sup> — pantaloon.] The old cully in Italian farces.—JOHNSON.

*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*,<sup>1</sup> I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*  
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, [*to LUCENTIO*] and give me  
leave awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,<sup>m</sup>

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*

*A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;*

*B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

*C faut, 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Pedascule,*] *Pedascule*, from *pedant*. It is very probably a misprint for *dis-*  
*dascule*.

<sup>m</sup> — but *I be deceiv'd,*] But, i. e. unless.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

*[Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.]*

*Luc.* 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

*[Exit.]*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;  
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE,  
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, *[to TRANIO,]* this is the  
'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd  
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;<sup>n</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantick 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,

<sup>n</sup> — full of spleen;] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.—  
JOHNSON.

Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banus ;  
 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.

*Kath.* '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.*

*Bion.* Master, master ! news, old news, and such news  
 as you never heard of !

*Bap.* Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

*Bap.* Is he come ?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then ?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here ?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what :—To thine old news.

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,<sup>o</sup> one buckled, another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two broken points :<sup>p</sup> His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the

<sup>o</sup> — candle-cases,] Mr. Steevens supposes this to mean, boots that have been long left off, and after having been used to hold the ends of candles, are restored to their first office.

<sup>p</sup> — two broken points :] i. e. Two broken tags to the laces.—TOLLET.

lampass, infected with the fashions,<sup>a</sup> full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before,<sup>r</sup> 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 girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>s</sup> which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock<sup>t</sup> on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:<sup>u</sup> 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.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

<sup>a</sup> — infected with the fashions,——past cure of the fives,] *Fashions.* So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farrens* or *farcy*. *Fives.* So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.—GREY.

<sup>r</sup> — ne'er legged before.] i. e. Founder'd in his fore-feet.

<sup>s</sup> — velure,] i. e. Velvet. *Velours*, Fr.

<sup>t</sup> — stock—] i. e. Stocking.

<sup>u</sup> — an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest.—WARBURTON.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is 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.* Where 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.

Fye! 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 detain'd 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;\*<sup>x</sup>

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.* Good sooth, even thus: therefore have 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,

\* — to digress;] To deviate from any promise.

'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, GRUMIO, and BRONDELLO.

*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. [Exit.

*Tra.* But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Where it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our 'vantage in this business :  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*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 fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest  
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,  
*Ay by gogs-wouns*, quoth he; and swore so loud  
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;  
And, as he stoop'd 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  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [swore,  
But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine;—*A health*, quoth he; as if  
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates  
After a storm:—*Quaff'd off the muscadel*,<sup>y</sup>  
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<sup>z</sup> 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. [Musick.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and train.

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:  
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

<sup>y</sup> — *Quaff'd off the muscadel*,] The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554.—T. WARTON.

<sup>z</sup> *And kiss'd her lips*—] This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick: "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem à sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eam, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69.—MALONE.



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.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay ?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horses.

*Gr.* Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,  
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;  
For me, I'll not 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 ; pr'ythee be not angry.

*Kath.* 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.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—  
I see, a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not the 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,<sup>a</sup>  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
 I'll bring my 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* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and  
 GRUMIO.

*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?

*Bian.* That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-  
 groom 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.*

<sup>a</sup> This defective line may be completed by reading, "my field, my barn, my stable."—STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?<sup>b</sup> was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curt.* Who is that, calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.<sup>c</sup>

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* 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 shall soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

<sup>b</sup> — man so rayed?] i. e. Bewrayed, made dirty.

<sup>c</sup> — fire, fire; cast on no water.] An old popular catch in three parts has these words:

“Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;

Cast on some more water.”—BLACKSTONE.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gru.* Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*<sup>d</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

*Gru.* 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,<sup>e</sup> the carpets laid,<sup>f</sup> and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready; And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There.

[*Striking him.*

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

<sup>d</sup> — *Jack boy! ho boy!*] Is the beginning of an old round in three parts.—  
SIR J. HAWKINS

<sup>e</sup> — *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] The poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them was owing to this; the *Jacks* being made of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt in the inside, like leather.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.—MALONE.

*Curt.* Both on one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled;<sup>g</sup> 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 pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;<sup>h</sup> how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew<sup>i</sup> than she.

*Gru.* 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<sup>k</sup> brushed, and their garters of an indifferent<sup>l</sup> knit: let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

<sup>g</sup> — bemoiled;] i. e. Bedraggled; bemired.

<sup>h</sup> — burst;] i. e. Broken.

<sup>i</sup> — shrew—] The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex.

<sup>k</sup> — blue coats—] The dress of servants at the time.

<sup>l</sup> — indifferent—] This word, which some explain not different, and some different, seems only to mean ordinary or tolerable; a very common sense of the word.—Nares's Glossary.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio.

*Phil.* How now, Grumio?

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* 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 Serv.* 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<sup>m</sup> i'the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,<sup>n</sup>  
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 some of the Servants.]*

<sup>m</sup> — unpink'd—] i. e. Not marked with eyelet holes.—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> — no link to colour Peter's hat,] Green, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—  
"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoke of an old linke."—STEEVENS.

*Where is the life that late I led—*<sup>o</sup> [Sings.  
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>p</sup>

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,<sup>q</sup>*

*As he forth walked on his way:—*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate: Some water, here; what, ho!—  
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—  
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A bason is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash,<sup>r</sup> and welcome heartily:

[Servant lets the ewer fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.

*Kath.* 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 is this? mutton?

<sup>o</sup> *Where, &c.*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*—RITSON.

<sup>p</sup> *Soud, soud, &c.*] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person fatigued.—MALONE.

<sup>q</sup> *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> *Come, Kate, and wash,*] It was the custom of our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards.—MALONE. As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions.—STEEVENS.

1 *Serv.*

Ay,

*Pet.*

Who brought it ?

1 *Serv.*

I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :

What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst'you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

*[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]*

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and*

CURTIS.]

*Nath.* *[advancing.]* Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he ?

*Curt.* In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :

And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away ! for he is coming hither.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly 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,<sup>†</sup>  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
 That bate,<sup>‡</sup> and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—  
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,<sup>§</sup>  
 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 Lucio, that mistress Bianca  
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?  
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*[They stand aside.]*

\* — full-gorg'd, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. The lure was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the lure was to tempt him back after he had flown.—STEEVENS.

† — to man my haggard,] A haggard is a wild-hawk ; to man a hawk is to tame her.—JOHNSON.

‡ — bate,] i. e. Flutter.

§ — amid this hurly, I intend,] Intend is sometimes used by our author for pretend.—MALONE.

*Enter* BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art to love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*They retire.*]

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!—  
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 scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:<sup>y</sup>  
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 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 unfeigned oath,  
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:  
Fye 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 long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

<sup>y</sup> — cullion:] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning: a despicable fellow, a fool, &c.—STEEVENS.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—*LUCENTIO and  
BIANCA advance.*

*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.

*Bian.* 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.

*Bian.* God give him joy !

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* 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, running.*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied  
An ancient engle<sup>z</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello ?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè,<sup>a</sup> or a pedant,  
I know not what ; formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surly<sup>b</sup> like a father.

<sup>z</sup> — *engle*—] *A simpleton or gull, from engluer, French, to catch with bird-lime. The old copy, and all the recent editions read angel. In admitting this alteration, which was proposed by Theobald, I have the authority of Mr. Gifford. See Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 430. note.*

<sup>a</sup> — *a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. *Pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages.—*STEEVENS.*

<sup>b</sup> — *surly*—] This is the reading of the second folio ; the other editions read *surely*.

*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.

[*Exeunt 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 furthest ?

*Ped.* Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :  
But then up further ; and as far as Rome ;  
And so to Tripoly, 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 staid 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're 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 will I 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.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.  
[*Aside.*

*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 lodg'd ;—  
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;  
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city :  
If this be courtesy, 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<sup>c</sup> 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.<sup>d</sup> [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in Petruchio's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

*Kath.* 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 :

<sup>c</sup> *To pass assurance—*] i. e. *To make a conveyance or deed.* Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common assurances of the realm," because thereby each man's property is assured to him.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> *Go with me, &c.*] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewise, he found the names of Petruchio and Licio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenase*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna to Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government.—FARMER.

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :  
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love ;  
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,  
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—  
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;  
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot ?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear, it is too phlegmatick<sup>e</sup> a meat :—  
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

*Kath.* I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat ; and*  
 HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amourt ?<sup>f</sup>

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer ?

