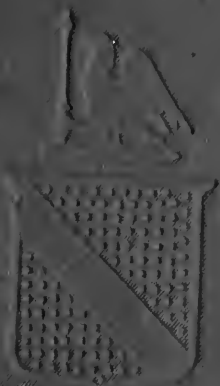




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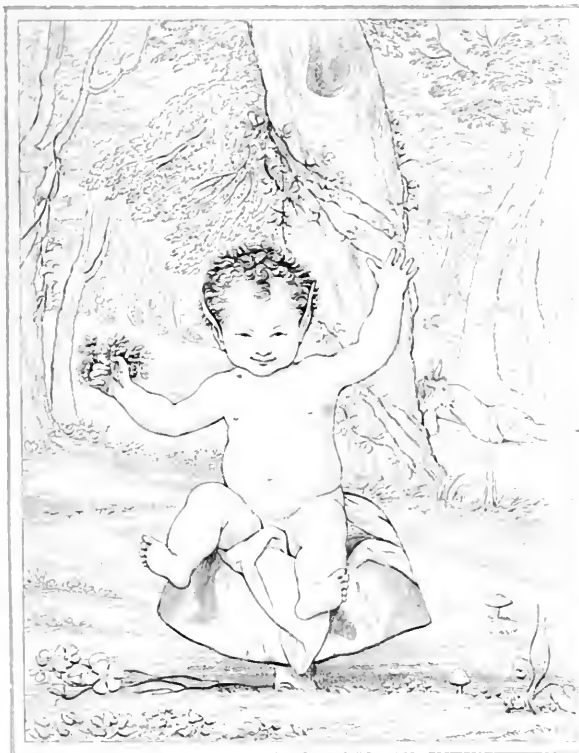
Henry B. Knap, Esq.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.



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Reynolds del.

Starb.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

P. van der Schueren

Act II. Scene I.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAK.

III

A



HISTORICAL NOTICE
 OF THE
 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It is generally believed that Shakspeare was indebted to several sources for the materials of this admirable play. The story of the bond is taken from a tale in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni, a Florentine novelist, who wrote in 1378, three years after the death of Boccace. This book was probably known to our author through the medium of some translation no longer extant. The coincidences between these productions are too striking to be overlooked. Thus, the scene being laid at Venice; the residence of the lady at Belmont; the introduction of a person bound for the principal; the taking more or less than a pound of flesh, and the shedding of blood; together with the incident of the ring, are common to the novel and the play.

The choice of the caskets, in this comedy, is borrowed from chapter 49 of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, where three vessels are placed before the daughter of the king of Apulia for her choice, to prove whether she is worthy to receive the hand of the son of Anselmus, emperor of Rome. The princess, after praying to God for assistance, rejects the gold and silver caskets, and chooses the leaden, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor informs

her that she has chosen as he wished, and immediately unites her to his son.

The love and elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo have been noticed by Mr. Dunlop as bearing a similitude to the fourteenth tale of *Massuccio di Salerno*, who flourished about 1470. In that tale we meet with an avaricious father, a daughter carefully shut up, her elopement with her lover by the intervention of a servant, her robbing her father of his money, together with his grief on the discovery;—a grief, divided equally between the loss of his daughter and the loss of his ducats.

Of this play Dr. Johnson remarks, that ‘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 the *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.’

A R G U M E N T.

A rich and beautiful heiress residing at Belmont, named **Portia**, is compelled by the will of her deceased father to subject every suitor to the choice of a golden, silver, or leaden casket: in the latter is enclosed a portrait of the lady, who is to become the wife of its fortunate possessor. **Bassanio**, a young Venetian gentleman, at length obtains the prize, and is scarcely united to his bride, when he receives intelligence from **Venice** that his dear friend **Antonio** from whose liberality he has procured the means of prosecuting his suit, is completely ruined; and that a bond, which he has executed with a Jew for the payment of a sum of money within a certain period, on forfeiture of a pound of flesh nearest his heart, is now demanded by his inexorable creditor. After receiving a ring from his bride with professions of constancy, **Bassanio** flies to the relief of his patron: the lady, in the mean time, procures letters of recommendation from an eminent civilian, and, in the disguise of a doctor of laws, is introduced to the Duke, as a person well qualified to decide the cause pending between the merchant and the Jew; and at length, by her ingenuity, the unfortunate debtor is delivered from his savage persecutor. The disguised lawyer persists in refusing all pecuniary recompense, and entreats from **Bassanio** the ring which she had presented to him at his departure, which he reluctantly yields: the same expedient is successfully tried by the waiting-maid, disguised as a lawyer's clerk. The lady and her attendant now hasten home; and, on the arrival of their husbands, amuse themselves with witnessing their confusion at the loss of their love tokens, till the stratagem is at length fully explained. The remainder of this play is occupied with the elopement of **Jessica**, the daughter of the Jew, with a young man, named **Lorenzo**, who procures from his father-in-law the reversion of his whole property.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO. }
 PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, the merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend.

SALANIO, }
 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, 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.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

¹ Ships of large burden.

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, 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.

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 dock'd in sand,
 Vailing¹ her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ;
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,

¹ Lowering.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

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 framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

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 stay'd till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bas. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
tonio,

We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bas. I will not fail you.

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

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, *Gra-*
tiano;

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 stillness¹ 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 awhile:
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

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

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

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only com-
 mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

¹ Obstinate silence.

Ant. Is that any thing now ? ¹

Bas. 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. Weil ; tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

Bas. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
'To 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 honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

¹ Can any meaning be affixed to what he has said ?

Bas. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oit 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 knowlege may by me be done,
And I am prest¹ unto it: therefore speak.

Bas. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes² from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued

¹ Ready; from the French word *prêt*.

² Formerly.

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 presagés me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
 sea ;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is ; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-
 weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
 eries 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 white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps 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, overname 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,¹ indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county² palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, 'An if you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather 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 throstle³ sing, he falls straight a capering ;

¹ A witless, gay youngster.

² Count.

³ Thrush.

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 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 behavior every where.

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

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : 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 wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in 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.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition¹ 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 public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—well.

Bas. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months;—well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound;—well.

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

¹ Temper, qualities.

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

Bas. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bas. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in 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 squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats!—I think I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured, you may.

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

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

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

Enter ANTONIO.

Bas. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*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.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,¹
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 !

Bas. Shylock, do you hear ?

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

[*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,

¹ In allusion to the practice of wrestlers.

Yet, to supply the ripe wants¹ of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,²
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 grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep;

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

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

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the earnings which were 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,

Wants which admit no farther delay.

² Inferred.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,¹
 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 breed² for barren metal of his friend ?)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face

¹ Coarse frock, or outward garment.

² Interest money bred from the principal.

Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you stoim !
I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you 'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.—
Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums, as are
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.

Bas. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

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

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are ;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, 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 ¹ guard
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.

Bas. 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.*

A C T 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,

¹ Not to be trusted¹.

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor, 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.¹
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd² the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

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

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,

¹ '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.

² Terrified.

Outbrave 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 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.

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 bless'd, or curs'd'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, 'Gabbo

Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says,—'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or,' as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'via!' says the fiend: 'away!' says the fiend, 'for the heavens:' 'rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend; 'budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well. To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself.' Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my 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, high-gravel-blind, knows me not. I will try conclusions¹ 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.

Gob. By God's sonties,² '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?

¹ Experiments.

² 'Sanctities or holiness.'—*KITSON.*

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, deceased; 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 gentleman! 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, 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 worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse¹ 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 rest² to run away so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries : if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes the man :—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

¹ For thill-horse, i. e. shatt-horse. ² Am firmly resolved.

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

Bas. 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 delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bas. Gramercy !¹ Wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

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.²

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

¹ Contraction for 'grant me mercy !'

² A corruption of *quatre-cousins*, distant relatives.

myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bas. One speak for both.—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

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

Bas. I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit :

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath 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.

Bas. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery

[to his followers.

More guarded¹ 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,² which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune. Go to ; here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives ! Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is

¹ Ornamented.

² Table is the palm of the hand extended

a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*]

Bas. 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 : hic thee ; go.

Leo. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leo. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bas. Gratiano !

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bas. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano :

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—

Parts, that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults :

But where thou art not known, why, there they
shew

Something too liberal.¹ Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild beha-
vior,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then ;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent²
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.³

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

Bas. No, that were pity :
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well ;
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Licentious.

² Grave appearance.

³ Deportment.

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 Chris-
tian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much
deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit : adieu ! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and 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 Laun.

Will you prepare you for this mask 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 gormandise,
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 do 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; 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 mask; but if you do, then
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding
on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning,
falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four
year in the afternoon.

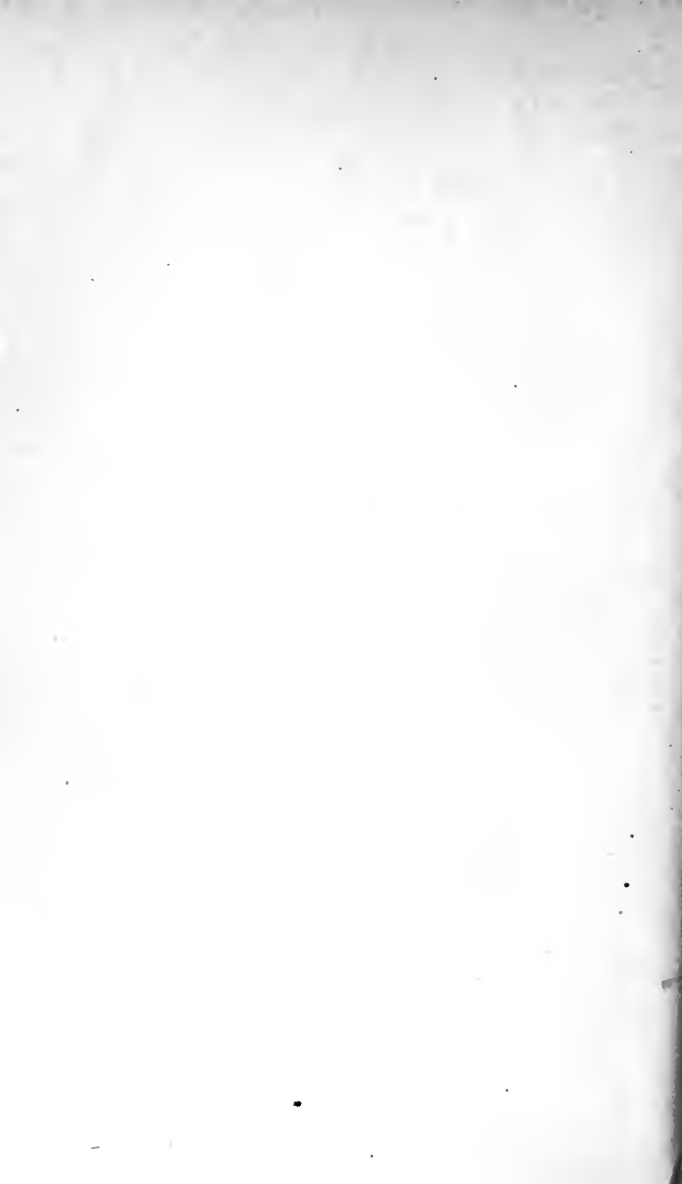
Shy. What! are there masks? Hear you me,
Jessica:



Sturke del.

Carling sc.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
ACT IV. SCENE II.
A ROOM IN ANTOINETTE'S HOUSE.



Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with 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 Laun.*

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

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

Shy. The patch is kind enough ; but a huge
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat : drones hive not with
me ;

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you ;

Shut doors after you. Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

Desired 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 bark¹ 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,
Jean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

¹ The vessel decorated with flags.

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo :—more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode ;

Not I, but my affairs have made you wait.

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives

I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;

Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho ! who 's within .

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed 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 obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

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

[Exit 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 ;
And true she is, as she hath proved 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 masking mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jes. and Salar.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—
No mask to-night ; the wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard ;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gru. 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.

Florish 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 inscriptior.
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 de-
serves.'

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 farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graved 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 throughfares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is 't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
 To rib¹ her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd² 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 tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,

¹ Enclose.

² Engraven

Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.'

Cold, indeed, and labor lost :

Then, farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too grieved 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.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised 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 certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
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, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!’

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’d¹ 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 answer’d—‘ Do not so ;
Slubber² not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;

¹ Conversed.

² To slubber is to do any thing carelessly.

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents¹ 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 heaviness²
 With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we see.

[*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 ;

¹ Shows, tokens.

² The heaviness which he indulges.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

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

Ar. And so have I address'd¹ me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
'Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he
hath.'

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—

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

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond² eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force³ and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,

¹ Prepared.

² Foolish.

³ Power.

Because I will not jump¹ 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 de-
 serves.'

And well said too; for who shall go about
 'To cozen Fortune, and be honorable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
 Were purchased 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 honor; and how much honor
 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 de-
 serves.'

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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,¹
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 two.—
Sweet, adieu! I’ll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath?²

[Exeunt Arr. and train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

¹ I know.

² Misfortune.

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 ?

Por. Here : what would my lord ?

Ser. 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 ;¹
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-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.]

¹ Salutations.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place ; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped¹ ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway 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.

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 !

¹ To knap is to break short.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; 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 fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned 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, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug¹

¹ Spruce.

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 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 villany, you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

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

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 hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou 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! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: ¹ I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt*

• A precious stone •

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 awhile.
 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'erlook'd me, and divided me :
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
 Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours. O ! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
 Let Fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize ¹ the time ;

¹ Delay.

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

Bas. 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.

Bas. 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.

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

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bas. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them :
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music : that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? Then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence,¹ but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou, I live.—With much, much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me, where is fancy² bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how norished?
 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.

Bas. So may the outward shows be least themselves.

The world is still deceived with ornament—
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious³ voice,

¹ Dignity of mien

² Love

³ Pleasing.

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,¹
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped² 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 guiled³ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,

¹ Beard.² Curled³ Treacherous

Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness 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-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed 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.

Bas. What find I here ?

[opening the leuden casket.

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? ¹ 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

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. 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,

¹ likeness, resemblance.





Westall del.

Starling sc.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shakespeare's Comedy in Five Acts

ACT I. SCENE I.

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 pleased 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,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me

Is sum of something ;¹ which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised :
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing, pleased multitude ;
 Where every something, being blent² 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.

¹ Is not intirely ideal.

² Blended.

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 :¹
And when your honors mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

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

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here, until I 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
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bas. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

¹ None that I shall lose if you gain it.

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honor'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.

Bas. 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 intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor.—For my part, my lord,

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.

Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*gives Bas. a letter.*]

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

Saler. 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 wel-
come.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I knew, he will be glad of our success.
We are the Jasons ; we have won the fleece.

Saler. Would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon'
same paper,

That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasantest 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 toid
you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend;
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady:
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, 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?

Saler.

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 magnificoes¹
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

¹ The chief men.

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
'Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in
trouble ?