*Kath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

<sup>e</sup> ——— phlegmatick—] This is the reading of the second folio. The first reads, *cholerick*.

<sup>f</sup> ——— all amourt ?] i. e. *Sunk* and *dispirited*. This gallicism is common to many of the old plays.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.  
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof :<sup>g</sup>—  
Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* 'Pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fye ! you are to blame !  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—[*Aside.*  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !  
Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house ;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of 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<sup>h</sup> treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;<sup>i</sup>

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;  
A velvet dish ;<sup>k</sup>—fye, fye ! 'tis lewd and filthy ;

<sup>g</sup> *And all my pains is sorted to no proof :*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. " We tried an experiment but it sorted not." Bacon.—JOHNSON.

<sup>h</sup> — ruffling—] i. e. Rustling.

<sup>i</sup> *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;*] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men.—MALONE.

<sup>k</sup> *A velvet dish ;*] Velvet caps of a diminutive size were for many years in

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :  
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;  
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :  
Your betters have endur'd 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,<sup>1</sup> a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;  
And 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, carv'd like an apple-tart ?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
Like to a censer<sup>m</sup> in a barber's shop :—  
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

*Hor.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

fashion with the citizens' wives and daughters. This fashion is alluded to by Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*.

<sup>1</sup> *A custard-coffin.*] *A coffin* was, the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — *censer*—] I learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep the water warm, and dry his cloths on.—STEEVENS.



Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread,  
Thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
Or I shall so be-mete<sup>n</sup> 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 deceiv'd ; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction :  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made ?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut ?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.<sup>o</sup>

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me : thou hast braved many men,<sup>p</sup> 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.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me

<sup>n</sup> — be-mete—] i. e. Be-measure.

<sup>o</sup> — faced many things.] i. e. Turned up many gowns, &c. with facings, &c.

<sup>p</sup> — braved many men,] i. e. Made many men fine. Bravery was the ancient term for elegance of dress.—STEEVENS.

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 ;*<sup>a</sup>

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* *With a trunk sleeve ;—*

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error 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 thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight ; take thou the bill,<sup>r</sup> give me thy mete-yard,<sup>s</sup> 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.

*Gru.* You are i'the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life ; Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for ; Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !  
O, fye, fye, fye !

*Pet.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :—

[*Aside.*

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,

<sup>a</sup> — a small compassed cape ;] A compassed cape is a round cape. To compass is to come round.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> — the bill,] A quibble between the written bill and bill the ancient weapon carried by foot soldiers. We have the same jest in *As you Like it*, and in *Timon of Athens*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — thy mete-yard,] i. e. Thy measuring yard.

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, frolick ; 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.

*Kath.* 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<sup>t</sup> I be deceived,  
 Signior Baptista may remember me,  
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where  
 We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

<sup>t</sup> — *but*—] i. e. *Unless.*

*Tra.* 'Tis well;  
And hold your own, in any case, with such  
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice;  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* 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:—

Sir, [*to the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son 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, sir,—upon some agreement,

Me shall you find most ready and most willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For curious<sup>a</sup> I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

<sup>a</sup> ——— curious—] i. e. *Scrupulous*.

*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<sup>x</sup> my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is fully 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 affied;<sup>y</sup> and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;  
And happily,<sup>z</sup> we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :  
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, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—  
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife:

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?  
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :  
Come, sir ; we'll better it in Pisa.

<sup>x</sup> — pass—] This word is here synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. “and thereby to *pass* and *convey*” the premises to the grantee.—RITSON.

<sup>y</sup> — affied ;] i. e. *Betrothed*.

<sup>z</sup> — happily,] In Shakspeare's time, this word signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*.—TYRWHITT.

Bap.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc.

What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral<sup>a</sup> of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:<sup>b</sup> to the church;<sup>c</sup>—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit: and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to 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.*

<sup>a</sup> — moral—] i. e. *The secret purpose.*

<sup>b</sup> — *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them.—

REED.

<sup>c</sup> — to the church;] i. e. Go to the church, &c.

SCENE V.

*A publick Road.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be the moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl shall run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?

[*To VINCENTIO.*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !  
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face !—  
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,  
 Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !

*Pet.* Why how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad :  
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;  
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
 That every thing I look on seemeth green :<sup>c</sup>  
 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 amaz'd me ;  
 My name is call'd—Vincentio : my dwelling—Pisa ;  
 And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit  
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
 I may entitle thee—my loving father ;  
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
 Thy son by this hath married ; Wonder not,  
 Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;

<sup>c</sup> *That every thing I look on seemeth green :*] Shakspeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics.—BLACKSTONE.



Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio :  
 And wander we to see thy honest son,  
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,  
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
 Upon the company you overtake ?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;  
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and  
 VINCENTIO.

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
 Have to my widow ; and if she be forward,<sup>d</sup>  
 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 walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to need  
 thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and  
 then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and  
*Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,  
 My father's bears more toward the market-place ;  
 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go ;

<sup>d</sup> — forward,] i. e. Forward.

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 beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! [*to VINCENTIO.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*]

*Bion.* I hope, I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* 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?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*]

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, 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 lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns 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

<sup>e</sup> — a copatain hat!—is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, anciently worn by well-dressed men.—JOHNSON.

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 gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*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 coney-catched<sup>f</sup> in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* 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 gaol with him.

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* 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.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.<sup>g</sup>

*Gre.* Here's packing,<sup>h</sup> with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

<sup>f</sup> — coney-catched—] i. e. Deceived, cheated.

<sup>g</sup> — blear'd thine eyne.] Deceived. To blear the eye was an ancient phrase signifying to deceive.—STEEVENS.

<sup>h</sup> — packing,] i. e. Plotting, underhand contrivance.

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town;  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—  
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me  
to the gaol.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] 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.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

*Gre.* My cake is dough:<sup>i</sup> But I'll in among the rest;  
at of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir; God, forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's  
away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love,  
stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;  
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>i</sup> *My cake is dough:*] A phrase generally used when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation.—REED.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, 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 by 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<sup>k</sup> is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

*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.<sup>l</sup>

*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.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that ?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?—

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

<sup>k</sup> My banquet—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit ; and was generally set out in a separate room.

<sup>l</sup> — fears his widow.] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant, in our author's time, both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense ; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former.—

*Kath.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put 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?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow;—  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

*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,<sup>m</sup> good Tranio.

<sup>m</sup> — gird,] i. e. A sarcasm, a gibe.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say—no ; and therefore, for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife ;  
And he, whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content :—What is the wager ?

*Luc.*

Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.*

Content.

*Pet.*

A match ; 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.*

That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Bap.* Son, I 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 ?

*Bion.*

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 ?

*Gre.*

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?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;  
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd !  
*Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;*  
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What ?

*Hor.* She will not come.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And 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 Petruchio !  
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns !  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

*Bian.* Fye ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too :  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* 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.

*Kath.* Fye, fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;  
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance : commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands ;

But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :  
 And, when she'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 asham'd, 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,<sup>n</sup> and our hearts,  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?  
 Come, come, you forward and unable worms !  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;  
 But now, I see our lances are but straws ;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs,<sup>o</sup> 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.<sup>p</sup>

<sup>n</sup> — our soft conditions,] The gentle qualities of our minds.

<sup>o</sup> — Then vail your stomachs,] i. e. Abate your pride, your spirit.

<sup>p</sup> — you two are sped,] i. e. The fate of you both is decided ; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.—STEEVENS.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;<sup>a</sup>

To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — *though you hit the white ;*] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery : the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.—JOHNSON.

## WINTER'S TALE.

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THE first edition of this play is that of the Players, the folio of 1623. It could not have been written before 1610, as we find from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, that it was licensed by Sir George Buck, who did not till that year get full possession of the office of Master of the Revels, which he had obtained by a reversionary grant: neither could the comedy have been produced later than 1613, when it was performed at Court.