Bas. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
'The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bas. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
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, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome ; show a merry cheer ;¹
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bas. [*reads.*] ‘Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death : 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.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste : but, till I come again,

No bed shall e’er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer ’twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and JAILER.

Shy. Jailer, look to him ;——tell not me of
 mercy :——

This is the fool that lent out money gratis :—

Jailer, look to him.

Ani. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

¹ Countenance.

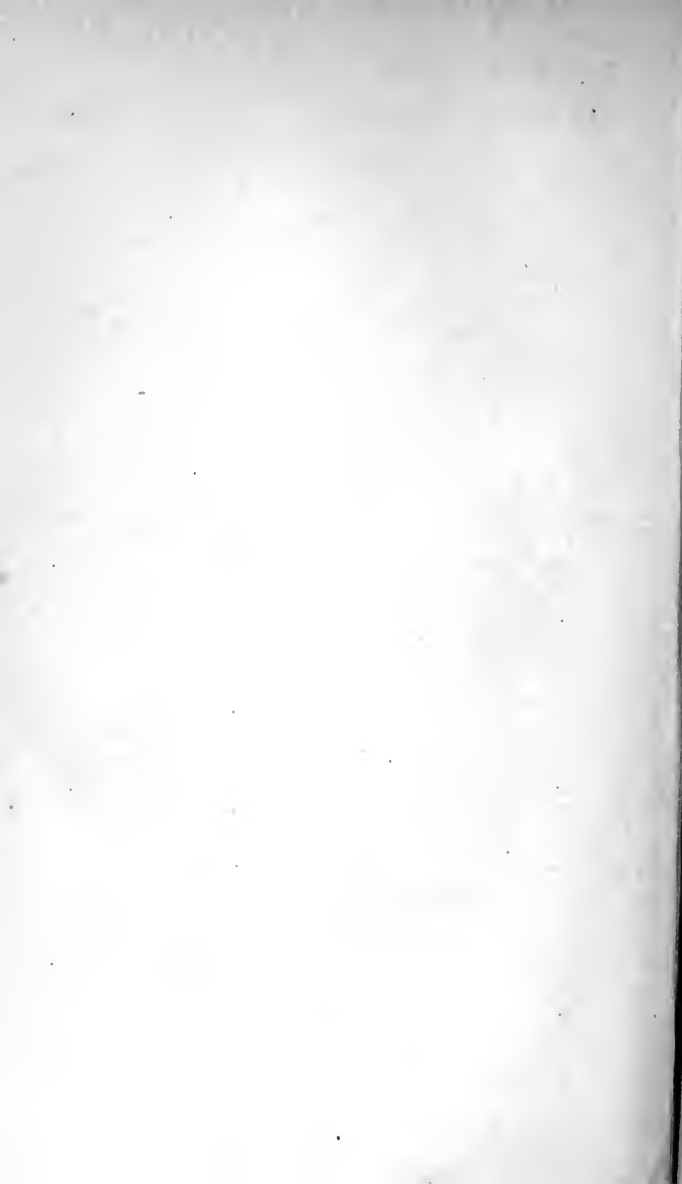


Wesley del

MERCHANT OF VENICE

1616

Shaving of



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 hadst a cause;
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
 The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
 Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond¹
 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-eyed 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;

¹ Foolish.

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, jailer, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come,
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

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 godlike amity; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
 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 breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition ;
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 Jes. and Lor.*

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 endeavor of a man,

In speed to Padua : see thou render this

Into my ccusin'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,¹ to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,

But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;

¹ A passage-boat.

And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honorable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
 I could not do withal ;—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,¹
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie ! what a question 's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. A garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly :—for, look you, the sins of the
 father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I

¹ Jack, in our author's time, was used as a term of contempt.

promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

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

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

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla your father, I fall into Charybdis your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; ev'n 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 humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited !¹

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.

¹ Well-arranged.

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.*

A C T I V.

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 ¹ reach, I do oppose

¹ Envy in this place means hatred or malice.

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 remorse¹ more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And, where² 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 ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint ;
From stubborn 'Turks and 'Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

¹ Pity.

² Whereas.

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 your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I 'll not answer that ;
But, say, it is my humor ; is it answer'd ?
What, if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you 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 bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection :
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. 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 woollen bagpipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

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

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

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

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

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question¹ with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means ;
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

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

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

¹ Converse.

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

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.

Bas. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

You cannot better be 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.

Bas. 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 makest thy knife keen : but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.¹ 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 accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

¹ Anger or malice.

Shy. Till thou canst 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.—
Meantime, 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 Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance whose trial shall better publish his commendation.'

Duke. You hear the 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 rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,¹ 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

¹ Reach or control.

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 sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the
law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth :¹ 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 Da-
niel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honor 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 tenor.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition

¹ Malice oppresses honesty.

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 the 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 prepared.—
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 outlive his wealth ;
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say, how I loved you ; speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself :
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me 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

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.

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

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew?—a learned judge!

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

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest 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.

Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

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

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the 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 proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seise 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 contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayst 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; not for Antonio.¹

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house: you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods; I am content, so he will let me have The other half in use,—to render it, Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more;—that, for this favor, 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:

¹ 'That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine but not Antonio's.' —Malone.

I am not well : send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers.

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,¹

To bring thee to the ga'low's, 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, und train.*

Bas. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope² 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 :

¹ A jury of twelve men.

² *Roward.*

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

Bas. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
farther.

Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

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

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

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

Bas. There's more depends on this, than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

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

Bas. 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.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the
ring:

Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bas. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him:
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away; make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out: give him this
deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,¹
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 ; farthermore,
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 mayst, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away ; make haste ; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house ? [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night
as this,

¹ Reflection.

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

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

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved 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 loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Ste. A friend.

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

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

Lor. Who comes with her?

Ste. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

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

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

But go we in, I pray thee, Jèssica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house,

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo lia, 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 music forth into the air.—

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines¹ 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.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear.
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

[music.

¹ ' A patine is the small flat dish or plate used in the administration of the Eucharist.'—Malone.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws 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

MER. HAUT DE VENICE



Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect: 't
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
'The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! [*music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

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

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

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

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

¹ 'Not absolutely, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.'—Johnson.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*a tucket* ¹ *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 dayligh :
sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes.
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me.
But God sort ² all !—You are welcome home, my
lord.

Bas. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my
friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
him,

¹ A flourish on a trumpet.

² Reduce to order from a state of confusion.

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.¹

[*Gra. and Ner. 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 poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,² ' Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the poesy 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,³ 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.

¹ This verbal complimentary form.

² Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*,
ith short sentences in distich.

³ Regardful.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
 A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
 A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
 you,
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
 And riveted 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.

Bas. 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,
 Deserved 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 received of me.

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

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain¹ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?²
Nerissa teaches me what to believe.

I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bas. No, by mine honor, 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

¹ Retain.

² 'To urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious'—Johnson.

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you.
I'll not deny him 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 honor, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,
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 not-
withstanding.

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

Por. Mark you but that !
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :
 In each eye, one.—Swear by your double¹ self,
 And there 's an oath of credit.

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

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;²
 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.

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

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

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
 For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
 In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
 In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
 What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed.
 Here is a letter ; read it at your leisure ;

¹ Double is here used for, full of duplicity.

² Advantage.

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 return'd ; I have not yet
 Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
 And I have better news in store for you
 Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
 There you shall find, three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbor suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bas. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

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

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to
 do it.

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bas. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
 living ;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
 Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

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

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

Por. It is almost morning ;
And yet, I 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*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

or

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Knight's Tale, in Chaucer, is supposed by Steevens to have been the prototype, whence Shakspeare derived the leading features of this play: the same writer conjectures that the doggerel verses of Bottom and his associates are nothing more than an extract from 'the boke of Perymus and Thesbye,' printed in 1562; while Mr. Capell thinks our author indebted to a fantastical poem of Drayton, called *Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy*, for his notions of those aërial beings.

The title of this drama was probably suggested (like *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale*) by the season of the year at which it was first represented: no other ground, indeed, can be assigned for the name which it has received, since the action is distinctly pointed out as occurring on the night preceding May-day.

Of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. Neither of these editions deserve much praise for correctness. Fisher is sometimes preferable; but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

'Wild and fanciful as this play is,' says Dr. John

son, 'all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion: common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.'

A R G U M E N T.

Oberon, king of the fairies, requests his queen Titania to bestow on him a favorite page to execute the office of train bearer; which she refusing, he, in revenge, moistens her eyes during sleep with a certain liquor, which possesses the singular property of enamoring her of the first person she sees: the object which her eyes first encounter is an ignorant Athenian weaver, named Bottom, who, together with his associates, are preparing to represent a play at the approaching nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta; when a wag-gish spirit of Oberon, named Puck, covers Bottom with the head of an ass;—a transformation, which terrifies the rustic swains, and fulfils the intention of his master, in the dotage of his queen. During this period, a young couple, Lysander and Hermia, flying from a cruel father, and the rigor of the Athenian laws, which forbid their union, enter the enchanted wood, whither they are pursued by Demetrius, whose suit is favored by the father of the fugitive damsel, and who is himself beloved by another lady following him, named Helena, whom he treats with disdain. Oberon, in pity to Helena, commands Puck to anoint the eyes of the churlish Demetrius with the charmed liquor during sleep; but he by mistake enchants Lysander. Demetrius soon after becomes the subject of the same operation, while Helena is presented to each of the awakened lovers: the object of their affections becomes now instantly changed, and the hitherto favored Hermia is rejected by both; till Oberon at length disenchants Lysander, restores the weaver to his pristine form, and becomes reconciled to his queen. The play concludes with the union of Hippolyta to Theseus, by whose mediation the father of Hermia consents to his daughter's marriage with Lysander, while Demetrius becomes the husband of Helena.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, }
 DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, the carpenter.

SNUG, the joiner.

BOTTOM, the weaver.

FLUTE, the bellows-mender.

SNOUT, the tinker.

STARVELING, the tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a fairy.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
 COBWEB, } fairies.
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARD-SEED, }

PYRAMUS, }
 THISBE, } characters in the interlude performed by
 WALL, } the clowns.
 MOONSHINE, }
 LION, }

Other fairies attending their king and queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a wood not far from it.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon : but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
nights ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals :

The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph,¹ and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news
 with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,² conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

¹ Shows.

² Baubles.

To stubborn harshness :—and, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens.
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death ; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advised, fair
 maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;
 One that composed your beauties ; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.¹
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
 look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold ;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts :

¹ You owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure
 continue or destroy.

But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth,¹ examine well your blood ;
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye ² to be in shady cloister mew'd ;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new
moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will ;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would ;

¹ Consider your youth.

² For ever.

Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—and, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius :
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love ·
And what is mine my love shall render him :
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate ¹ unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd ; ² my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted ³ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me :

¹ Bestow. ² Have as ample possessions. ³ Wicked.

I have some private schooling for you both.—
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—
 Come, my Hippolyta ! What cheer, my love ?—
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along ;
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so
 pale ?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike, for want of rain ; which I could well
 Beteem them¹ from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But, either it was different in blood ;

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthral'd to low !

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;

Her. O spite ! too old to be engaged to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

¹ Give bestow on them.

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied¹ night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's² followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

¹ Black,

² Love's.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
 By his best arrow with the golden head;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke;—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
 Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hei. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars;¹ and your tongue's sweet
 air
 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching; O, were favor² so!
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,³
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

¹ Pole-stars. ² Feature, countenance. ³

O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault
were mine !

Her. Take comfort ; he no more shall see my
face ;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me :

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)

Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet ;

There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;

And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.
 Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !—
 Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Her.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
 He will not know what all but he do know :
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game¹ themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured every where :
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,²
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

¹ Sport.

² Eyes.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :¹
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A room in a cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and*
 STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
 by man, according to the scrip.

Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
 which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in
 our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his
 wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play
 treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and
 so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable
 comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
 Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,
 and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth

¹ It will cost him much, be a severe constraint on his feelings

your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest.—Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

‘The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And Phibbus’ car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.’

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is mere coudoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quince. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—'Thisne, Thisne!—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear † and lady dear!'

Quince. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you, Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starve. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would

fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere¹ any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we

¹ As if it were.

rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,¹ such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quince. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bowstrings.²

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter a FAIRY at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green: *

description

¹ Little incidental necessities appertaining to a theatre.

² At all events.

³ Circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground whose verdure proceeds from their care to water them.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see :
 Those be rubies, fairy favors ;
 In those freckles live their savors :
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob¹ of spirits ; I'll be gone :
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-
 night ;

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight :
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;
 She never had so sweet a changeling :
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen.²
 But they do square ;³ that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow : are you not he,

¹ A term of contempt.

² Shining.

³ Quarrel.





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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A Wood Park.

Act II. Scene I

That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk ; and sometimes labor in the quern,¹
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;²
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
 Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;³
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap⁴ pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum : down topples she,
 And tailor⁵ cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe
 And waxen⁶ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, fairy : here comes Oberon.

¹ Hand-mill.² Yeast.³ Wild apple.⁴ A lip flaccid with age.⁵ He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats on his board : hence the custom of crying 'tailor' at a sudden fall backwards.⁶ Increase.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and
TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tit. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence.
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania.
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,¹
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain.
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs, which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting² river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents :³
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain ;
 The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
 The nine men's morris⁴ is fill'd up with mud :
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals want their winter here ;⁵
 No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd :—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :

¹ The beginning of the middle summer, or Midsummer.

² Petty. ³ Banks that contain them.

⁴ A game played by shepherds in the midland counties of England.

⁵ 'Those sports with which country people are accustomed to beguile a winter's evening.'—Malone.

And, thorough this distemperature,¹ we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The childing² autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase,³ now knows not which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension :
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.⁴

Tit. Set your heart at rest :
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votaress of my order ;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ,
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young
 squire)

¹ ' Perturbation of the elements.'—Steevens.

² Teeming.

³ Produce.

⁴ Page of honor.

Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
 stay ?

Tit. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away :
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from **this**
 grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. 'Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;¹
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.²
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound ;—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once :
 The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. *[Exit Puck.]*

Obe. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love :
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

¹ Queen Elizabeth.

² Exempt from love.

(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stolen into this wood,
And here am I, and wood¹ within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave.
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worsè place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)

¹ Mad, raving.

Than to be used as you do use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach¹ your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go:

¹ Bring into question.

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon¹ the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips² and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

¹ By.

SHAK.

² The ox-lip is the greater cowslip.

III.

K

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel,¹ and a fairy song ;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
 Some, war with rear-mice² for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep
 back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits.³ Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

¹ A kind of dance.

² Bats.

³ Quaint sports.

SONG.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts,¹ and blind-worms,² do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel. with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh :
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here :
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.]

Do it far thy true love take ;
Love, and languish for his sake :
Be it ounce,³ or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear

¹ Efts.

² Slow-worms.

³ A small tiger.

When thou wakest, it is thy dear :

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood ;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet ; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;¹
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.²

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.—
Now much beshrew my manners and my
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

¹ My innocent meaning.

² In the conversation of lovers, not suspicion,
takes the meaning.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie farther off; in human modesty,
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, say I;
 And then end life when I end loyalty!
 Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest!

Hec. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
 press'd! [*they sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe:¹
 When thou wakest, let Love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

¹ Possess.

So awake, when I am gone ;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling¹ leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.²

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies ;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear :

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?—

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead. or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
sake, [waking.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

¹ In the dark.

² The favor that I gain.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so;
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,¹
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

¹ My senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused ! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia :—Hermia, sleep thou
there ;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near !
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me !
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honor Helen, and to be her knight ! [Exit.

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do
thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here !
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander, lord !
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no
word ?

Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;
Speak, of all loves ;¹ I swoon almost with fear.
No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

¹ By all that is dear.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The queen of fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin,¹ a parlous² fear.

Starve. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the

¹ By our ladykin.

² Perilous.

more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Starve. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful¹ wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:—'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two

¹ Frightful

hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;¹ and so every one according to his cue.²

¹ Thicket.

² A cue, in theatrical language, signifies the last words of

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. 'Thisby, the flowers of odious savours
sweet,'—

Quince. Odors, odors.

Pyr. '——odors savors sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.' [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[*aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quince. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. 'Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier:

Most brisky juvenal,¹ and eke most lovely Jew;

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.'

Quince. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not

the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

¹ Young man.

Speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—'As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.'

Pyr. 'If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.'—

Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*sings.*

The ousel-cock,¹ so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle² with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ? [*waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo³ gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so ?

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again ;
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little

¹ Cock blackbird.

² Thrush.

³ The cuckoo with his uniform note.

reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days : the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeek ¹ upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate ;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter FOUR FAIRIES.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go ?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;

¹ Joke.

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries.¹
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries :
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise :
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,² your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

¹ Gooseberries.

² A squash is an immature peascod.

patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

'Tie up my lover's tongue; bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit²
What night-rule¹ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,³ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

¹ Frolic of the night.

² Simple fellows.

Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,¹
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl² I fixed on his head :
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic³ comes. When they him
 spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs,⁴ many in sort,⁵
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
 strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

¹ Stupid company.

² Head.

³ Actor.

⁴ The chough is a bird of the daw kind.

⁵ Company.

But hast thou yet latch'd¹ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand elose; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him:
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:

¹ Infected.

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake.

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!¹

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised
mood:²

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more;—

And from thy hated presence part I so.

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

¹ Exploit.

² In a mistaken manner.

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou donè? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true love's sight :
Of thy misprision¹ must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick² she is, and pale of cheer³
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appeal.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

¹ Mistake.

² Love-sick.

³ Countenance.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond ¹ pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo **one** ;
That must needs be sport alone :
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !

¹ Foolish.

These vows are Hermia's ; will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,¹ to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

¹ Heartily.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond ¹ pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo **one** ;
That must needs be sport alone :
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !

¹ Foolish.

These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

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If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

¹ Heartily.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision ! none, of noble sort,¹
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
 For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know :
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeathe,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;
 And now to Helen is it home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.²—
 Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
 takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;

¹ Degree

² Pay dearly for it.

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense.—
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found :
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
 to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
 side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes¹ and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee
 know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, now, is all forgot ?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial² gods,

¹ Circles

² Invenious, artful.

Have with our needs¹ created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?

¹ Needles.

What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unloved ?
'This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows¹ upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

¹ Wry faces.

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, he'll—Sir,
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man; go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me, yet since night you left
me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life:

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt:
 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!¹
 You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
 And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
 game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
 Between our statures; she hath urged her height:
 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;²
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice;
 Let her not strike me: you, perhaps, may think,
 Because she's something lower than myself,

¹ A worm that preys on the buds of flowers.

² Shrewish or mischievous

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him:
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond¹ I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders
you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her
part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

¹ Foolish.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;¹
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;
Take not her part : for if thou dost intend²
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.³

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I 'll go with thee, check by
jole. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil⁴ is 'long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence : still thou mistakest.
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

¹ Knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

² Pretend.

³ Pay dearly for it.

⁴ Confusion, tumult.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
And so far am I glad it so did sort,¹
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
fight :

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,²
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,³
With league, whose date till death shall never
end.

¹ Happen.

² Medicinal efficacy.

³ Go.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste ;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone :
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love¹ have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Oberon*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down :

¹ Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

I am fear'd in field and town :
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
 thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
 art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
 To plainer ground.

[Exit Lys. as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy
 head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
 stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
 child;
 I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled,
 That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
 here. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[lies down.
 For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *[sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why comest
 thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot,
 Thou run'st before me, shifting every place;
 And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
 buy this dear,
 If ever I thy face by daylight see:
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be visited.
[lies down and sleeps.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,¹ monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

¹ *Fist.*



Striking se

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Titania, Bottom, Fairies &c.

Act II Scene I

Ensch del



Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir
me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist;—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*they sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this
sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

[*touching her eyes with a herb.*]

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamor'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own
 fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*still music.*] Come, my
 queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly



Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 And bless it to all fair prosperity :
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,¹
 Trip we after the night's shade :
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tit. Come, my lord ; and, in our flight,
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping here was found,
 With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
 [*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—
 For now our observation is perform'd :
 And since we have the vaward² of the day,
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley ; go.—
 Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear

¹ In sober silence.

² Fore part.

With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ;¹ for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,

So flew'd,² so sanded ;³ and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd⁴ like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear.—But, soft : what nymphs
are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep :
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

¹ Sound.

² Flews are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

³ Of a sandy color.

⁴ With flesh hanging down from the throat.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;¹

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*he and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half 'sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here :

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is)

I came with Hermia hither : our intent

Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stolen away, they would, Demetrius,

¹ Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on Saint Valentine's day.

Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent ;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy ¹ following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,²
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit :
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens : three and three,

¹ Love.

² Toy.

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake ? It seems to me,

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,

The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake : let's follow him ;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer :—my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'—Hey, ho !—Peter Quince ! Flute, the bellows-mender ! Snout, the tinker ! Starveling ! God's my life ! stolen hence, and left me asleep ! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of

man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,¹ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.² [Exit.

SCENE II.

Athens. A room in Quince's house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starve. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

¹ A fool in a particolored coat.

² Probably meaning the death of Thisbe.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,

is, that the duke hath dined: get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,¹ new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comcdy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The same. An apartment in the palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains. Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

¹ To prevent them from falling off during the representation.

Are of imagination all compact :¹
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold :
 That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;²
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
 Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
 Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

Are made of mere imagination.

SHAK.

III.

² Consistency.

19

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phi. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment¹ have you for this
evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phi. There is a brief,² how many sports are ripe.
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*giving a paper.*]

The. [*reads.*] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,

¹ Pastime.

² Short account.

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phi. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Phi. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labor'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed¹ memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phi. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,

¹ Unexercised.

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,¹ not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. 'Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

¹ Endeavor.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phi. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.¹

The. Let him approach. [*florish of trumpets.*]

Enter PROLOGUE.

Pro. ' If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite,

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.'

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : it
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue, like
a child on a recorder ;² a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

¹ Ready.

² Flagelet.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb show.

Pro. 'Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show :

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
sunder :

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-
tent

To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine : for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,¹

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright :

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;

Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :

¹ Called.

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[*Exeunt Pro. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshinc.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
 many asses do.

Wall. 'In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very seeretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
 show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.'

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
 better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
 discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
 black!

O night, which ever art, when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine ;

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne. *[Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for
this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!'

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving
me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will
fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in
thee.'

Pyr. 'I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!'

This. 'My love! thou art my love, I think.'

Pyr. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace;

And like Limander am I trusty still.'

This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'

Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procerus was so true.'

This. 'As Shafalus to Procerus, I to you.'

Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall.'

This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips
at all.'

Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straightway?'

This. 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'

Wall. 'Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go.'

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a
lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

For if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.'

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present:'

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present:

Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern : how is it else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle : for, you see, it is already in snuff.¹

Hip. I am awcary of this moon. Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon , this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. ' This is old Ninny's tomb : where is my love ? '

Lion. ' O— ! ' [*the lion roars.* *Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

¹ A quibble. Snuff signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*the lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. ' Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay ;—O spite !

But mark ;—Poor knight !

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye furies fell !

O fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;¹

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !'²

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. ' O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions
frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear ;

¹ Coarse yarn.

² Destroy.

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame.

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with
cheer.¹

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus ;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

Now die, die, die, die, die.'

[*dies.* *Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but
one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead, he
is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet
recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she
comes ; and her passion ends the play.

¹ Countenance.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet* :—

This. 'Asleep, my love ?

What, dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan !

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come, to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word :—

Come, trusty sword ;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue

And farewell, friends
 Thus Thisbe ends :
 Adieu. adieu. adieu.' [*Does.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,¹ between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and langed himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—
 Lovers to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have o'erwatch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait² of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

¹ A dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians.

² Slow passage.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf behowls the moon,
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.¹
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering
 light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire:

¹ Overcome.

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place

SONG AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue. there create.
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand :
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,¹ such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;²
And each several chamber bless.
Through this palace with sweet peace .

¹ Portentous.² Direct his steps.

Ever shall in safety rest.
And the owner of it bless'd.

Trip away ;

Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Excunt Oberon, Titania, and train*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear :
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend ;
And, as I 'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,¹
We will make amends, ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends ;
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

¹ If we be dismissed without hisses.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.



HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

No traces have yet been discovered of any novel or tale from which the incidents of this comedy have been borrowed. The fable, however, does not appear to be a work of pure invention, and most probably is indebted for its origin to some romance, now no longer in existence. The character of Holofernes is supposed to be the portrait of an individual; and some of his quotations have induced commentators to infer, that John Florio, a pedantic teacher of Italian, was the object of the poet's satire.

Malone conjectures that *Love's Labor's Lost* was first written in 1594, of which no exact transcript is preserved; for in the earliest edition which has hitherto been found of this play, namely that of 1598, it is said in the title page to be 'newly corrected and augmented,' with the farther information, that it had been 'presented before her highness the last Christmas;' facts, which show, that we are in possession, not of the first draught or edition of this comedy, but only of that copy which represents it as it was revived and improved for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth in 1597. That this was one of Shakspeare's earliest essays in dramatic writing is clearly proved by the frequent rhymes, the imperfect versification, and the irregularity of the composition.

‘It must be confessed,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘that there are many passages in this play mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of **Shakspeare.**’

A R G U M E N T.

Ferdinand, king of Navarre, having devoted himself to the study of philosophy, prevails on three of his courtiers to renounce with him the pleasures of society; exacting an oath from each, that for the space of three years they would sedulously attend to the culture of their minds, separate themselves intirely from the company of females, and practise the utmost simplicity in their apparel and diet. At this critical juncture the princess of France arrives at the palace of Navarre on an embassy from the king her father, attended by three ladies in her train: her personal charms and mental endowments soon make a powerful impression on the heart of the secluded monarch; and he has the satisfaction of perceiving that his fellow students are not insensible to the attractions of the ladies of the French court; but are equally anxious with himself to obtain a dispensation of their rash vow. An immediate prosecution of their suit is now resolved on, which exposes them to the raillery of their mistresses, who, after reproaching the repentant devotees with their perjury, insist on subjecting the permanence of their attachments to the trial of a whole year; at the expiration of which period they consent to become their wives.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the king.

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords attending on the princess of France.

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable

COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to Armado.

A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } ladies attending on the princess.

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the king and princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. A park, with a palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
'The endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your
names ;

That his own hand may strike his honor down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Lon. I am resolved : 'tis but a three years'
fast ;

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord. Dumain is mortified ;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
these.

Bir. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Lon. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know,

Bir. Things hid and barr'd you mean, from
common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Bir. Come on then, I will swear to study so;
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain;

As, painfully to pore upon a book.

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely ¹ blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against
reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Lon. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Bir. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

¹ Dishonestly, treacherous!

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme

Lon. Biron is like an envious sneaping¹ frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing, that in season grows:

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowlege you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years'
day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Bir. [*reads.*] 'Item, that no woman shall come

¹ Nipping.

within a mile of my court.'—Hath this been proclaimed?

Lon. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*reads.*] 'On pain of losing her tongue.'—Who devised this penalty?

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility!

[*reads.*] 'Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to
speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite
forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree :

She must lie ¹ here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace :

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name :

[*subscribes.*]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions ² are to others as to me :

But, I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation ³ granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

¹ Reside.

² Temptations.

³ Lively sport.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,¹
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.²

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new³ words, fashion's own knight.

Lon. Costard the swain and he shall be our
 sport;
 And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow! What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
 am his grace's tharborough:⁴ but I would see his
 own person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
 There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you
 more.

¹ Called.

² 'I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.'—Douce.

³ Words newly coined, new from the forge.

⁴ Thirdborough, a peace officer, similar to a headborough or constable.

Cos. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low having. God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Lon. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cos. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta: the manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bir. In what manner?

Cos. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman;—for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cos. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cos. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh!

King. [*reads.*] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vice-

gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron,'—

Cos. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. 'So it is,'—

Cos. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cos.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cos.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. 'So it is, besieged with sable-colored melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeled¹ thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.²

¹ Called.

² Garden abounding with figures, the lines of which intersected each other in many directions.

There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow¹ of thy mirth,'

Cos. Me.

King. — 'that unlettered, small-knowing soul,'

Cos. Me.

King. — 'that shallow vassal,'

Cos. Still me.

King. — 'which, as I remember, hight² Costard,'

Cos. O me!

King. — 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith:'

Cos. With a wench.

King. — 'with a child of OUR grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to

¹ A minnow is a very small fish

² Called.

trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

'DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Bir. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cos. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cos. I do confess much of the hearing it but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cos. I was taken with none, sir ; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, sir ; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cos. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper :—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er ;

And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, Sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Armado's house.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?¹

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

¹ Youth.

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old-time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses¹ love not him. [*aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

¹ A cross is the name of a coin once current.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse¹ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure !

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love : and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

¹ A remarkable horse in the time of Shakspeare.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers: but to have a love of that color, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maeulate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ! most pretty and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known ;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown :
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know ;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.¹

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master. [aside.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

¹ Of which she is naturally possessed.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be passed.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.¹ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offenees ere thou be pardoned.

Cos. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

¹ Dairy-woman.

Cos. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cos. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will just being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cos. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cos. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect¹ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn. (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft² is too hard for Hercules'

¹ Love.

² An arrow to shoot at butts with. The butt was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the *passado*¹ he respects not, the *duello*² he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same. A pavilion and tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest³ spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends,
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

¹ A push, a thrust.

² The law of duelling.

³ Best.

Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker ;—good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court.
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold ¹ of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste ; signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.

¹ Confident.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnised,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humors
know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once :

And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished :
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he, and his competitors ¹ in oath,
Were all address'd ² to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learn'd ;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

¹ Confederates.