The plot is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Thomas Green. The poet has changed the names of the characters, and added the parts of *Antigonus*, *Paulina*, and *Autolytus*; he has also suppressed many circumstances of the original story; in other respects he has adhered closely to the novel. The error of representing Bohemia as a maritime country is not attributable to our author, but to the original from which he copied. Ben Jonson, in a conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, remarking on this geographical mistake, observed that "Shakspeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles." This remark, which was uttered in the course of private conversation, without the slightest suspicion of its ever being made public and which was so well justified by the example that he adduced to support it, has been quoted as another instance in proof of Jonson's enmity to Shakspeare. Jonson only professes to love Shakspeare, "on this side Idolatry," to admire his excellences without being blinded to his defects: the incorrectness mentioned is decidedly a great fault, but there is no malignity or undue severity expressed by the manner in which it is censured.

Mr. Walpole has a ridiculous conjecture that *The Winter's Tale* is an historical play, that it was intended as a covert compliment to Queen Elizabeth, that it is designed as a supplement to Henry the Eighth, and that Leontes represents the bluff monarch, Hermione, Anne Bullen, Perdita, Queen Elizabeth, and Mamillius an elder brother of hers, who was still-born.

"*The Title of this play*," says Schlegel, "answers admirably to its subject. It is one of those histories which appear framed to delight the idleness of a long evening."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia :*

MAMILLIUS, *his son.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES,

DION,

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a court of judicature.*

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.*

*Two other ladies.* }

MOPSA, } *shepherdesses.*

DORCAS, }

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a dance ;  
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

# WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves ;<sup>a</sup> for, indeed,—

*Cam.* 'Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were 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

<sup>a</sup> — our entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.—JOHNSON.

of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied,<sup>b</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ;<sup>c</sup> and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,<sup>d</sup> makes old hearts fresh ; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die ?

*Cam.* Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;

<sup>b</sup> — royally attornied,] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c.  
—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — shook hands, as over a vast,] i. e. A vast space. The second folio reads a vast sea. Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood-cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country.—HENLEY.

<sup>d</sup> — physicks the subject,] Keeps the people in a wholesome political temperament.—SEYMOUR.



And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too truly !<sup>e</sup>* Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then : and in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

*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.

*Leon.* 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.

<sup>e</sup> — That may blow

No sneaping winds, &c.] i. e. Oh ! that there may blow no rebuking winds  
at home to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears.*—FARMER and  
MALONE.

*Leon.*

Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :  
But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIXENES*] I'll adventure,  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,  
To let him there a month, behind the gest<sup>f</sup>  
Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good-deed,<sup>g</sup> Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o'the clock<sup>h</sup> 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 verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?  
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.*

Your guest then, madam :

To be your prisoner, should import offending ;  
Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.*

Not your gaoler then,

<sup>f</sup> *To let him there a month, behind the gest—*] *To let him there* is to detain him there ; *behind the gest* is beyond the time appointed for his stay. *Gest* "is a lodging or stage for rest in a royal journey." Strype says, that Cranmer entreated Cecil "to let him have the new-resolved-upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was." From which passage we find that the table of the *gests* limited not only the places, but the time of staying at each.—NARES.

<sup>g</sup> ——— *good-deed,*—signifies, *indeed.* The second folio reads *goodheed.*

<sup>h</sup> ——— *a jar o'the clock—*] *A jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock : what children call the *ticking* of it.—STEEVENS.

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 the other : What we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence : we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd  
That any did : Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven  
Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.<sup>i</sup>

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot !<sup>k</sup>  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,  
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
The 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.

*Leon.* Is he won yet ?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

<sup>i</sup> — the imposition clear'd,

*Hereditary ours.*] i. e. Setting aside *original sin* ; bating the imposition  
from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our inno-  
cence to Heaven.—WARBURTON.

<sup>k</sup> *Grace to boot!*] *Grace*, or *Heaven help me!*

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?  
 I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us  
 As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,  
 Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
 Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,  
 With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
 With spur we heat<sup>1</sup> an acre. But to the goal;—  
 My last good 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.

Leon. Why, that was when  
 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,  
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
 And clap thyself my love;<sup>m</sup> then did'st thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—  
 Why, lo 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.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.]

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*  
 To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
 I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;  
 But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
 May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
 And well become the agent: it may, I grant:  
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
 As in a looking glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere

<sup>1</sup> — we heat—] i. e. Run a heat, as in a race.

<sup>m</sup> And clap thyself my love;] She opened her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—to clap up a bargain, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands.—SKEEVENS. This was, says Malone, a regular part of the ceremony of troth plighting.

The mort o'the deer ;<sup>n</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy ?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I'fecks ?<sup>o</sup>

Why, that's my bawcock.<sup>p</sup> What, has smutch'd thy nose ?—  
They say, it's 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<sup>q</sup>

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf,  
Art thou my calf ?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that  
I have,<sup>r</sup>

To be full like me :—yet, they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
That will say any thing : But were they false  
As o'er-died blacks,<sup>s</sup> as wind, as waters ; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn<sup>t</sup> 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin eye :<sup>u</sup> Sweet villain !  
Most dear'st ! my collop !<sup>x</sup>—Can thy dam ?—may't be ?

<sup>n</sup> *The mort o'the deer ;*] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *I'fecks ?*] A supposed corruption of—in faith.

<sup>p</sup> *Why, that's my bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*.—STEEVENS.  
Nares supposes it to mean my *young cock* from *boy* and *cock*.

<sup>q</sup> — *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.—JOHNSON. A *virginal* is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*] Malone informs us, that a *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The meaning is, *thou wantest the rough head and the horns that I have to complete your resemblance to your father*.

<sup>s</sup> — *o'er-died blacks,*] i. e. Old clothes of other colours dyed black. *Blacks* was the common term for mourning.—STEEVENS.

<sup>t</sup> — *bound*—] i. e. *Boundary*.

<sup>u</sup> — *welkin eye:*] Blue eye ; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> — *my collop !*] So, in *The First Part of King Henry VI*.

"God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh."

Affection ! thy intention stabs the center :<sup>y</sup>  
 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,<sup>z</sup>  
 Thou may'st 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 ?

*Leon.* What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?<sup>a</sup>

*Her.* You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :  
 Are you mov'd, my lord ?

*Leon.* 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, methoughts, I did recoil  
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,  
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash,<sup>b</sup> this gentleman :—Mine honest friend,  
 Will you take eggs for money ?<sup>c</sup>

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

<sup>y</sup> *Affection ! thy intention stabs the center :*] *Affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, "the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea." *Intention* is eagerness of attention.—STEEVENS and M. MASON.

<sup>z</sup> — *credent,*] i. e. *Credible*.

<sup>a</sup> *Leon. What cheer ? &c.*] This line is the property of Leontes in all the folios, and has been most arbitrarily given to Polixenes by the modern editors. Every actor will be glad to have it restored. Leontes, startled from his moody abstraction by the sudden address of Polixenes, endeavours to conceal the disturbance of his mind by an assumed tone of cheerfulness and careless ease.

<sup>b</sup> *This squash,*] A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.—HENLEY.

<sup>c</sup> *Will you take eggs for money ?*] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts ?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles ?* i. e. Whom do you design to affront ? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. *Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.*—SMITH.

*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be his dole!<sup>d</sup>—

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.

*Leon.*

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—*Hermione*,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;  
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent<sup>e</sup> to my heart.

*Her.*

If you would seek us,

We are your's i'the garden : Shall's attend you there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you : you'll be found,  
Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to !

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

How she holds up the neb,<sup>f</sup> the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing<sup>g</sup> husband ! Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.<sup>h</sup>

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play :—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour

<sup>d</sup> — happy man be his dole !—] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a happy man.—*JOHNSON*. The expression is proverbial, and has been explained in the *Taming of the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1.

<sup>e</sup> *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.—*JOHNSON*.

<sup>f</sup> — the *neb*,] The bill or beak. The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*.

<sup>g</sup> — allowing—] This word in old language means *approving*.—*MALONE*.

<sup>h</sup> — a fork'd one.] That is, a *horned* one ; a *cuckold*.

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There have been,  
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;  
 And many a man there is, even at this present,  
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his 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 open'd,  
 As mine, against their will : Should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick 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 it ;  
 It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us  
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—

What ! Camillo there ?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold :  
 When you cast out, it still came home.<sup>i</sup>

*Leon.* Didst note it ?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions ; made  
 His business more material.<sup>k</sup>

*Leon.* Didst perceive it ?

They're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,<sup>l</sup>  
*Sicilia is a so-forth* : 'Tis far gone,

<sup>i</sup> — it still came home.] This is a seafaring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> *His business more material.*] i. e. The more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.—STEEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> — rounding.] To round, or more properly to rown in the ear means to tell secretly and to whisper, but rounding in this place seems to mean hinting, or telling by circumlocution.