² Prepared.

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes Navarre.

[*the ladies mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
 Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome
 I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
 be yours, and welcome to the wild fields too base
 to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
 court.

Prin. I will be welcome then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady! I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing
 else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
 Where¹ now his knowlege must prove ignorance.
 I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:
 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord.
 And sin to break it:
 But pardon me, I am too sudden-boid;
 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

¹ Whereas.

Unsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you 'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant
once ?

Bir. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question !

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such
questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot : it speeds too fast ; 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Bir. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an intire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Received that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,¹
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do' the king my father too much
wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

¹ Would part with.

For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not
come,

Where that and other specialties are bound :
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;

But here without you shall be so received,

As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations : I would
be glad to see it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, I.¹

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*,² with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.]

Lon. I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Lon. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Lon. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's, I have heard.

Lon. God's blessing on your beard!

Boy. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Lon. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Longaville.]

¹ Ay, yes.

² A quibble on the French particle of negation.

Bir. What's her name, in the cap?

Boy. Katharine, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir: adieu!

Boy. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron. Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his
word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to
board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boy. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture. Shall that finish
the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

[*offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

Mar. 'To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

¹ Private property.

Boy. If my observation, (which very seldom lies)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boy. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boy. Why, all his behaviors did make their re-
tire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be :
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tendering their own worth, from where they
were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes.
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed—

Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye
hath disclosed :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*— [singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key; give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately¹ hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?²

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

¹ Hastily.

² A kind of dance.

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary¹ to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humors; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

¹ Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master,
no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so :
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace.

By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard¹ broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*; ²—begin.

Cos. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail,³ sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

¹ Head.

² A term borrowed from the old French poetry, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person.

³ Mail signified a box or packet: in the French *malle*.

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it:—

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three

There's the moral : now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy* : say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three :

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three :

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.

Would you desire more ?

Cos. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and
loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this
argument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a Costard was broken in a
shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cos. True, and I for a plantain ; thus came your argument in :

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cos. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cos. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cos. O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person : thou wert im-
mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cos. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-
rance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [*giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honor is, re-
warding my dependents. Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cos. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony'
Jew!— [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'¹—'A penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration.' Why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cos. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cos. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cos. I thank your worship. God be with you!

Bir. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cos. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cos. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cos. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

¹ Delightful.

² An inkle was a narrow fillet of tape.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cos. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this :—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ;¹ go.
[gives him money.]

Cos. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print.²—Guerdon—remuneration. *[Exit.]*

Bir. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have
been love's whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled,³ whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

¹ Reward.

² With the utmost exactness.

³ Hooded, veiled

Dread prince of plackets,¹ king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,²—O, my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!³
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*

¹ Petticoats.

² Officers of the bishop's court who serve citations.

³ The hoop of a tumbler was adorned with ribands.

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot;
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again
say, no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.



Engraving del



LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

Francis, Pastorelli,
- Art. II. -

ending 50

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. Sec, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow.—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boy. Do not curst¹ wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cos. God dig-you-den all !² Pray you, which is the head lady ?

¹ Shrewish.

HAK.

² God give you all good even.

III.

R

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cos. The thickest and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

Cos. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ; he's a good friend
of mine :

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve :
Break up this capon.¹

Boy. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear :

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boy. [*reads.*] 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth
itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,
have commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The

¹ Open this letter.

magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomise in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the beggar; who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched; on whose side? the beggar's: the catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles, titles; for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

‘Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

‘DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.’

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

‘Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear
better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while.¹

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court;

A phantasm, a monarcho; and one that makes
sport

To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cos. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cos. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cos. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,
lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another
day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*]

Boy. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

¹ Just now.

Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain¹ was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. 'Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [*singing.*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.'

Boy. 'An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.'

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cor. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

¹ The wife of king Arthur

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark; a
mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand
is out.

Cos. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
hit the clout.

Ey. An if my hand be out, then, belike your
hand is in.

Cos. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips
grow foul.

Cos. She's too hard for you at prick, sir; chal-
lenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my
good owl. *[Exeunt Boy. and Mar.]*

Cos. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him
down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar
wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty
man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her
fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetic nit!

Sola, sola!

[*shouting within.*

[*Exit Costard, running.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Sir Nath. Very reverent sport, truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood: ripe as a pomewater,¹ who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *calo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Sir Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.²

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of *insinuation*, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his *undressed*, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, *untrained*, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, *uncon-*

¹ A species of apple formerly much esteemed.

² A buck of the second year.

firmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Sir Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he:

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:¹

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, 'Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.'

Dull. You two are book-men. Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

¹ To be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Sir Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam
was no more ;

And raught¹ not to five weeks, when he came to
five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.²

Dull. 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allu-
sion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the ex-
change ; for the moon is never but a month old :
and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the prin-
cess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humor the
ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed,
a pricket.

Sir Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ;
so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter ;³ for it
argues facility.

' The praiseful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty
pleasing pricket ;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, till now made
sore with shooting.

¹ Reached.

² The riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as
when I use the name of Cain.

³ I will practise alliteration.

The dogs did yell; put *l* to sore, then sore¹ jumps
from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a
hooting.

If sore be sore, then *L* to sore makes fifty sores; ² O
sore *L*!

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one
more *L*.'

Sir Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws
him with a talent! ³

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a
foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revo-
lutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory,
nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered
upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good
in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful
for it.

Sir Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so
may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored
by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under
you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they
shall want no instruction; if their daughters be ca-
pable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui
pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

¹ A buck of the third year.

² In allusion to *L* being the numeral for fifty.

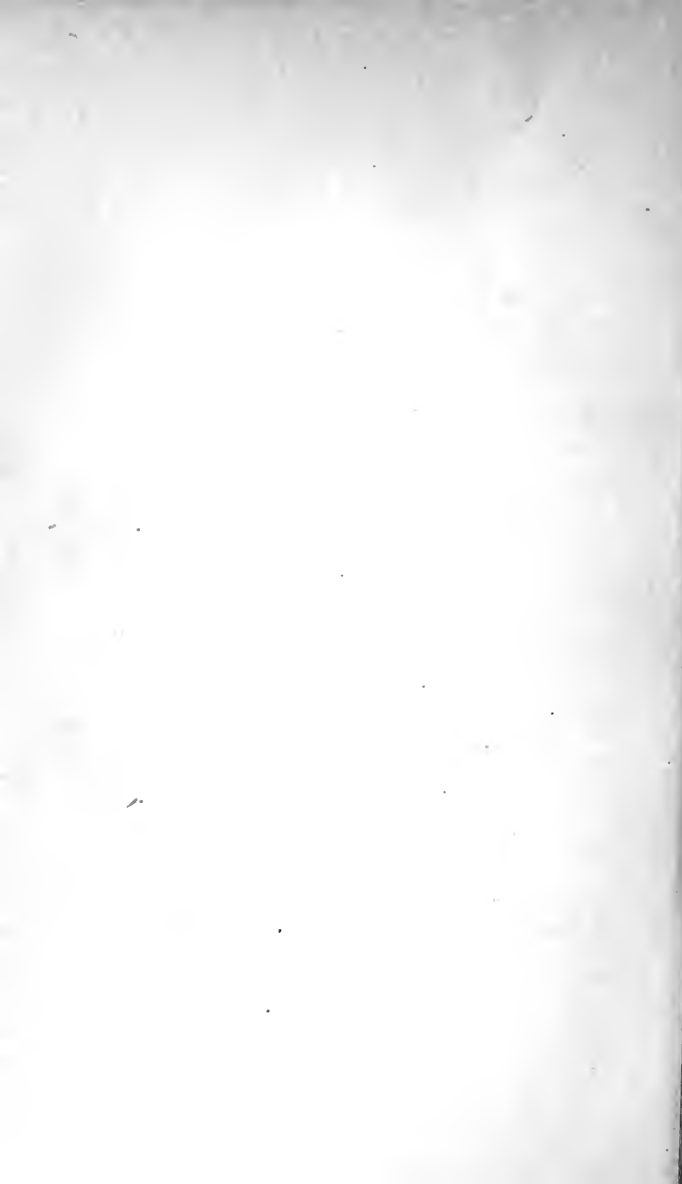
³ In our author's time the talon of a bird was frequently
written 'talent.'



Wheatley del.

Starling sc.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOOT
Duñ. Her. rom. Sir Mathwiel, Costard & Jaquenetta
Act II Scene II



Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on: and if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cos. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth: fire enough for a flint; pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty: it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;
———*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Sir Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine!*

Sir Nath. ' If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art would
comprehend :

If knowlege be the mark, to know thee shall suf-
fice ;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend ;

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without
wonder ;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet
fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong.
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue !'

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss
the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here
are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy,
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius
Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the
jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : so doth
the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired

horse¹ his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript:—'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:—'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cos. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cos. and Jaq.*]

Sir Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable colors.² But, to return to the verses; did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

¹ The horse adorned with ribands.

² Specious appearances.

Sir Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Sir Nath. And thank you too: for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes,¹ the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away: the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;² pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad

¹ In truth.

² Alluding to the dark complexion of his mistress

as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye !—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love ; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan !

[gets up into a tree.

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ah me !

Bir. [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid : thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap :—i' faith, secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] ' So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light :

Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep.

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.'—

How shall she know my griefs ? I 'll drop the paper :

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

[*steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, ap-
pear ! [aside.]

Lon. Ah me ! I am forsworn ! [aside.]

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing
papers.¹ [aside.]

King. In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame !
[aside.]

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.
[aside.]

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjured so ?
[aside.]

Bir. I could put thee in comfort : not by two,
that I know : [aside.]

¹ The punishment of perjury was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of
 society,
 The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-
 plicity.

Lon. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
 move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
 hose : [*aside.*

Disfigure not his slop.

Lon. This same shall go.—

[*he reads the sonnet.*

'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
 ment)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace
 in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
 shine,

Exhalest this vapor vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?'

Bir. [*aside.*] This is the liver vein,¹ which makes
flesh a deity ;
A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Lon. By whom shall I send this ?—Company !
stay. [*stepping aside.*

Bir. [*aside.*] All hid, all hid,² an old infant play :
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Bir. O most profane coxcomb ! [*aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Bir. By earth, she is but corporal ; there you lie.
[*aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.³

Bir. An amber-color'd raven was well noted.
[*aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say ;
Her shoulder is with child. [*aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

¹ The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

² Children's cry at hide and seek.

³ Outstripped, surpassed.

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine. [aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Lon. And I had mine! [aside.]

King. And I mine too, good lord! [aside.]

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good
word? [aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision?

[aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[aside.]

Dum. 'On a day, (alack the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee,

Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.'—

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Lon. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from
 charity,

That in love's grief desirest society :
 You may look pale ; but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush ; as his
 your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion ;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
 ' Ah me ! ' says one ; ' O Jove ! ' the other cries ;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
 You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

[*to Longaville.*]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*to Dumain.*]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[descends from the tree.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjured; 'tis a hateful thing:
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did
 see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!¹
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic² Timon laugh at idle toys!

¹ Grief.

² Cynic.

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;—
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With moonlike men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? ¹ When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft. Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cos. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cos. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

¹ In trimming myself.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be
read;

Our parson misdoubts it: 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*giving him the letter.*]
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cos. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Lon. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*picks up the pieces.*]

Bir. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [*to Costard.*]
you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you
more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cos. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta*

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree :
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Bir. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale a sceller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise : then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,¹

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

¹ Alluding to the fashion then prevalent, of wearing false hair, or periwigs.

Her favor turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

Lon. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Lon. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her
face see. [*showing his shoe.*]

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Bir. O, nothing so sure ; and thereby all for-
sworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this
evil.

Lon. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,¹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O, 'tis more than need!—

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

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies:

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigor of the traveller.

¹ Law chicanery.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?¹
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 With ourselves,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers,² as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with !
 Other slow arts intirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;

¹ i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author.

² Poetical fire.

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled¹ snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs :
O. then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and norish all the world ;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wislom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;²
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :

¹ Inshelled.

² That is pleasing to all men.

It is religion, to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the
 field !

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Lon. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by.
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us
 devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons ! allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
 corn ;¹

And justice always whirls in equal measure :

¹ A proverbial expression, intimating that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falshood.

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*¹

Sir Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons² at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,³ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te :* his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.⁴ He is too picked,⁵ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Sir Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*takes out his table-book.*]

¹ Enough is as good as a feast.

³ Affectation. ⁴ Boastful.

² Discourse.

⁵ Showy in his dress.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise¹ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor *vocatur* nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable; (which he would call abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domini?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Sir Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—bone, for *bene*. Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Hol. *Videsne quis venit?*

Sir Nath. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*to Moth.*]

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*to Costard aside.*]

Cos. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket² of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as

¹ Finical.

² Refuse.

honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.¹

Moth. Peace ; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*to Hol.*] are you not lettered ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book — What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head ?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew² of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I

¹ A small inflammable substance swallowed in a glass of wine.

² A smart hit.

will whip about your infamy *circum circa* ; a gig of a cuckold's horn !

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house¹ on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well culled, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward² between us, let it pass :—I do be-

¹ Free school.

² Confidential.

seech thee, remember thy courtesy: ¹—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and, among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, ² with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is, —but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, ³ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

¹ Remember that thou art standing with thy hat off.

² Beard. ³ Chicken: an ancient term of endearment.

Sir Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gailant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' That is the way to make an offence gracious;¹ though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge² not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*,³ goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

¹ To convert an offence against yourselves into a dramatic propriety.

² Suit

³ Courage.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides, the leaf, margent, and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;¹

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

¹ Grow.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd
your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,¹ of this
light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in
snuff;²

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the
dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore
light.

Kath. You weigh me not!—O, that's you care
not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past
care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well
play'd.

¹ This word was formerly a term of endearment.

² In anger.

But, Rosaline, you have a favor too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would, you knew.

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :
The numbers true ; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not so full of Os !¹

Kath. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all
shrows !

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from
fair Dumain ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kath. Yes, madam ; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :
A huge translation of hypocrisy :
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

¹ Marks of the small pox.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville :

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !¹

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;

And shape his service wholly to my behests ;²

And make him proud to make me proud that jests !³

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burus not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

¹ 'I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited as if I had hired him.'—Steevens.

² Commands.

³ I would make him proud to flatter me, who make a mock of his flattery.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his
face.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's
her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wench, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments: you'll be surprised;
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are
they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbor thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:



W. H. P. del.

Starling sc.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST
Prosecco & La Inca
Act 7 Scene II



Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear :
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favors too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favors most in
sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance if they desire us to 't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a
foot ;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[trumpets sound within.

Boy. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
 maskers come. [the ladies mask.

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in
 Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and
 Attendants.*

Moth. 'All hail, the richest beauties on the
 earth!'

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.¹

Moth. 'A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
 [the ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!'

Bir. 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes.'

Moth. 'That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
 views!

Out'—

Boy. True; 'out,' indeed.

Moth. 'Out of your favors, heavenly spirits,
 vouchsafe

Not to behold'—

Bir. 'Once to behold,' rogue.

¹ The taffeta masks which they wore to conceal themselves.

Moth. 'Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

—with your sun-beamed eyes.'

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet :

You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds, Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes :

Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princess ?

Bir. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boy. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

To tread a measure¹ with her on this grass.

Boy. They say, that they have measured many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so : ask them, how many inches

Is in one mile : if they have measured many,

¹ A slow and solemn dance.

The measure then of one is easily told.

Boy. If, to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine

(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter:
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one
change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it
soon. [music plays.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's
changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—

Courtesy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves. What buys your
company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more
chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

[*they converse apart.*]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so
nice)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet adieu!

Since you can cog,¹ I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

[*they converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*they converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Lon. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Lon. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Lon. Let's part the word.

¹ Deceive, lie.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Lon. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you
cry. *[they converse apart.]*

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off,
break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple
wits.

[Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross
fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases !
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No *point*,¹ quoth I : my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps.²

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to *me*.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change favors ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be under-
stood.

¹ A quibble on the French adverb of negation.

² Better wits may be found among the citizens.

Boy. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds,¹ or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were ; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd ;
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros, Kath. and Maria.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN in
their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the
princess ?

Boy. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

Boy. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

¹ ' Letting those clouds, which obscured their brightness,
sink from before them.'—Johnson.

Bir. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
 And utters it again when Jove doth please :
 He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassels,¹ meetings, markets, fairs ;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve :
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 He can carve too, and lisp. Why, this is he,
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy :
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honorable terms ; nay, he can sing
 A mean² most meanly ; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, **sweet ;**
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whales bone :³
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue,
 heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

¹ Rustic merry meetings.

² The tenor in music.

³ The tooth of the horse whale, or walrus.

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Bir. See where it comes!—Behavior, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
vow:

Nor God nor I delight in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant
game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord.

'Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady, (to the manner of the days) ¹

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools, but this I think;

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me.—My gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light. Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

¹ According to the fashion of the times.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine ?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore ?

Bir. Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand you this ?

Ros. There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried : they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord ? Why looks your highness sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows : he'll swoon ! Why look you pale ?—

Sca-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;

Nor never come in visor to my friend ;¹

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song :
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affection,²
Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them : and I here protest

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage :—bear with me ; I am sick :
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—
Write, ' Lord have mercy on us !'³ on those three.
They are infected ; in their hearts it lies ;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit ; seek not to undo
us.

¹ Mistress.

² Affectation.

³ In allusion to the inscription set on houses infected with the plague.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue? ¹

Bir. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honor, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force not ² to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

¹ How can those be liable to forfeiture that commence the process?

² Make no difficulty.

As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover.
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? By my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give :
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir ; this jewel did she wear :
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Bir. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on 't.—Here was a consent,¹

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
zany,²

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers ; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she 's disposed.

Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favors ; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

¹ Conspiracy.

² Buffoon.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn; in will and error.¹
 Much upon this it is:—and might not you

[to Boyet.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?²
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;³
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
 done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cos. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cos. No, sir; but it is *vara fine*,

For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is *nine*.

¹ First in will, and afterwards in error.

² Square, rule.

³ You may say what you will; you are a licensed fool.

Cos. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:

You cannot beg us sir,¹ I can assure you, sir: we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cos. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cos. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—ev'n one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cos. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

¹ 'We are not fools: our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes.'—Johnson.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[*Exit Armado.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain,

Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived: 'tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;¹ and the whole world again.

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.²

[*seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*]

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cos. 'I Pompey am,——'

Boy. You lie; you are not he.

Cos. 'I Pompey am,——'

Boy. With libbard's head on knee.³

¹ A game at dice.

² With vigor.

³ Alluding to the old heroic habits, which usually had a lion or leopard's head on the knees and shoulders

Bir. Well said, old mocker! I must needs be friends with thee.

Cos. 'I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big.—'

Dum. The great.

Cos. It is great, sir;—'Pompey surnamed the great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.'

If your ladyship would say 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cos. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'great.'

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Sir Nath. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.'

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander!

Sir Nath. 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;—'

Boy. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the great,——

Cos. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror; take away Alisander.

Cos. O, sir, [*to Sir Nath.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Sir Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbor, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted.¹—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. 'Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canus;

¹ The part allotted to him in this piece is too considerable.

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
 Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus* :
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,
Ergo, I come with this apology.'—
 Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

[*Exit Moth.*

Hol. 'Judas I am,'—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

'Judas I am, ycleped¹ Machabæus.'

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipped, is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved
 Judas?

Hol. 'Judas I am,'—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an
 elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A cittern² head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

¹ Called.

SHAK.

² A cittern was a kind of harp.

Boy. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.¹

Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :

And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfaced them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark ;
he may stumble.

Frin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector

IN ACTS.

¹ A soldier's powder-horn.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Lon. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. 'The armipotent Mars, of lances¹ the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,'—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Lon. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

'The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight
yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,'—

Dum. That mint.

Lon. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

¹ i. e. of lancemen

Lon. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he breathed, he was a man—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers Costard.*]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. 'This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,'—

Cos. The party is gone, fellow Hector; she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cos. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? thou shalt die,

Cos. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved.—More Ates,¹ more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cos. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man:² I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.³

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cos. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole ower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt: I go woolward⁴ for penance.

¹ More instigation. Ate was the goddess of discord.

² A clown.

³ The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

⁴ With woollen next the skin.

Boy. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favor.

Enter a Messenger, MONSIEUR MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,¹ and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal² opposition of our spirits:

¹ 'I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received with the eyes of discretion.'—Johnson. ² Free to excess.

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,¹ decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are
double.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty,
ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:

¹ At the moment of his parting.

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested¹ us to make. Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
 And even that falshood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love ;
 Your favors, the ambassadors of love ;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast, and as lining to the time :²
 But more devout than this, in our respects,
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves

¹ Tempted.

² 'As something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, may be thrown away at pleasure. Bombast was a kind of loose texture, not unlike what is now called wadding.'—Johnson.

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lon. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote ¹ them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour, Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord; your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this:—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,²
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last ³ love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come, challenge, challenge me by these deserts;
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;

¹ Reckon.

² Clothing.

³ Continue.

Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
 Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too ; your sins are
 rank ;

You are attaint with faults and perjury :
 Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to
 me ?

Kath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and ho-
 nesty ;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord :—a twelvemonth and a
 day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
 Come when the king doth to my lady come ;
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Lon. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you: few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye;
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;¹
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce² endeavor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a **gibing**
spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

¹ Cutting sarcasms.

² Vehement.

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal :
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.
[to the King.]

King. No, madam : we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
 I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail :
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
 To-who :
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel ¹ the pct.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Mer.an's nose looks red and raw :
 When roasted crabs ² hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl :—
 To-who :
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
 songs of Apollo. You, that way ; we, this way.

[*Exeunt*

¹ Scum.

² Wild apples.





THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IV.







etc. 12

Starbuck 30

IT'S ALL ABOUT NOTHING

Hero Ursula & Beatrice

Act II Scene I

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY
A. J. VALPY, A.M.,
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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PLAYS AND PLAYS

THE PLAYERS AND THE PLAYERS

THE PLAYERS AND THE PLAYERS

THE PLAYERS AND THE PLAYERS

Shakespeare unites in his existence the utmost elevation and the utmost depth; and the most foreign, and even apparently irreconcilable properties subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet; in strength a demigod, in profundity of view a prophet, he lowers himself to mortals as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.

A. W. SCHLEGEL.



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FOURTH VOLUME.

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

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TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.



HISTORICAL NOTICE
 OF
 TWELFTH NIGHT.

The comic scenes of this play appear to have been intirely the production of our author ; while the serious part is founded on a story in the fourth volume of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, which he took from *Bandello*. Malone, however, is of opinion that the plot of this comedy was rather derived from *The Historie of Apolonius and Silla* ; which tale is to be found in a collection, by *Barnaby Rich*, which first appeared in the year 1583. Bnt little doubt can remain of the identity of the story of *Bandello* with the incidents of *Twelfth Night*, after a perusal of the comparison of both compositions from the pen of *Mrs. Lennox* :—

‘ *Sebastian* and *Viola*, in the play, are the same with *Paolo* and *Nicuola* in the novel : both are twins, and both remarkably like each other. *Viola* is parted from her brother by a shipwreck, and supposes him to be drowned ; *Nicuola* loses her brother at the sacking of *Rome*, and for a long time is ignorant whether he is alive or dead. *Viola* serves the duke, with whom she is in love, in the habit of a page ; *Nicuola*, in the same disguise, attends *Lattantio*, who had forsaken her for *Catella*. The duke sends *Viola* to solicit his mistress in his favor ; *Lattantio* commissions *Nicuola* to plead for him with *Catella*. The duke's mistress falls in

love with Viola, supposing her to be a man; and Catella, by the like mistake, is enamored of Nicuola; and, lastly, the two ladies in the play, as well as in the novel, marry their lovers whom they had waited on in disguise, and their brothers wed the ladies who had been enamored of them.'

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic: he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama. as it exhibits *no just picture of life.*'

A R G U M E N T.

Sebastian and Viola, twin children of a gentleman of Messina, and remarkable for an exact resemblance of features, being deprived of both their parents, quit their native country: they are encountered at sea by a violent tempest, which destroys the vessel and most of the crew, while Viola, the captain, and a few passengers betake themselves to the boat, which conveys them in safety to the sea-coast of Illyria. The lady, thus deprived of her brother, clothes herself in male attire, and enters into the service of Prince Orsino, who is at this time engaged in the unsuccessful pursuit of a neighboring lady, named Olivia. The talents of the disguised page soon render her so great a favorite of her master, that she is selected to intercede with the obdurate Olivia; who, though deaf to the solicitations of the prince, is seized with a sudden passion for the domestic, which meets with a repulse. Viola, on her return home, is waylaid by a foolish suitor of Olivia, favored by her uncle, who persuades him to challenge the youth, in order to beget in his mistress a favorable opinion of his courage. Viola, as may well be supposed, is averse to a rencontre of this description; when she is rescued from her embarrassment by the arrival of a sea captain, who, having saved her brother Sebastian from the wreck, had since supplied him with considerable sums of money for his exigencies; but, in consequence of an unexpected arrest, is compelled to solicit a moiety of the loan: he accordingly applies to Viola, believing that he is addressing his friend; and, when she denies all knowledge of his person, reproaches her with her ingratitude. In the mean time, Sebastian arrives; and the foolish knight, with his confederate, supposing him to be the page of Orsino, who had before declined the combat, assault him; but their violence is repaid with interest, and the combatants are parted by Olivia, whose advances to the supposed page are now received with mutual affection, and they are married without delay. Viola, arriving soon after with her master at the house of Olivia, is mistaken by the lady for her husband, by whose appearance the mystery is at length cleared up, and Viola is united to the prince.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, a rich countess.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other
Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.



A C T I.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords ; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough ; no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity ¹ and pitch soe'er,

× Value.

But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.¹

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought, she purged the air of pestilence.
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from
 her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 The element itself, till seven years heat,²
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
 frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

¹ Fantastical to the height.

² Heated.

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
 (Her sweet perfections) with one self king !—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, CAPTAIN, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd.—What think you,
 sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
 saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may
 he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with
 chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number saved with you,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea ;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there 's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speeca serves for authority,
'The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and
born

Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature.

As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died ; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,

What my estate is.¹

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit.
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain .
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise, as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him ;
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow² me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ 'I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.' - Johnson.

² Approve.

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.¹

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-check?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall² a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

¹ A ludicrous use of the formal law phrase.

² Stout, courageous.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,¹ and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her, as long as there 's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coystril,² that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.³ What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;⁴ for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

¹ A fashionable musical instrument in our author's time.

² A coward-cock.

³ A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

⁴ Probably a cant term, expressive of jollity or contempt.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir An. Sir Toby Belch! How now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir An. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir An. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir An. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir An. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir An. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir An. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,¹ and let it drink.

¹ To the door of the pantry.

Sir An. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir An. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir An. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir An. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir An. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir An. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir An. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not ?

Sir To. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff ; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir An. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, sir Toby : your niece will not be seen ; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me : the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count ; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear it. 'Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir An. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind ; the world : I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight ?

Sir An. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.¹

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard,² knight ?

Sir An. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir An. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid ? where-

¹ I will not claim much experience.

² A sprightly dance, so called.

fore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? ¹ Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? ² My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. ³ What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir An. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. ⁴ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not Lorn under Taurus?

Sir An. Taurus? that's sides and heart. ⁵

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he

¹ Alluding to the notorious Mary Frith, commonly called Mall Cutpurse.

² A jig.

A cinque-pace, the name of a dance.

⁴ Stocking.

⁵ In allusion to the medical astrology still preserved in some almanacks.

bath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait¹ unto her: Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes;

¹ Go thy ways.

She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ;¹ thy small pipe
Is, as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.²
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five, attend him :
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady : yet, [*aside.*] a barful strife !³
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may

¹ Ruddy.

² Thy proper part in a play would be a woman's.

³ A contest full of impediments.

enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me : he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten¹ answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colors.

Clown. Where, good mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent : or, to be turned away ;—is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.²

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clown. Not so neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold : or, if both break, your gaskins fall.³

¹ Short and spare.

² During which season I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.

³ Points were metal hooks fastening the hose or breeches.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna,¹ that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what

¹ *Italian, mistress, dame*

remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.¹

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,² that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,³ for thou speakest well of fools.

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

¹ Fools' baubles.

² Short arrows.

³ I ving.

but madman. Fie on him ! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool : whose scull Jove cram with brains ; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.¹

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ? What gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings !²—How now, sot ?

Clown. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry ; what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad-

¹ A membrane covering the substance of the brain.

² Jack-puddings.

man : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou, and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he 's in the third degree of drink ; he 's drowned : go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowlege of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,¹ and be the supporter of a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young

- Kings' proclamations and other public acts were formerly affixed to posts at the door of the sheriff.

enough for a boy; as a squash¹ is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling² when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him ev'n standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. You will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn:

¹ An immature peascod.

² A codling anciently meant an immature apple. The fruit at present so denominated was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakspeare.

I am very comptible,¹ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very faugs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping² a dialogue.

¹ Ready to give account.

² Wild, mad.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?



TWENTY-NINE
from *Viola's Mon.*
Act I scene V

Vio. To answer by the method,¹ in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present:² is 't not well done? [*unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,³ whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

¹ Methodically. ² Probably, presents, i. e. represents.

³ Blended, mixed together.

My lord and master loves you. O, such love
 Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
 The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love
 him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
 In voices well divulged,¹ free, learn'd, and valiant;
 And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
 A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him:
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense;
 I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
 And call upon my soul within the house;
 Write loyal cantons² of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
 Holla your name to the reverberate³ hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me.