When I shall gust it<sup>m</sup> last.—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay ?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine ?  
For thy conceit is soaking,<sup>n</sup> will draw in  
More than common blocks :—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures ? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,<sup>o</sup>  
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord ? I think, most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha ?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why ?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy  
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 cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord !

*Leon.* To bide upon't :—Thou art not honest : or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward :  
Which hoxes honesty behind,<sup>p</sup> restraining  
From course requir'd : or else thou must be counted  
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent : or else a fool,

<sup>m</sup> — gust it—] i. e. Taste it.—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> — soaking] i. e. Absorbent.

<sup>o</sup> — messes,] A mess is a party dining together : lower messes is used as an expression to signify the lowest degrees about the court.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — hoxes,] i. e. Ham-strings. The proper word is, to hough, i. e. To cut the hough, or ham-string.

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly ; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance,<sup>a</sup> 'twas a fear  
Which oft affects 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.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo  
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)  
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 hobbyhorse ; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear

<sup>a</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry of out*

*Against the non-performance,]* This is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*.—JOHNSON. I leave this note, but believe the author means to say that Camillo never omitted to do any thing for the service of Leontes unless the *execution* of the act appeared so perilous, as to render the *non-performance* of it a matter of prudence rather than neglect or timidity.

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing ?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?  
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?  
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?  
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind  
 With the pin and web,<sup>r</sup> but theirs, theirs only,  
 That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?  
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;  
 The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;  
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd  
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;  
 For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say, it be ; 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is ; you lie, you lie :  
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;  
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;  
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
 Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life, she would not live  
 The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her ?

*Leon.* Why he, that wears her like her medal,<sup>s</sup> hanging  
 About his neck, Bohemia : Who—if I  
 Had servants true about me : that bare eyes  
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,

<sup>r</sup> — the pin and web,] A disorder of the eye, consisting of some excrescence growing on the ball of the eye.—Nares.

<sup>s</sup> — her medal,] i. e. Her portrait.

Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink :  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.*

Sir, my lord,

I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison :<sup>t</sup> But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,<sup>u</sup>——

*Leon.*

Make't thy question, and go rot !

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?  
Give scandal to the blood 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 ?<sup>x</sup>

*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.

*Leon.*

Thou dost advise me,

<sup>t</sup> —— *rash potion—maliciously like poison :*] *Rash* is hasty, *maliciously* is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful.—JOHNSON.

<sup>u</sup> *I have lov'd thee,——*] I believe that Theobald and Tyrwhitt were right in attributing these words to Leontes. They then mean, *I love you no longer :—Make that thy question*, thy subject of consideration, and *go rot*. If we retain the old reading, the words of Leontes *Make't thy question and go rot*, must refer to what Camillo has said relative to the queen's chastity.

<sup>x</sup> —— *blench ?*] i. e. *Start off, shrink*.

Even so as I mine own course have set down :  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen : I am his cupbearer ;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all :  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
Do't not, thou split'st thy own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady !—But, for me,  
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master ; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows : If I could find example  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself 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.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange ! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?——  
Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir !

*Pol.* What is the news 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,  
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him  
With customary compliment ; when he,

Wafting 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 chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
 Which shows me mine chang'd too : for I must be  
 A party in this alteration, finding  
 Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
 Which puts some of us in distemper ; but  
 I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught  
 Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How ! caught of me ?  
 Make me not sighted like the basilisk :  
 I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
 As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto  
 Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns  
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle,<sup>y</sup>—I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
 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.

<sup>y</sup> In whose success we are gentle,—] i. e. By whose success in life we are gentlemen.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you ;  
Since I'm charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my counsel ;  
Which must be even 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.<sup>z</sup>

*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<sup>a</sup> you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an affected jelly ; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best !<sup>b</sup>  
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 greatest infection  
That e'er was heard, or read !

*Cam.* Swear his thought over<sup>c</sup>  
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 fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith,<sup>d</sup> and will continue  
The standing of his body.

<sup>z</sup> *I am appointed Him to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed by him to murder you.—The *by* was perhaps omitted by accident, which is here understood.

<sup>a</sup> *To vice—*] i. e. *To seduce.*

<sup>b</sup> *— that did betray the best !*] i. e. Judas.

<sup>c</sup> *Swear his thought over*] *Swear over* is here very probably given in the sense of *over swear* ; i. e. “ strive to bear down his thought, his jealousy, by oaths.” In our author we have in the same manner, *weigh out for outweigh, over swear for swear over.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> *— whose foundation*

*Is pil'd upon his faith,*] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.—STEEVENS.

*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 condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee ;  
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine :<sup>e</sup> My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,  
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent : and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion !<sup>f</sup> Come, Camillo ;  
I will respect thee as a father ; if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

<sup>e</sup> — *thy places—neighbour mine :*] i. e. Thy appointments at court shall be near my person.

<sup>f</sup>*Good expedition be my friend, &c.*] If we explain this passage according to the sense of the words, it means—"May good expedition prove my friend by removing me from a place of danger, and, by withdrawing the object of her husband's jealousy, may it comfort the queen, who is part of his theme ; i. e. of the object of his disquiet, but is not suspected by Leontes as I am."—Polixenes seems to have forgotten the full purport of Camillo's information, and to conceive that he alone was obnoxious to the anger of Leontes.



*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.—*The same.*

*Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

*Her.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*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 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 eye-brows ?

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 eye-brows.

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 spirits 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 church-yard ;—I will tell it softly ;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with him ?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them : never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I  
In my just censure ? in my true opinion ?<sup>g</sup>—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge !<sup>h</sup>—How accurs'd,  
In being so blest !—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd,<sup>i</sup> 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 drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts :<sup>k</sup>—I have drank, 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,

<sup>g</sup> *In my just censure ? in my true opinion ?—*] Censure in the time of our author was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment.

<sup>h</sup> *Alack for lesser knowledge !—*] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> *A spider steep'd,*] That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person examined on Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Countesse wished me to get the strongest poyson I could, accordingly I bought seven great spiders."—HENDERSON.

<sup>k</sup> — hefts :—] Heavings.

Whom I employed, was pre-employ'd by him :  
 He has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing ;<sup>1</sup> yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will :—How came the posterns  
 So easily open ?

*1 Lord.* By his great authority :  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.—  
 Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :  
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him :

*Her.* What is this ? sport ?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;  
 Away with him :—and let her sport herself  
 With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not,  
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
 '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<sup>m</sup>  
 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 it 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,

<sup>1</sup> — a pinch'd thing ;] *To pinchin* in Chaucer means *to jeer, or banter*.

<sup>m</sup> — sear—] i. e. *Brand as infamous*.

He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She's an adultress ; I have said, with whom ;  
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
A federary<sup>n</sup> with her ; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
But with her most vile principal,<sup>o</sup> that she's  
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars 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.

*Leon.* No, no ; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison ;  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks.<sup>p</sup>

*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,

<sup>n</sup> — federary—] i. e. *Confederate*.

<sup>o</sup> *But with her most vile principal,*] But has here the sense of only. The meaning is, Hermione should be ashamed to know what she knows, even though she had no other confidant than her wicked companion in guilt.

<sup>p</sup> *He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,*

*But that he speaks.*] Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote degree.—  
JOHNSON. But that he speaks—means, in merely speaking.—MALONE.

Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have  
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
 Worse than tears drown : '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 !

*Leon.*

Shall I be heard ?

[*To the Guards.*

*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 deserv'd 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.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*1 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.

*1 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<sup>a</sup> where  
 I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;  
 Than 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.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

<sup>a</sup> — my stables—] i. e. My constant station,—a stable stand is a term of the forest laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by.—HANMER.

1 *Lord.*

Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,<sup>r</sup>  
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him :<sup>s</sup> Be she honour-flaw'd,—  
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine honour,  
I'll geld them all : fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;  
And I had rather glib<sup>t</sup> myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.*

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 feeling doing thus ;<sup>u</sup> and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.*

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.*

What ! lack I credit ?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leon.*

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow  
Our 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 as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice : the matter,

<sup>r</sup> ——— putter-on,] i. e. *Instigator*.