¹ Well spoken of by the world.

² Cantos, verses.

³ Echoing.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post,¹ lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage ?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.'—I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon.²—Not too fast :—
soft ! soft !

Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

¹ Messenger.

² Proclamation of thy perfections.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's¹ man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe :²
What is decreed, must be ; and be this so ! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not,
that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly
over me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your
leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a
bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them
on you.

¹ The count's.

² Possess ; i. e. we are not our own masters.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express¹ myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,² overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

¹ Reveal.

² With such esteem and wonder.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive¹ it so.

¹ Understand.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.¹

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none
I am the man.—If it be so, (as 'tis)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy² does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false³

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge?⁴ My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

¹ Her fixed and eager view of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

² The dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind.

³ The fair deceiver.

⁴ Suit.

What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I:
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,¹ thou know'st,—

Sir An. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir An. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather ~~consists~~ consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir An. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

¹ *Diluculum est*, i. e. early rising is most wholesome

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three? ¹

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir An. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.² I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; ³ hadst it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; ⁴ for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock.⁵ My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons⁶ are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir An. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir An. There's a testril⁷ of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? ⁸

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

¹ Loggerheads be.

² Voice. ³ Mistress. ⁴ Impocket thy gratuity.

⁵ A whipstock is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

⁶ Myrmidon was a cant term for officers of justice.

⁷ Sixpence. ⁸ A song of a moral turn.

Sir An. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low;
 Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir An. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure;
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty:¹
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir An. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir An. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?² Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?³ shall we do that?

¹ Probably a phrase of endearment.

² Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

³ Dr. Warburton conjectures that allusion is here made to the peripatetic philosophy, which supposed man to be endowed with three souls; the vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time.



Hesseltin del

Starling sc

TWELFTH NIGHT

Act I. Scene II. Andrew and Feste.

Act II. Scene III.

Sir An. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir An. Most certain: let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir An. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*they sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian,¹ we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsey,² and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley,³ lady! 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!' [singing.]

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir An. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dis-

¹ Romancer.

² The name of an old song.

³ An interjection of contempt.

posed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. 'O' the twelfth day of December,'—

[*singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'¹ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!²

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

¹ *Botchers* of old clothes and shoes were called *coziers*.

² *Go*, and hang yourself.

Mal. Is 't even so ?

Sir To. ' But I will never die.'

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. ' Shall I bid him go ?' [singing

Clown. ' What an if you do ?'

Sir To. ' Shall I bid him go, and spare not ?'

Clown. ' O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time ? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward ? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?¹

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.²—A stoop of wine, Maria !

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule :³ she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field ; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight ; I'll write thee a chal-

¹ It was the custom on holydays to feed on cakes and ale in honor of the day.

² Stewards were accustomed to wear a gilt chain, the best method of cleaning which is by rubbing it with crumbs.

³ Method of life.

ledge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,¹ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,² possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir An. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir An. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned³ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:⁴ the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

¹ Byword ² Inform us. ³ Affected.

⁴ A swarth is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir An. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir An. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir An. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.¹

Sir An. Before me,² she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

¹ Amazon.

² A popular adjuration.

Sir An. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight ; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.¹

Sir An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come ; I 'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now : come, knight ; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends :——

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night ;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs, and recollected² terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.— —
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lords!up, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

¹ Horse.

² Studied.

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio.*—*Music.*]

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor ¹ that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favor.²

Duke. What kind of woman is 't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven ! Let still the woman
take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him ;
So sways she level in her husband's heart :
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

¹ Countenance

² Leave.

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come ; the song we had last
night :—

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
The swinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And th' free¹ maids, that weave their thread with
bones,²

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,³
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.⁴

Clown. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing. [*music.*

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁵ let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath :
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

¹ Cheerful.

² It is plain, simple truth.

³ In a shroud of cypress.

⁴ Lace-makers

⁵ Ages past.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it :
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.¹

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singirg,
 sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
 time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ;
 and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
 taffata,² for thy mind is a very opal !³—I would
 have men of such constancy put to sea, that their
 business might be every thing, and their intent
 every where ; for that 's it, that always makes a
 good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

¹ ' Though death is a part in which every one acts his share,
 yet of all these actors no one is so true as I.' —*Johnson.*

² A species of thin silk.

³ A precious stone of various colors.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune :

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks¹ her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio.

Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her :

You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much : they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much. Make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

¹ Adorns.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe :¹

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed.

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,

My love can give no place, bide no deny.² [*Exeunt.*

¹ Have.

² Denial.

SCENE V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and*
FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir An. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my metal of India?¹

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative

¹ My wench of gold.

idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*the men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,¹ it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets² under his advanced plumes!

Sir An. Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir An. Pistol him, pistol him!

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't: the lady of the strachy³ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir An. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.⁴

¹ Incline to love.

² Struts.

³ Probably, robes, from the Italian word *straccie*, signifying clouts, tatters.

⁴ Puff's him up.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,¹ where I left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and, after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs:—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,² yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having

¹ Couch.

² Though it is the greatest pain for us to keep silence

cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech :—'

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. ' You must amend your drunkenness ;'—

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of the plot.

Mal. ' Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;'—

Sir An. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. ' One sir Andrew.'

Sir An. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[*taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace ! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him !

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very Cs, her Us, and her Ts ; and thus makes she her great Ps. It is, in contempt of question,¹ her hand.

Sir An. Her Cs, her Us, and her Ts. Why that ?

Mal. [*reads.*] ' To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes : ' her very phrases !—By your leave, wax !—Soft !—and the impressure her Lucrece,

¹ Beyond all doubt.

with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] 'Jove knows I love :

But who ?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows? the numbers altered!—'No man must know: '—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock! ¹

Mal. 'I may command, where I adore :

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :

M, O, A, I doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see. .

Fab. What a dish of poison has *she* dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl ² checks ³ at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.⁴ There is no obstruction in this.—And the end;—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could

¹ Badger.

² Hawk.

³ Flies.

⁴ To any one in his senses.

make that resemble something in me!—Softly!—
'M, O, A, I.—'

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹ will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I.'—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose:—'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands;

¹ The name of a hound.

let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough,¹ and appear fresh. Be opposite² with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, that would alter services with thee,

‘The fortunate-unhappy.’

Day-light and champion³ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be, point-de-vice,⁴ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on.

¹ A slough signifies the skin of a snake.

² Hostile.

³ Open country.

⁴ With the utmost exactness.

Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a post-script. ‘Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr’ythee.’ Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:—

Sir An. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck.

Sir An. Or o’ mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir An. I’ faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport.

¹ Probably some game at tables, or draughts.

mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir An. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies¹ by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by the tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

¹ Dwells.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril¹ glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir; I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool but her corrupter of words.

¹ Kid.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool. And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard,¹ cheek² at every feather

¹ An ill-trained hawk

² Fly.

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
 As full of labor as a wise man's art :
 For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
 But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir An. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir An. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece
 is desirous you should enter, if your trade¹ be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she
 is the list² of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste³ your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
 legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance :
 but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
 odors on you !

Sir An. That youth's a rare courtier ! 'Rain
 odors !' well.

¹ Business.

² Boundary, limit.

³ Try.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant¹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir An. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed :'
—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut. and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment :

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours ;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf :—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;

I bade you never speak again of him :

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,

¹ Ready

After the last enchantment you did here,¹
 A ring in chase of you ; so did I abuse
 Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
 Under your hard construction must I sit,
 To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
 Which you knew none of yours. What might you
 think ?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake
 And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your
 receiving²

Enough is shown ; a cyprus,³ not a bosom,
 Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ;⁴ for 'tis a vulgar proof,⁵
 That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
 again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf ! [*clock strikes.*
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
 Be not afraid, good youth ! I will not have you :
 And, yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :

¹ After the last enchantment your presence worked in **my**
 affections. ² Ready apprehension.

³ A thin transparent stuff. ⁴ Step.

⁵ The experience of every day shows.

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe !
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre¹ all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

¹ In spite of.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, mayst
move,
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir An. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir An. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me that.

Sir An. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir An. Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-

mouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Sir An. And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist¹ as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir An. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst² and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall

¹ Famous separatists in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

² Petulant.

not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware¹ in England, set 'em down: go; about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir An. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo*.² Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes³ cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

¹ In Hertfordshire, large enough to contain forty persons.

² Chamber.

³ Waggon-ropes.

⁴ The smallest of the brood. Maria is represented of diminutive stature.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel,

Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth,¹ as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying

¹ Wealth.

What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;
 For which, if I be lapsed ¹ in this place,
 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
 purse :

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
 Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,
 Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
 lege

With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
 I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
 an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Ereunt.*]

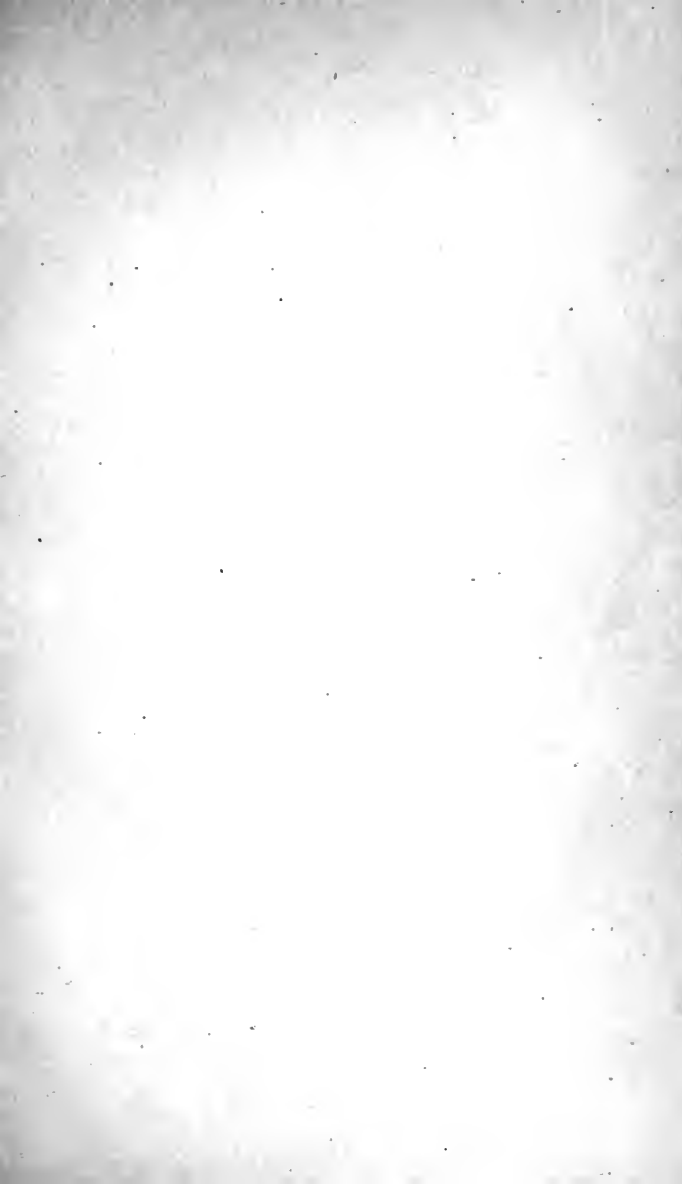
SCENE IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : he says, he'll come
 How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?

¹ Caught.



THE NEW FASHION



For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil, ¹

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, if sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is;—
'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my

¹ Solemn and grave.

legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.¹

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state;—put thyself into the trick of singularity;'—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;² but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to.' Fellow!³ not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.

¹ Hot weather often injures the brain, to which, perhaps, allusion is here made.

² Entangled her, as a bird is caught with birdlime.

³ Companion.

Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock?¹ how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy,² come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit³ with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!⁴

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

¹ A corruption for *beau coq*, jolly cock.

² Word of endearment.

³ A play among boys of pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

⁴ A term of the highest reproach in our author's time, when colliers were accounted great cheats.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.¹

Sir An. Here 's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir An. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.'

¹ When metrical interludes and morris-dances were exhibited.

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat ; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. 'I will waylay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——'

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

Sir To. 'Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

' ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.'

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't : he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff : so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged

off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir An. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-check a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary¹ out.
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

¹ Uncautiously.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel¹ for me; 'tis my picture :

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you :

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,

That honor, saved, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well :

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount thy tuck,² be yare³ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath

¹ Ornament.

² Rapier.

³ Nimble.

any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration ;¹ but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob nob is his word ; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor : belike, this is a man of that quirk.²

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle

¹ No soldier by profession, but created a knight on some festival occasion, when the person thus honored received the dignity kneeling on a carpet.

² Sort.

you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear irret about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I besecch you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;¹ but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite² that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.³ I had a pass with him, rapier,

¹ Decision.

SHAK.

² Adversary.

IV.

³ For virago.

F

scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,¹ with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir An. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir An. Plague on 't! an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;² and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for

¹ *Stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

² He has as horrid a conception of him.

the supportance of his vow : he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello¹ avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to 't.

Sir An. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [draws.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me :

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [drawing.

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,² I am for you. [draws.

Enter TWO OFFICERS.

Fab. O, good sir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

¹ By the laws of duelling.

² Take on yourself another's quarrel.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

[to sir Andrew.

Sir An. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking
you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having¹ is not much.

¹ Fortune, possessions.

I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by ;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god !——

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflorish'd¹ by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with Antonio.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion
fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.²

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fa-
bian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most
sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass:³ even such, and so

In favor was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, color, ornament,

For him I imitate. O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout toward, religious
in it.

¹ Ornamented.

² 'Probably, I do not believe myself, when, from this ac-
cident, I gather hopes of my brother's life.'—Johnson.

³ From our near resemblance.

Sir An. Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir An. An I do not,—— [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. —Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.¹—I pr'ythee now, un-

¹ Affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

gird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,¹ depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.— These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.²

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir An. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*beating sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*holding Sebastian.*]

Sir An. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. **Come,**

¹ A term for bawd or pander.

² The highest price for land in Shakspeare's time.

my young soldier, put up your iron : you are well
fleshed :¹ come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now ?

If thou darest tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

[*draws.*

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my
sight !

Be not offended, dear Cesario :—

Rudesby,² be gone !—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent³

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go.

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

¹ Initiated.

² Uncivil fellow.

³ Violence.

Seb. What relish is in this?¹ how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep:

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would, thou 'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit Maria.*]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble² myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

¹ How does this taste? what judgment am I to make of this?

² Disguise.

³ Confederates.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies,*¹ sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself **with** courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

¹ Good fortune befall thee.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows¹ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories² towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.³

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

¹ Bow-windows.