<sup>s</sup> ——— land-damn him:] Of this disputed sentence Dr. Johnson's interpretation, which considers it as meaning "I'll condemn him to quit the country," is the most delicate ; but I fear that the more gross explanation of Hamner is most correct. He derives the word from *lant* or *land* the old word for urine, and explains it, "stop his urine by mutilation."

<sup>t</sup> ——— glib—] i. e. *Castrate*.

<sup>u</sup> ——— doing thus ;] Leontes at these words grasps the arm of Antigonus.

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.

*Leon.* 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,<sup>x</sup>  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:  
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:<sup>y</sup> Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

*1 Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;  
Lest that the treachery of the two,<sup>z</sup> fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in publick: for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant. [aside.]* To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>x</sup> ——— approbation,]—is here put for proof.

<sup>y</sup> ——— stuff'd sufficiency:] i. e. Of abilities more than enough.

<sup>z</sup> ——— the treachery of the two, &c.] Hermione is confined lest she should execute the plot against his life and crown, in which he has before declared that she is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo.—JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee,

What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not ?

*Keep.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Keep.* I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors !—Is it lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?  
*Emilia ?*

*Keep.* So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
*Emilia* forth.

*Paul.* I pray now call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

*Keep.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together : on her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),  
She is, something before her time, delivered.



*Paul.* A boy ?

*Emil.* A daughter ; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives  
Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*Paul.* I dare be sworn :—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes<sup>a</sup> o' the king ! beshrew  
them !

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,  
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it !  
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something nearer.

*Keep.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,

<sup>a</sup> — *lunes*] i. e. *Frenzy*, *lunacy*, French. *Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.* Richelet. It was suggested by Mr. Kemble that *lunes* was a Spanish term, expressing the cry of a restive mule.

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir :  
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to  
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear : upon  
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being ;—part o' the cause,  
She the adultress ;—for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level<sup>b</sup> 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 ?

*I Atten.*

*My lord ?*

[*Advancing.*]

*Leon.* How does the boy ?

*I Atten.*

He took good rest to-night ;  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leon.*

To see,

His nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself ;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

<sup>b</sup> — blank

And level]—are terms of gunnery and mean mark and aim.—DOUCE.

And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :—go,  
 See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fye, fye no thought  
 The very thought of my revenges that way [of him ;  
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty :  
 And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,  
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
 Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :  
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;  
 More free, than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-  
 manded

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir ;  
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;  
 Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,  
 That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho ?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
 About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How ?——

Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,  
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;  
 I knew, she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
 She should not visit you.

\* — *Leave me solely :—*] That is, leave me alone.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty, he can : in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo you now ; you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,<sup>d</sup>  
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say, good  
And would by combat make her good, so were I [queen.  
A man, the worst about you.<sup>e</sup>

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;  
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

*Leon.* Out !

A mankind witch !<sup>f</sup> Hence with her, out o' door :  
A most intelligencing bawd !

*Paul.* Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so entitling me : and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors !  
Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—

<sup>d</sup> — comforting—] Here used in the old sense of *encouraging*— evils are crimes.

<sup>e</sup> — the worst about you.] i. e. The man of your servants, least skill'd in the use of arms.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — mankind—] i. e. Masculine.

Thou, dotard, [*to ANTIGONUS,*] thou art woman-tir'd,<sup>s</sup>  
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.<sup>h</sup>

*Paul.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness<sup>i</sup>  
Which he has put upon't!

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all doubt,  
You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.*

Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove  
The root of his opinion which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*Leon.*

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.

*Paul.*

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,

<sup>s</sup> — *woman-tir'd.*] i. e. *Pecked* by a woman; *hen-pecked*.

<sup>h</sup> — *thy crone.*] i. e. Thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman.—STEEVENS.

<sup>i</sup> *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

*Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness—*] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth.—JOHNSON.

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;<sup>k</sup> lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's !

*Leon.* A gross hag !—

And, lozel,<sup>l</sup> 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.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
 Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*Paul.* I care not :

It is an heretick, 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-hing'd fancy,) something savours  
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
 Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
 If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Paul.* I pray you do not push me ; I'll be gone.  
 Look to your babe, my lord : 'tis yours : Jove send her  
 A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—  
 You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
 Will never do him good, not one of you.  
 So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone. [Exit.]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
 My child ? away with't !—even thou, that hast

<sup>k</sup> No yellow in't ;] Yellow is the colour of jealousy.

<sup>l</sup> — lozel,] “ A lozel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his own good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty.”  
 —Verstegan's *Restitution*, 1605. p. 335.

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;  
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :  
 Within this hour bring me word '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.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

*1 Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit ;  
 We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech  
 So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,  
 (As recompense of our dear services,  
 Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;  
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows :—  
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
 And call me father ? Better burn it now,  
 Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :  
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;

[To ANTIGONUS.]

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 this beard's grey,<sup>m</sup>—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 ;

<sup>m</sup> — as sure as this beard's grey,—] Leontes was under thirty, for he has himself told us that twenty-three years before he was unbreeched, in his green velvet coat, &c. The grey beard spoken of therefore is that of Antigonus.

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,<sup>n</sup>  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lew'd-tongu'd 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,<sup>o</sup>  
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!<sup>p</sup> *Exit with the Child.*

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*I Atten.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

<sup>n</sup> — Swear by this sword,] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> — commend it strangely to some place,] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.—JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — to loss!] i. e. To be exposed as a thing lost.



1 *Lord*. So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon*. Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me :  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt*.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street in some Town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo*. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;  
Fertile the isle ;<sup>a</sup> 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 !

*Cleo*. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'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<sup>r</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Fertile the isle ;*] Throughout this play the town of Delphi, where the celebrated temple of Apollo was situated, and which was on the continent, has been spoken of as *Delphos*, and called an island. The mistake originated with the author of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, from whom Shakspeare borrowed his plot.

<sup>r</sup> *The time is worth the use on't.*] *The time is worth the use on't*, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it.—JOHNSON.

*Cleo.* 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.

*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,) Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried, The daughter of a king; our wife; and one Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.— Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned 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.

\* — pretence]—is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a design formed. To pretend means to design, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—JOHNSON.

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation ; and  
 The testimony on my part, no other  
 But what comes from myself : it shall scarce boot me  
 To say, *Not guilty* ; mine integrity,  
 Being counted falsehood,<sup>1</sup> shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, (as they do,)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation 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 devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators : For behold me,—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare :<sup>2</sup> for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,<sup>3</sup>  
 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 uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd, to appear thus :<sup>4</sup> if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,  
 That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts

<sup>1</sup> — mine integrity, &c.] That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie.—JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — spare:] i. e. Be quit of.—JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine.] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children."—STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus:] *Uncurrent* is here used in the sense of *unwarranted*; the meaning is, "I offer it to your conscience to determine with what unwarrantable action I have strained (i. e. exceeded the rules of propriety) so as to appear thus dishonoured."—SEYMOUR.

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fye upon my grave !

*Leon.* 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.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
Which<sup>z</sup> comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;  
With such a kind of love, as might become  
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself 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.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not :  
My life stands in the level<sup>a</sup> of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams ;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact<sup>b</sup> are so,) so past all truth :

<sup>z</sup> Which—] This relative, without an antecedent, is very harsh. Perhaps we should read *what*.

<sup>a</sup> — stands in the level—] i. e. *Is within the reach of*.

<sup>b</sup> — fact—] Is here unusually put for guilt.—NARES'S *Glossary*.

Which to deny, concerns more than avails :<sup>c</sup> for as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
 Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats ;  
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek,  
 To me can life be no commodity :  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went : My second joy,  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily,<sup>d</sup> 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.<sup>e</sup> 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.

*1 Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,  
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

<sup>c</sup> ——— *concerns more than avails :*] i. e. Is more trouble to you than it avails with us.

<sup>d</sup> *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. *Born under an inauspicious planet.*

<sup>e</sup> ——— *limit.*] i. e. *Limb.* The limbs were so called from being the extremities or limits of the body.—Nares's *Glossary*.

*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 ;<sup>f</sup> yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
 Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought  
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,  
 You have not dared to break the holy seal,  
 Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleon. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,  
 Camillo a true subject, Leontès a jealous tyrant, his innocent  
 babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir,  
 if that which is lost, be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo !

*Her.* Praised !

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth ?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord ; even so,  
 As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i'the oracle :  
 The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*Serv.* My lord, the king, the king !