² Clear-story is a term in Gothic architecture, denoting a row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall, or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

³ A regular conversation.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.¹

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of **this** knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clown. 'Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.' [*singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'²

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clown. 'She loves another.'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

¹ I can turn my hand to any thing.

² A corruption of the French oath, *par Dieu*.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? ¹

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; ² keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent ³ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down

¹ Senses.

² Taken possession of me.

³ Reprimanded.

to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,¹
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad:
Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

¹ The vice was the fool of the old moralities.

'This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't :
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant :
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,¹
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness ;
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,²
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust,³ but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady 's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her fol-
 lowers,
 Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does : there 's something in 't.
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean
 well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry⁴ by : there, before him,

¹ Information.

² Example and reason.

³ Belief.

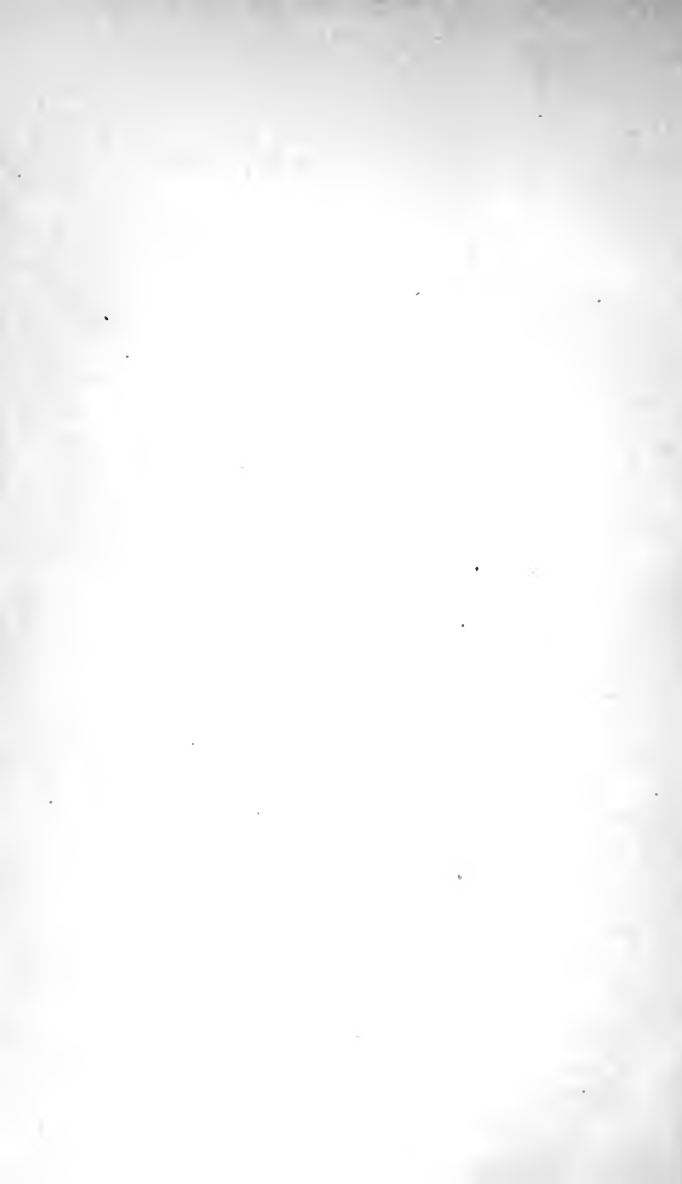
⁴ Little chapel.



Hamilton del.

ZWELFTE NACHT
Johann von Goethe
1797

Stahling sc.



And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 Whiles ¹ you are willing it shall come to note;
 What time ² we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—and heavens
 so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense,
 desire my dog again.

¹ Until.

² At which time.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an **ass**: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowlege of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's **gold**.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty farther.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling¹ vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable:
With which such scathful² grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,

¹ Trifling

² Mischievous.

That took the Phoenix and her fraught¹ from
Candy ;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,²
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side,
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you
give me ;

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;

¹ Freight.

² Inattentive to his character or condition.

Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months
before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven
walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me :
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may **not**
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
lord,——

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat¹ and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief,² at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savors nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:

¹ Dull.

² Thyamis, a native of Memphis, captured a young lady, named Chariclea, whom he loved, and concealed in his cave. Being soon after overpowered, he determined to put her to death, to prevent her falling into the hands of his enemies.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah, me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

Duke. Come, away. [to Viola.]

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.¹
Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father !

¹ Suppress or disown thy property.

Re-enter Attendant and PRIEST.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; ¹
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? ²
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

¹ In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring.

² Skin.



Hamilton, del.

THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED
Duke, Duke of Devon, Duke of
Age V. 1500-11

Barlow

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir An. For the love of God, a surgeon: send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir An. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir An. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir An. Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir An. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the CLOWN.*

Here comes sir Toby halting: you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates¹ than he did.

¹ Otherwise.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin.¹ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir An. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxeomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;

¹ Probably, a pavin danced out of time. A pavin is the name of a grave and majestic dance.

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
Of charity,¹ what kin are you to me? [*to Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father: ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

¹ Out of charity, tell me.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets ¹ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[*to Olivia.*

But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[*to Viola.*

¹ Hinders.

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own¹
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he
has here writ a letter to you: I should have given
it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles
are no gospels, so it skills² not much when they
are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

¹ A frenzy, that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

² Matters.

Clown. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—‘By the Lord, madam,’—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.¹

Oli. Pr’ythee, read i’ thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,² my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [to Fabian.]

Fab. [reads.] ‘By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.’

‘The madly-used Malvolio.’

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver’d, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.]

¹ You must allow me to read it in character, with a frantic tone.

² Attend

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.—

Your master quits you; [*to Viola.*] and, for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle¹ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase:
Or say, 'tis not your seal nor your invention.

¹ Frame and constitution.

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then ;
 And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people :¹
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck² and gull,
 That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character :
 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad ; then camest in
 smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby

¹ People of less dignity.

² Fool.

Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him. Maria writ
 The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;¹
 In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled²
 thee!

Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve
 greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
 them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir
 Topas, sir; but that's all one:—'By the Lord,
 fool, I am not mad.'—But do you remember?
 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
 an you smile not, he's gagged.' And thus the
 whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
 He hath not told us of the captain yet:
 When that is known, and golden time convents,³
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls: meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;

¹ Importunity.

SHAK.

² Imposed on.

IV.

³ Shall agree.

H

For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clown. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
 OF
 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A story in some respects similar to this drama may be found in the fifth book of Orlando Furioso, and likewise in the second book of Spenser's Fairy Queen ; but it is most probable that Shakspeare derived the principal incident of this comedy from a version of Belleforest, who copied the Italian novelist Bandello. In the 22d tale of the first part of Bandello, and the 18th history of the third volume of Belleforest, a story is related, the events of which nearly resemble those attendant on the marriage of Claudio and Hero.

As this play was printed in quarto in 1600, and is not mentioned by Meres in his list of Shakspeare's works published about the end of 1598, Mr. Malone conjectures that the year 1600 may be accurately assigned as the time of its production. It is reported to have been formerly known under the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice.'

'This play,' says Steevens, 'may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humorist, the gentleman, and the soldier are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness ; for the goodness of his heart is

hardly sufficient to atone for the license of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship to her cousin, so apparent in her behavior, when she urges her lover to risk his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first;—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very stratagem which before had been successfully practised on *Benedick*.'

A R G U M E N T.

Leonato, a gentleman of Messina, has an only daughter, named Hero, whose beauty and accomplishments captivate the affections of count Claudio, a favorite of the prince then on a visit to her father, who willingly gives his consent to a union so promising. In the mean time, Don John, a natural brother of the prince, who has long viewed the elevation of Claudio with an eye of jealousy, accuses the lady of inconstancy; and, in confirmation of his assertion, introduces his brother and his friend to her chamber window at midnight: the artifice of an attendant of Don John, named Borachio, who contrives to address the waiting-maid stationed at the window by the name of Hero, appears to leave no room for doubt, and the enraged lover repudiates his affianced bride at the very moment of the nuptials: Hero faints; and, by the advice of the friar, a false report of her death is circulated. During the progress of these events Borachio reveals the success of his machinations to a fellow-servant whom he meets in the street, and their conversation is overheard by the watch, who convey the culprits to Leonato's house, where a full confession is made by the repentant Borachio. Claudio now entreats forgiveness from the insulted father, which is granted on the condition of his union with a cousin of his injured mistress, whose face he is not permitted to behold till the completion of the marriage ceremony, when his happiness is made perfect by finding himself the husband of the innocent Hero. The remainder of this play is occupied with the deception which is practised to betray Benedick and Beatrice, two rival wits and professed marriage-haters, into a mutual passion for each other, which is at length accomplished, and they are both content to renounce their prejudices against marriage.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favorite to Don Pedro.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favorite likewise of Don Pedro.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro.

BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } two foolish officers.
VERGES, }

A SEXTON

A FRIAR.

A BOY.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a*
MESSENGER.

Leo. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mes. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leo. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mes. But few of any sort,¹ and none of name.

Leo. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mes. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself

¹ Kind.

beyond the promise of his age ; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mes. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leo. Did he break out into tears ?

Mes. In great measure.¹

Leo. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping !

Bea. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no ?

Mes. I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.²

Leo. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mes. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight ;³ and my uncle's

¹ Abundance.

² Rank.

³ By flight is here meant a sort of shooting called roving, or aiming at long lengths, dependent on the strength and skill of the archer

fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.¹—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leo. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet² with you, I doubt it not.

Mes. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mes. And a good soldier too, lady.

Bea. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mes. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Bea. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,——Well, we are all mortal.

Leo. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and

¹ A short thick arrow without a point, used by fools and inferior archers; whence the proverb, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

² Even.

now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mes. Is it possible ?

Bea. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.¹

Mes. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Bea. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer² now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mes. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mes. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Bea. Do, good friend.

Leo. You will never run mad, niece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mes. Don Pedro is approached.

¹ Mould for a hat.

² Quarrelsome fellow.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others ; DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pe. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leo. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pe. You embrace your charge too willingly.— I think, this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leo. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pe. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bea. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick ; nobody marks you.

Ben. What, my dear lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Bea. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is courtesy a turn-coat : but it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted ; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

Bea. A dear happiness to women ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that : I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Bea. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bea. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer : but keep your way, o' God's name ; I have done.

Bea. You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

D. Pe. This is the sum of all : Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leo. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord : being

reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leo. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. Pe. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together. [Exeunt all but Ben. and Clau.]

Clau. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato ?

Ben. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Ben. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Clau. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Ben. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Clau. Thou thinkest I am in sport : I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Clau. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the

flouting jack,¹ to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?² Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Clau. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Ben. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?³ Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.⁴ Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pe. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

¹ Jack, in our author's time, was a term of contempt.

² 'Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?'—Steevens.

³ Subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy?

⁴ 'A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all, when even Sunday is passed so uncomfortably.—Warburton.

Ben. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pe. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumb man ; I would have you think so ; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is.—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Fe. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Clau. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pe. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Clau. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pe. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pe. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Clau. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldrick,³ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pe. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pe. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.⁴

D. Pe. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

¹ A tune sounded by the huntsman to call off the dogs from a wrong scent.

² Hunting-horn.

³ Belt.

⁴ The name of a famous archer.

Ben. 'The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick, the married man.'

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pe. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pe. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Clau. To the tuition of God: from my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pe. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Ben. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded¹ with fragments, and the guards² are but slightly basted on

¹ Trimmed.

² Guards were ornamental lace or borders.

neither: ere you flout old ends¹ any farther, examine your conscience; ² and so I leave you.

[*Exit Benedick.*]

Clau. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pe. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pe. No child but Hero; she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Clau. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pe. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,

¹ Antiquated allusions.

² 'Examine if your sarcasms do not touch yourself.'—
Johnson.

And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Cla. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pe. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,¹ thou
lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. — [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin
your son? Hath he provided this music?

¹ Once for all.

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they 'have a good cover: they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached¹ alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leo. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Thickly interwoven.

SCENE III.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good year my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw¹ no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair

¹ Flatter.

weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker¹ in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.² Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonardo; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betrothes himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

¹ The dog-rose. ² I make nothing else my counsellor.

Bor. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bor. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad¹ conference. I whipped me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself; and, having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,² and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Serious.

² Trusty.

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leo. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Bea. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Bea. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leo. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Bea. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse; such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leo. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Bea. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends

a curst cow short horns ; ' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leo. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Bea. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leo. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell ?

Bea. No, but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, ' Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids : ' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens : he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to Hero.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Bea. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, ' Father as it please you : '—but

yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leo. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leo. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Bea. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and antientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leo. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

¹ Importunate

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leo. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pe. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? ¹

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pe. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pe. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favor; for God defend, ² the lute should be like the case.

D. Pe. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pe. Speak low, if you speak love.

[takes her aside.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers aloud.

¹ Lover.

² Forbid.

Ben. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Bal. Amen.

Mar. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Bal. No more words ; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough : you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to ; mum ; you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Bea. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Ben. No, you shall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Ben. Not now.

Bea. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales?'¹—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he ?

¹ A popular jest-book in the time of our author.

Bea. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you, what is he?

Bea. Why, he **is** the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible¹ slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded² me.

Ben. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Bea. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes **him** into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*dance. Then exeunt all but D. John, Bor. and Clau.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

¹ Incredible.

² Accosted.

Bor. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.¹

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Clau. You know me well: I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt D. John and Bor.*]

Clau. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.²
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Ben. Count Claudio?

¹ Carriage, demeanor.

² Passion.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain; or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you, leave me.

Ben. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ben. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pe. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Ben. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pe. To be whipped? What's his fault?

Ben. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pe. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pe. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Ben. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pe. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Ben. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that

I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance¹ upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até² in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her ; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pe. Look, here she comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to the

¹ Incredible quickness.

² The goddess of discord.

Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.—You have no employment for me?

D. Pe. None, but to desire your good company.

Ben. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pe. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Bea. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use¹ for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pe. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Bea. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pe. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Clau. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pe. How then? Sick?

Clau. Neither, my lord.

Bea. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pe. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name,

¹ Interest.

and fair Hero is won : I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

Leo. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it !

Bea. Speak, count : 'tis your cue.¹

Clau. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Bea. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pe. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Bea. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Clau. And so she doth, cousin.

Bea. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world² but I, and I am sun-burned : may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho ! for a husband.

D. Pe. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Bea. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pe. Will you have me, lady ?

¹ Turn : a phrase peculiar to players.

² Every one gets married.

Bea. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pe. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Bea. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leo. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Bea. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Bea.*

D. Pe. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady!

Leo. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pe. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leo. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pe. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leo. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pe. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Clau. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leo. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just sevensnight; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pe. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leo. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Clau. And I, my lord.

D. Pe. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pe. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,¹ of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy² stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only

¹ Lineage.

² Squeamish.

love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bor. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marry-

ing the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavor any thing.

Bor. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend¹ a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honor who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can,

¹ Pretend.

I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.