*Leon.* What is the business ?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it :  
 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
 Of the queen's speed,<sup>g</sup> is gone.

*Leon.* How ! gone ?

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves

<sup>f</sup> *The flatness of my misery ;* ] That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity.—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> — *speed,* ] i. e. *Success.*

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How now there?

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen :—Look down, And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence :  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with 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 and 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,<sup>h</sup>  
No richer than his honour :—How he glisters  
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker !<sup>i</sup>

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while !  
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too !

*1 Lord.* What fit is this, good lady ?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?

<sup>h</sup> ——— commended,] i. e. Committed.

<sup>i</sup> Does my deeds make the blacker !] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.—JOHNSON.

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, to green and idle  
 For girls of nine !—O, think, what they have done,  
 And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;  
 That did but show thee, of a fool,<sup>k</sup> inconstant,  
 And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,  
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,<sup>l</sup>  
 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 don'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 vengeance for't  
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid !

*Paul.* I say, she's dead : I'll swear't : if word, 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

<sup>k</sup> — of a fool,] By a mode of speech, anciently much in use, this means, "It shewed thee first a fool, then inconstant."—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] "How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this." Notwithstanding this remark of Mr. Malone's, the words may allude to the reproach of treason against himself, which Leontes cast on Camillo.



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.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*1 Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't;<sup>m</sup>

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.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, 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,

<sup>m</sup> *I am sorry for't*;] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.—JOHNSON.

So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with a Child; and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then,<sup>n</sup> 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.

*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 o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of 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,

<sup>n</sup> *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used for *certain, well assured, or well informed.*—JOHNSON.

Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,  
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see  
 Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself, and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd 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!

[Laying down the Child.

There lie; and there thy character:<sup>o</sup> there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,  
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,  
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?<sup>p</sup>—  
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;  
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would, there were no age between ten and three-

<sup>o</sup> —thy character:] Thy description; i. e. The writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> A savage clamour?] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters;—then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace* or the animal pursued.—JOHNSON.

and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, 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 any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne;<sup>a</sup> a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,<sup>r</sup> 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 hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it 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 main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore

<sup>a</sup> — *barne*,] i. e. *Infant*,—*barnes* for *borns*, or things born; answering to the Latin *nati*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *a boy, or a child*,] *Child* is used for a *female infant*. Even within ten miles of London, on admiring "*a fine child*" in the arms of a cottager, I was corrected and told that it was a *boy*.

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 :<sup>s</sup>—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.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

*Clo.* 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.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her ; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside.*

*Shep.* Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here boy. Now bless thyself ; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>t</sup> 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 :<sup>u</sup>—open't : What's within, boy ?

*Clo.* You're a made old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so : up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way.<sup>x</sup> We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but

<sup>s</sup> — flap-dragoned it:] i. e. Swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed flap-dragons. A flap-dragon was a small combustible body, set on fire, and put afloat in a glass of liquor which was to be swallowed flaming.—As candle-ends made the most formidable flap-dragons, the greatest merit was ascribed to the heroism of swallowing them.—NARES.

<sup>t</sup> — a bearing-cloth—] A bearing-cloth is the fine mantle of cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized.—PERCY.

<sup>u</sup> — some changeling:] i. e. Some child left behind by the fairies in the room of one which they had stolen.—STEEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> This is fairy gold, &c.] The old man desires the clown to keep the knowledge of their newly acquired wealth secret, and return home with their treasure the next, i. e. the nearest way ; because, according "to the received opinion, it was extremely dangerous to betray the confidence of the fairies. The loss of all future favour from them was the least part of the evil ; personal or family misfortune usually followed the indiscretion."—GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. 476.

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,<sup>y</sup> but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I,—that please some, try all ; both joy, and terror,

Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error,—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. 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 ;<sup>z</sup> 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 glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,

<sup>y</sup> — curst,] i. e. Mischievous.

<sup>z</sup> — and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap ;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. The growth of the wide gap, is somewhat irregular ; but he means, the growth, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is, to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required.—JOHNSON.

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,  
 That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,  
 I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel  
 I now name to you ; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophecy ; 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<sup>a</sup> of time : Of this allow,<sup>b</sup>  
 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 I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years,<sup>c</sup> 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

<sup>a</sup> — argument—] i. e. *Subject.*

<sup>b</sup> — allow,] To allow in our author's time signified to approve.

<sup>c</sup> It is fifteen years,] We should read—*sixteen.* Time has just said,  
 ————that I slide  
 O'er sixteen years.—STEEVENS.

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.<sup>d</sup> Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st 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,<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>f</sup> that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>g</sup> with the shepherd;

<sup>d</sup> — and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] *Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence merely for *friendly offices*.—MALONE.

<sup>e</sup> — missingly,] This word according to Mr. Steevens means *at intervals*; but I rather think it refers to the blank in the court assemblies occasioned by the prince's absence.—SEYMOUR.

<sup>f</sup> — angle—] Mr. Theobald reads *engle*, but there is no need of any alteration, *angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

<sup>g</sup> — question—] i. e. *Talk*.



from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—*

*With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*

*Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year ;*

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>i</sup>*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—*

*With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—*

*Doth set my pugging<sup>k</sup> tooth on edge :*

*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—*

*With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay :—*

*Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>l</sup>*

*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;<sup>m</sup> 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.*

<sup>i</sup> *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] The meaning is the red, the spring blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The English pale, the Irish pale, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time ; and the words red and pale were chosen for the sake of the antithesis.—FARMER.

<sup>k</sup> — *pugging*—] i. e. Thievish. The word is used by Green in one of his pieces, and a puggard was a name for some particular kind of thief.

<sup>l</sup> — *aunts*,] A cant term for women of bad character whether prostitute or procuress.

<sup>m</sup> — *threc-pile* ;] i. e. Rich velvet.

*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.<sup>a</sup> 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,<sup>o</sup> I purchased, this caparison ; and my revenue is the silly cheat :<sup>p</sup> 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 ;<sup>q</sup> every tod yields—pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn, —What comes the wool to ?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? *Three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers : three-man song-men all,<sup>r</sup> and very good ones ; but they are most of them means<sup>s</sup> and bases : but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies ;<sup>t</sup> *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*.

<sup>a</sup> *My traffic is sheets ; &c.*] Autolycus means that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with.—M. MASON.

<sup>o</sup> — *With die, and drab,*] i. e. With gaming and whoring.

<sup>p</sup> — *the silly cheat :*] Cant term for *picking pockets*.

<sup>q</sup> — *tods ;*] i. e. Yields a tod. Every eleven wethers will produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

<sup>r</sup> — *three-man song-men all,*] i. e. Singers of catches in three parts.

<sup>s</sup> — *means*] i. e. Tenors.

<sup>t</sup> — *warden pies ;*] i. e. Pies made of the warden, a kind of large, hard, baking pear.

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*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 foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? cans't 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;<sup>u</sup> I knew him once a servant of the prince;

<sup>u</sup> — with trol-my dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the

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,<sup>x</sup> 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 unrolled,<sup>z</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue!

balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> — motion of the prodigal son,] i. e. The puppet-shew, then called motions. A term frequently occurring in our author.—WARBURTON.

<sup>y</sup> — prig:] In the canting language, prig is a thief or pick-pocket.—  
WHALLEY.

<sup>z</sup> — unrolled,] Begging gypsies were in the time of our author in gangs or companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes to be unrolled if he does not so and so.—  
WARBURTON.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent<sup>a</sup> the stile-a :  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter 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. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.<sup>b</sup>

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>c</sup> it not becomes me ;  
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,  
The gracious mark<sup>d</sup> o'the land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up :<sup>e</sup> 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.<sup>f</sup>

*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<sup>g</sup> forges dread ; your greatness

<sup>a</sup> — *hent*—] i. e. Take hold of.

<sup>b</sup> *And you the queen on't.*] Il n'y a rien de plus frais, de plus jeune, de plus pastoral, et de plus noble à la fois que les amours de Florizel et de Perdita. Le prince, entraîné par sa passion, descend à l'état de berger, tandis que la bergère paraît remonter naturellement à celui de princesse, et que les guirlandes deviennent des couronnes entre ses mains.—SCHLEGEL.

<sup>c</sup> — *your extremes,*] Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, but the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself in *swains wearing* while he *prank'd her up most goddess-like*.—M. MASON.

<sup>d</sup> *The gracious mark*—] The object of all men's notice and expectation.

<sup>e</sup> — *prank'd up :*] i. e. Drest with ostentation.

<sup>f</sup> — *sworn, I think,*

*To show myself a glass.*] The sense is, that the prince by assuming a peasant's dress seems sworn to show her as in a glass, what dress she ought to wear instead of the fanciful attire that she had put on for the feast.

<sup>g</sup> — *the difference*—] i. e. Between his rank and hers.

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,  
 Vilely bound up ?<sup>h</sup> 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-rob'd god,  
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
 As I seem now : Their transformations  
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;  
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires  
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts  
 Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.*

O but, dear sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'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 forc'd<sup>i</sup> thoughts, I pr'ythee, 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 ;  
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :

<sup>h</sup> — his work, so noble,

*Vilely bound up?*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.—

JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> — forc'd—] i. e. *Far-fetch'd*.—M. MASON.

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,  
Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.*

*Flo.* See your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fye, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all : serv'd all :  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,  
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire  
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to 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.* Welcome, sir ! [*to POL.*  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o'the day :—You're welcome, sir !  
[*TO CAMILLO.*

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,<sup>j</sup> be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing !

<sup>j</sup> *Grace, and remembrance,*] These words refer to the rosemary and rue, which Perdita had given them. *Rue* was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms against evil spirits ; *rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance, and was supposed to have a medicinal power in strengthening the memory.

*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 gillyflowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have<sup>k</sup> heard it said,  
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race; This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>l</sup> 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;

<sup>k</sup> For I have heard—] i. e. Because their variety of tints is artificially produced. The art is pretended to be taught in old books of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification.—STEEVENS.

<sup>l</sup>—dibble—] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants.—STEEVENS. Perdita's aversion to gillyflowers arises from the belief that their being specked with white and red was the result of art; and she therefore considers them as the emblems of a painted or immodest woman.—DOUCE.



The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through,—Now, my fairest  
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 Phœbus 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 ? like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
Not like a corsè : or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :  
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I'd 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,<sup>m</sup>  
 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 fairly peeps through it,  
 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<sup>n</sup> to fear, as I have purpose  
 To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'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, garlick,  
 To mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now, in good time !

*Clo.* Not a word, a word ; we stand<sup>o</sup> upon our man-  
 ners.—

Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what  
 Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles ; and he boasts himself

<sup>m</sup> — *Each your doing, &c.*] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act.—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> *As little skill—*] i. e. *As little reason.*—WARBURTON.

<sup>o</sup> — *we stand—*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.—JOHNSON.

To have a worthy feeding :<sup>p</sup> but I have it  
 Upon his own report, and I believe it ;  
 He looks like sooth :<sup>q</sup> He says, he loves my daughter ;  
 I think so too : for never gaz'd 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 featly,

*Shep.* 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 a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better : he shall come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : he has the prettiest love songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings* : *jump her and thump her* ;<sup>r</sup> and where some stretch-mouth'd 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.

<sup>p</sup> — a worthy feeding :] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of *pasturage* not inconsiderable.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — *sooth* :] *Truth*. Obsolete.

<sup>r</sup> — *dildos* and *fadings* : *jump her and thump her* ;] These were the nonsensical burthens of several popular songs.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?<sup>a</sup>

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow ; points,<sup>t</sup> more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses,<sup>u</sup> cambricks, lawns ; why, he sings them 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.<sup>x</sup>

*Clo.* Pry'thee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow ;  
Cyprus, black as 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<sup>y</sup> 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, &c.*

<sup>a</sup> — any unbraided wares ?] Braided is faded—perhaps the Clown means to inquire whether the wares are fresh and new.

<sup>t</sup> — points,] Laces with metal tops to them.

<sup>u</sup> — caddisses,] Caddis is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name, now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.—MALONE.

<sup>x</sup> — the square on't.] i. e. The bosom part.

<sup>y</sup> — poking-sticks—] These instruments were heated in the fire and made use of to adjust the plaits of the ruff.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands 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 a milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,<sup>z</sup> to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: charm your tongues,<sup>a</sup> and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,<sup>b</sup> 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

<sup>z</sup> — kiln-hole,] *Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln*, in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses.—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — charm your tongues,] i. e. *Silence your tongues*. The ordinary reading is, *clamour your tongues*:—the emendation which I have adopted is proposed by Mr. Gifford, who says, "by an evident misprint, *clamour* is given for *charm* (silence) your tongues; and the painful endeavours of the commentators to explain the simple nonsense of the text by contradictory absurdities, might claim our pity, if their unfounded absurdities did not provoke our contempt."—GIFFORD's *Ben Jonson*, vol. iv. 405.

<sup>b</sup> — a tawdry lace,] A necklace, so called from S. Audrey, who died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a judgment for having given into the vanity of wearing such ornaments in her youth.

wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; 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 Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives' that were present : Why should I carry lies abroad ?

*Mop.* 'Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by : And let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was 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.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go ;  
Where, it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither ? *M.* O, whither ? *D.* Whither ?

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>c</sup> talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedler;  
Money's a medler,  
That doth utter<sup>d</sup> all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS,  
and MOPSA.*

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;<sup>e</sup> they call themselves saltiers:<sup>f</sup> and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>g</sup> 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.

<sup>c</sup> — sad—] For serious.      <sup>d</sup> — utter—] i. e. Vend by retail.

<sup>e</sup> — all men of hair;] Men of hair, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — saltiers:] He means satyrs.

<sup>g</sup> — gallimaufry—] i. e. A confused heap of things together.—STEEVENS.

*Shep.* Away ! we'll none on't ; here has been too much homely foolery already :—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us : Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king : and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>b</sup>

*Shep.* Leave your prating : since these good men are pleased, let them come in ; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

*Re-enter* Servant, with twelve Rusticks, habited like Satyrs.  
*They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.<sup>i</sup>—  
Is it not too far gone ?—'Tis time to part them.—  
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something, that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks :<sup>k</sup> I would have ransack'd  
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him : If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse ; and call this,  
Your lack of love, or bounty ; you were straited<sup>l</sup>  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand,

<sup>b</sup> — by the squire.] i. e. By the foot rule.—*Esquierre, Fr.*

<sup>i</sup> *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—] This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.—*M. MASON.*

<sup>k</sup> — knacks:] i. e. Toys, trifles.

<sup>l</sup> — straited—] i. e. Put to difficulties.



As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
 That's bolted<sup>m</sup> 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 ;  
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
 Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better ;  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain :—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :  
 I give my daughter to him, and will make  
 Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be

I'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.

<sup>m</sup> — or the fann'd snow,

That's bolted, &c.] The fine sieve used by millers to separate flower from bran is called a *bolting* cloth.—HARRIS.

*Shep.* Come, your hand ;——  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you ;  
Have you a father ?

*Flo.* I have : But what of him ?

*Pol.* Knows he of this ?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ?  
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?<sup>n</sup>  
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.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

<sup>n</sup> ——— *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute* :  
but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*.—JOHNSON.  
It probably means "can he vindicate his right to his own property."—M.  
MASON.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not :—  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd : Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st 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 ;—

*Shep.* O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and  
made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never  
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession ;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far<sup>o</sup> 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, enchantment,—  
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 this 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 :<sup>p</sup> 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

<sup>o</sup> *Far*—] i. e. *Further*, the ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*, which was softened into *ferre*, in the time of Chaucer.—TYRWHITT.

<sup>p</sup> *I was not much afeard* : &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth ; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.—WARBURTON.

Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

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 queen it no inch further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.*

Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.*

I cannot speak; nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones : but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st 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 advis'd.

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy:<sup>a</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Did 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 thereat 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 belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I meant not  
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune,  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O, my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita.—

[*Takes her aside.*

I'll hear you by and by.

[*To CAMILLO.*

*Cam.* He's irremovable,

<sup>a</sup> — and by my fancy:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.—JOHNSON.

Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious business, that  
 I leave out ceremony.

[*Going.*

*Cam.* Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
 That I have borne your father ?

*Flo.* Very nobly

Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,  
 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 forbend ! your ruin :) marry her ;  
 And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)  
 Your discontenting<sup>r</sup> 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

<sup>r</sup> ——— *discontenting*—] This word is in our author's language the same as *discontented*.—MALONE.

To what we wildly do;<sup>s</sup> so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me :  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt 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 certain,  
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;

<sup>s</sup> *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*  
To what we wildly do ;] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was  
the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare ; and this is one of  
those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because  
the language appears different from that now in use.—MALONE. The *un-*  
*thought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.—M.  
MASON.

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 loath 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<sup>t</sup> 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 our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
 She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress  
 To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this :  
 I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
 But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—  
 Preserver of my father, now of me ;  
 The medicin of our house ! How shall we do ?  
 We art not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;  
 Nor shall appear in Sicily—

*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.  
[*They talk aside.*]

*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 riband, glass,

<sup>t</sup> — take in—] This phrase anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of.



pomander,<sup>u</sup> brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,<sup>x</sup> and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a cod-piece of a purse ; 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 whoobub 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, FLORIZEI, 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* AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit  
Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,——why hanging.  
[*Aside.*

<sup>u</sup> —— pomander,] A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague.  
—GREY.

<sup>x</sup> —— trinkets had been hallowed,] This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick.—  
JOHNSON.

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's 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.<sup>y</sup>

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.<sup>z</sup>

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. 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 shipboard  
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.

<sup>y</sup> — boot,] That is, something over and above; or, as we now say, something to boot.—JOHNSON.

<sup>z</sup> — is half flayed already.] i. e. Half stripped already.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you a word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be to tell the king [*Aside.*  
Of this escape, and whither 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 not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it : and therein am I constant to my profession.

*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.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show 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.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not<sup>b</sup> how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

*Shep.* Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel,<sup>c</sup> 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 pedler's excrement.<sup>d</sup>—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

*Shep.* 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,<sup>e</sup> 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.<sup>f</sup>

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>g</sup>

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

<sup>b</sup> — I know not—] The *not* was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

<sup>c</sup> — fardel,] i. e. Bundle.

<sup>d</sup> — excrement,] This word was in our author's days frequently used for beard.

<sup>e</sup> — having] i. e. Estate, property.

<sup>f</sup> — therefore they do not give us the lie.] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us.—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> — with the manner.] In the fact.

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>b</sup> from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;<sup>i</sup> say, you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard

<sup>b</sup> — insinuate, or toze—] To insinuate, and to tease, or toaze, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it.—HENLEY.

<sup>i</sup> Advocate's the court word for a pheasant;] The mode of propitiating the great by presents of game and poultry was common in Elizabeth's days. There were justices of the peace called *basket justices*, who would do nothing without a present: yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, "for half a dozen chickens would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes."—*Sir Simon D'Ewes's Journals of Parliament in Queen Elizabeth's Reign.*—REED.

a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself : For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir ?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane 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, 'nointed 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 aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion : then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>k</sup> shall 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 yqu seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king : being something gently considered,<sup>l</sup> I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear,

<sup>k</sup> — the hottest day prognostication proclaims,] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> — being something gently considered,]—means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.—STEEVENS.

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.

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised ?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety :—Are you a party in this business ?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be 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 blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE, I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.**Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,  
and Others.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass : At the last  
Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord :  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady :  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,



What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
 Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
 Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?<sup>m</sup>  
 What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort and for future good,—  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
 Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;  
[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,—  
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
 More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
 No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,  
 And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
 Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,  
 (Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
 Begin, *And why to me?*

<sup>m</sup> — the former queen is well?] i. e. At rest, dead.

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me<sup>n</sup>  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift<sup>o</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine.*

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront<sup>p</sup> his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* 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.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she

<sup>n</sup> — incense—] i. e. *Instigate.*

<sup>o</sup> — rift—] i. e. *Split.*

<sup>p</sup> *Affront*—] i. e. *Meet.*

The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* 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,)<sup>a</sup> *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equall'd*;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better,

*Gent.* Pardon, madam;  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.  
He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,

<sup>a</sup> *Is colder than that theme,)]* i. e. Than the lifeless body of Hermione, the theme or subject of your writing.—MALONE.

(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.*

Pr'ythee, 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, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.*

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 your 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 upon.

*Flo.*

By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, and friend,<sup>r</sup>  
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.*

O, my brother,

(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir

<sup>r</sup> — and friend,] The old copy reads *at friend*.

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  
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
 (At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,  
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
 The adventure of her person?

*Flo.*

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

*Leon.*

Where the warlike Smalus,  
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose  
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence  
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness: My best train  
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

*Leon.*

The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here! You have a 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 bless'd,  
 (As he from heaven merits it,) with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.*

Most noble sir,

That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

\* — graceful—] i. e. Full of grace and virtue.

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.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia ? speak.

*Lord.* Here in the city ; I now came from him :  
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning, (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 betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so, to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who ? Camillo ?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now  
Has these poor men in question.<sup>t</sup> 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 sits spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married ?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—  
The odds for high and low's alike.<sup>u</sup>

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king ?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

<sup>t</sup> ——— question.] i. e. Conversation.

<sup>u</sup> The odds for high and low's alike.] A quibble upon the false dice so called.  
—DOUCE.

*Leon.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty : and so sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth\* as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.*

Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot  
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.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.*

Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leon.*

I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him : therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the

\* — worth]—is perhaps here used for *wealth*, as in many other places.

† Remember since you owed no more to time, &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age.

old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business ;— But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was a speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed : A noble passion of wonder appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance<sup>2</sup> were joy, or sorrow : but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more : The news, Rogero ?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is 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 *Gent.* Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance ; that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother :—the affection of nobleness,<sup>3</sup> which nature shows

<sup>2</sup> — importance—] i. e. *Import.*

<sup>3</sup> — the affection of nobleness,] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*.



above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you 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 countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.<sup>b</sup> 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;<sup>c</sup> now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit<sup>d</sup> of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* 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 prin-

<sup>b</sup> ——— favour.] i. e. Countenance.

<sup>c</sup> ——— clipping her;] i. e. Embracing her.

<sup>d</sup> ——— weather-bitten conduit—] Conduits representing a human figure were not uncommon; one of them, a female form, and *weather-bitten* still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts.—HENLEY.

cess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which 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 it, (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,<sup>e</sup> changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gent.* 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 ;<sup>f</sup> who, had he himself eternity,<sup>g</sup> and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom,<sup>h</sup> 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 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ?<sup>i</sup> every wink of an eye, some new grace will be

<sup>e</sup> ——— *most marble there,*] i. e. Those who had the hardest hearts.—M. MASON:

<sup>f</sup> ——— *Julio Romano,*] This celebrated painter was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. One need not mention the absurd anachronism of introducing this modern artist into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism and when the oracles of Apollo were consulted.—THEOBALD.

<sup>g</sup> ——— *eternity,*] i. e. Immortality.

<sup>h</sup> ——— *custom,*] i. e. Trade.

<sup>i</sup> *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only

born : our absence makes us 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, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained 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.

*Shep.* Come, boy ; I am past more children ; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir : You 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 gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have :—but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and 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.

to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shown again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.—JOHNSON. Probably this event is given in narrative that the paramount interest of the play may rest, as it ought to do, with the restoration of Hermione.

*Shep.* 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.

*Shep.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life ?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it,<sup>k</sup> I'll swear it.

*Shep.* 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 would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.<sup>l</sup>

*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.*

<sup>k</sup> — franklins say it,] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> — a tall fellow of thy hands,] i. e. A *stout* or *brave* fellow for your size. This phrase was perhaps used for the sake of a jocular equivocation in the word *tall*, which meant either bold or high.—NARES.

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;  
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found  
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that ;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
You precious winners all ;<sup>i</sup> your exultation  
Partake to every one.<sup>k</sup> I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O peace, Paulina ;  
Thou should'st 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,

<sup>i</sup> *You precious winners all ;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> ——— *your exultation*

*Partake—*] Here used in the sense of *participate*.

And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing.)  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
 Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
 We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented.—JOHNSON.

Warburton is not guilty of a criticism so frigid as Johnson has represented.—His words are

“ This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,  
*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,*  
*Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play ; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit ; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.”

The persons of great name to whom Warburton alludes are Dryden and Pope. The former of whom mentions this play with no great indulgence, in the Essay at the end of the second part of the *Conquest of Grenada* ; while the latter, in the preface to his edition of our author's works, is rash enough to class it with *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, as one of the plays, in which Shakspeare had produced, only some characters, or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages.

END OF VOL. III.



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