Leonato's garden.

Enter BENEDICK *and a* BOY.

Ben. Boy.

Roy. Signior.

Ben. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Ben. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Erit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a

soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor. *[withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pe. Come, shall we hear this music?

Clau. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening
is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pe. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Clau. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox¹ with a pennyworth.

¹ Cunning fox.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pe. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Bal. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pe. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection.— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Bal. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing : Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pe. Nay, pray thee, come : Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Bal. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pe. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ; Note, notes, forsooth, and noting ! [*music.*

Ben. Now, 'Divine air!' now is his soul ravished ! Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings.

I.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no *mc* ¹
 Of dumps ² so dull and heavy :
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pe. By my troth, a good song.

Bal. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pe. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well
 enough for a shift.

Ben. [*aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should
 have howled thus, they would have hanged him :
 and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief ! I
 had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what
 plague could have come after it.

D. Pe. Yea, marry. [*to Claudio.*]—Dost thou
 hear, Balthazar ? I pray thee, get us some excellent
 music ; for to-morrow night we would have it at
 the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Bal. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pe. Do so : farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and
 music.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you
 told me of to-day ? that your niece Beatrice was in
 love with signior Benedick ?

¹ More.

² A dump is a mournful elegy.

Clau. O, ay :—stalk on, stalk on : the fowl sits.¹
[*aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leo. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Ben. Is 't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?
[*aside.*]

Leo. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.²

D. Pe. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Clau. Faith, like enough.

Leo. O God ! counterfeit ! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pe. Why, what effects of passion shows she ?

Clau. Bait the hook well : this fish will bite.

[*aside.*]

Leo. What effects, my lord ? She will sit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did, indeed.

D. Pe. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze me :

¹ 'This is an allusion to the stalking-horse, by which the fowler sheltered himself from the sight of the game.'—Steevens.

² 'But with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.'—Malone.

I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Ben. [*aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Clau. He hath ta'en the infection : hold it up.

[*aside.*

D. Pe. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leo. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Clau. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says. ' Shall I,' says she, ' that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him ? '

Leo. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him : for she'll be up twenty times a night ; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper :—my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leo. O !—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ?—

Clau. That.

Leo. O ! she tore the sheet into a thousand half-pence : railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. ' I measure him,' says she, ' by my own spirit ;

for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Clau. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leo. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy¹ hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pe. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pe. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pe. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leo. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pe. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed² all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

¹ Alienation of mind.

² Thrown off.

Leo. Were it good, think you?

Clau. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pe. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible¹ spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper² man.

D. Pe. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Clau. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pe. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leo. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pe. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leo. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pe. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your

¹ Contemptuous.

SHAK.

² Handsome.

IV.

L

niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Clau. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leo. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pe. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leo. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*aside.*

D. Pe. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*aside.*

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Benedick advances from the arbor.

Ben. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.¹—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it

¹ Seriously carried on.

must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth; I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so; I cannot reprove it: and wise; but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips,¹ and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Bea. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,

Ben. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

¹ Sarcasms.

Bea. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure then in the message?

Bea. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ben. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner.'—There's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me.'—That's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Leonato's garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing¹ with the prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

¹ Conversing.

Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us;
 And bid her steal into the pleached¹ bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it:—there will she
 hide her,

To listen our propose.² This is thy office:
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick.
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
 So angle we for Beatrice, who even now

¹ Interwoven.

² Discourse.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet **bait** that we lay for it.—

[they advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful :

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards¹ of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so intirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O god of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising² what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

¹ Haggard is a species of hawk.

² Undervaluing.

All matter else seems weak : she cannot love.
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw
man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She 'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate¹ very vilely cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She 'd mock me into air. O, she would laugh me
Out of myself ; press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;

¹ A precious stone of the lowest class.

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift¹ and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,² and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellency did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come,
go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel.
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed,³ I warrant you; we have
caught her, madam.

¹ Ready.

² Conversation.

³ Ensnared as with bird-lime.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beatrice advances.

Bea. What fire is in mine ears?¹ Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pe. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Clau. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pe. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the

¹ In allusion to the proverb, that our ears burn when others are talking of us.

new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Clau. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pe. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pe. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it!

Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pe. What? sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leo. Where is but a humor, or a worm?

Ben. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pe. There is no appearance of fancy¹ in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman

¹ Love.

to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops,¹ and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.² Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pe. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Clau. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leo. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

D. Pe. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pe. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pe. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring,³ and now governed by stops.

¹ Stops are large loose breeches.

² Or, in other words, all cloak.

³ Love songs, in our author's time, were usually sung to the music of the lute.

D. Pe. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pe. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pe. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.— Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Ben. and Leo.*]

D. Pe. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Clau. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pe. Good den,¹ brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pe. In private?

D. John. If it please you; yet count Claudio

¹ Good even.

may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pe. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
[to Claudio.]

D. Pe. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

D. Pe. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Clau. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Clau. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love

her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Clau. May this be so ?

D. Pe. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow ; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pe. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pe. O day untowardly turned !

Clau. O mischief strangely thwarting !

D. John. O plague right well prevented !

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true ?

Ver. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for

them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal : God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,——

Dog. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge ; you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if he will not stand ?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no

noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch*. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an antient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills¹ be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those ~~that~~ are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch*. How, if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch*. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

¹ Weapons of the watchmen.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ver. Nay by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil¹ to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dog. and Ver.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bor. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*aside.*]

Bor. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bor. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

¹ Bustle.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shows thou art unconfirmed.¹ Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting;² sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched³ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou

¹ Unpractised in the ways of the world.

² In the painting discolored by smoke.

³ Soiled.

hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable¹ encounter.

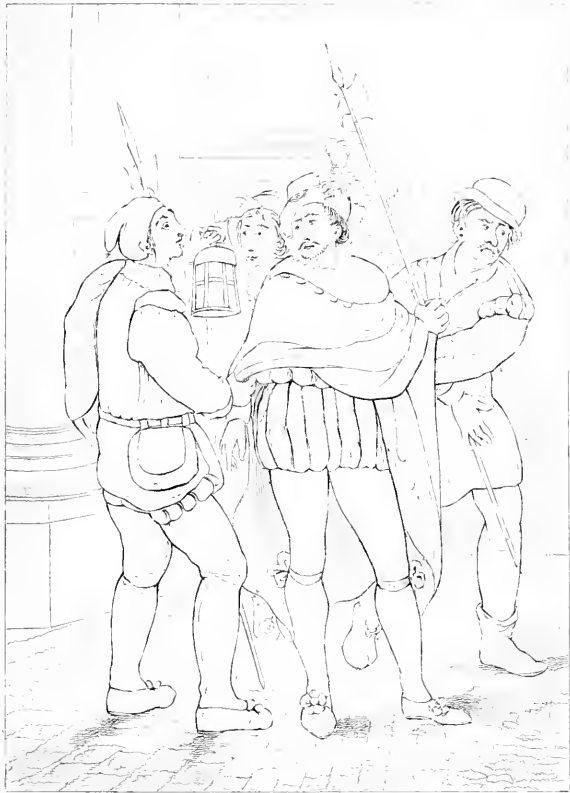
Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them; partly by the dark night, which did deceive them; but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

¹ Amorous.



Wheatley del.

Starling sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Borachio, Conrade & Watcher

Act III. Scene III.



1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them : I know him ; he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak : we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question,¹ I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit Urs.

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rabato² were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it 's not so good ; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

¹ A commodity subject to judicial trial or examination.

² A kind of ruff

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another :
I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire¹ within excellently, if
the hair were a thought browner : and your gown's
a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of
Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Mar. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect
of yours. Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with
silver ; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,
and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel :
but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion,
yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart
is exceeding heavy !

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a
man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Mar. Of what, lady ? of speaking honorably ? Is
not marriage honorable in a beggar ? Is not your
lord honorable without marriage ? I think, you would
have me say, saving your reverence,—' a husband : '
an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll
offend nobody. Is there any harm in—' the heavier
for a husband ? ' None, I think, an it be the right
husband and the right wife ; otherwise, 'tis light,
and not heavy. Ask my lady Beatrice else : here
she comes.

¹ Head-dress.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Bea. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Bea. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into—'Light o' love;'¹ that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Bea. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.²

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Bea. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Bea. For the letter that begins them all, H.³

Mar. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Bea. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

¹ The name of an old tune.

² Quibble between barns, repositories of corn, and bairns, the old word for children.

³ i. e. for an ache or pain.

Bea. I am stuffed, cousin ; I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid, and stuffed ! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Bea. O, God help me ! God help me ! hew long have you professed apprehension ?

Mar. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Bea. It is not seen enough ; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distilled Cardus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Bea. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some moral¹ in this Benedictus.

Mar. Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love : nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed. I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man : he swore he would never marry ; and yet now in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging :² and how you may be converted, I know

¹ Secret meaning.

² ' He feeds on love, and likes his food.'—Malone.

not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.¹

Bea. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leo. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leo. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leo. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so

¹ 'You direct your eyes towards the same object, i. e. a husband.'—Steevens.

blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*,¹ neighbor Verges.

Leo. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leo. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leo. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!²—Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges:—well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as

¹ On my word.

² It is wonderful to see.

ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped. All men are not alike: alas, good neighbor!

Leo. Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts, that God gives.

Leo. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leo. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leo. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leo. I will wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leo. and Mes.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[touching his forehead.]* shall drive some of them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The inside of a church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR,
CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

Leo. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leo. I dare make his answer; none.

Clau. O, what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Ben. How now? Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Clau. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leo. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pe. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Clau. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend:

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here.

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious¹ bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leo. What do you mean, my lord?

Clau. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

¹ Lascivious.

Leo. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Clau. I know what you would say; if I have
known her,
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.

No, Leonato;

I never tempted her with word too large :¹
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
'Than Venus, or those pamp'rd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide?²

Leo. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pe. What should I speak?
I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

¹ Licentious. ² So remotely from the present business.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leo. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly¹ power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee, do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Clau. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pe. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,²
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

¹ Natural.

² A villain free of tongue.

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of:
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture¹ hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.²

Leo. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*]

Bea. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you
down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pe., D. John, and Clau.*]

Ben. How doth the lady?

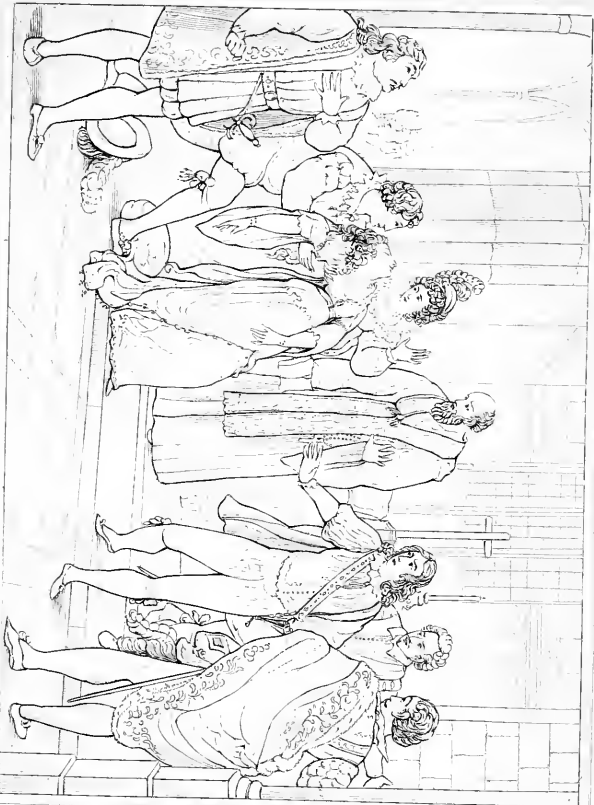
Bea. Dead, I think.—Help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!—
friar!

Leo. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

¹ Suspicion.

² Attractive, lovely.

Hamilton 121



LETTER ADDO ABOUT NOTHING
Lanimo, Pater, et al. Banchick, Hore, &c

Starting 86

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Bea. How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leo. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea ; wherefore should she not ?

Leo. Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly
thing

Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood ?—
Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes :
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy **shames**,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one ?
Chid I for that at fi gal nature's frame ?¹
O, one too much by thee ! Why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ;
Who smirched² thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, ' No part of it is mine ;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins ?'
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Vauiug of her ; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink ; that the wide sea

¹ Disposition of things.

² Sullied.

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh !

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient :
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Bea. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Bea. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger
 made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
 Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie,
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;

For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenor of my book ;¹ trust not my age,

¹ What I have read.

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be :

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know
 none :

If I know more of any man alive,
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision¹ in the
 princes.

Ben. Two of them have the very bent² of honor ;
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not : if they speak but truth of her.
 These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
 honor,

¹ Misconception.

² The utmost degree

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed ;
 Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.

Leo. What shall become of this ? What will **this**
 do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her
 behalf
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accused,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
 Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost.

Why, then we rack¹ the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours:—so will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon² his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver³)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness⁴ and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

¹ Overrate.

² By.

³ The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love.

⁴ Intimacy.

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd : have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]

Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while ?

Bea. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Ben. I will not desire that.

Bea. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.

Bea. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her !

Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Bea. A very even way, but no such friend.

Ben. May a man do it ?

Bea. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Ben. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you ; is not that strange ?

Bea. As strange as the thing I know not : it were
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as
you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not : I con-
fess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for
my cousin.

Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Bea. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Ben. I will swear by it, that you love me : and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Bea. Will you not eat your word ?

Ben. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Bea. Why then, God forgive me !

Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Bea. You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest, I loved you.

Ben. And do it with all thy heart.

Bea. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Ben. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Bea. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha ! not for the wide world.

Bea. You kill me to deny it : farewell.

Ben. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Bea. I am gone, though I am here ;¹—there is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice,—

Bea. In faith, I will go.

Ben. We 'll be friends first.

Bea. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Bea. Is he not approved in the height a villain,

¹ ' My affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here.'—Malone.

that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand¹ until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Ben. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Bea. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Ben. Nay, but, Beatrice;—

Bea. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Ben. Beat—

Bea. Princes and counties!² Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect;³ a sweet gallant surely! O, that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,⁴ valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Ben. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Bea. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

¹ Delude her by fair promises.

² Noblemen.

³ A specious nobleman made out of sugar.

⁴ Ceremony.

— 1874 —



MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING

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— 1874 —



Ben. Think you, in your soul, the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Bea. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Ben. Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bor. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efastest¹ way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain. Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

¹ Quickest.

Bor. Master constable—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Ver. Let them be in the hands.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb—
Come, bind them:—thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leo. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should
groan ;

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ;¹ bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.²

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

¹ Drunkards.

² Admonition.

Leo. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leo. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonor her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pe. Good den, good den.¹

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leo. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pe. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leo. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well,
my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—Well, all is one.

D. Pe. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

¹ Good even.

Leo. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Clau. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at
me.

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through **her**
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany.

Clau. My villany?

Leo. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pe. You say not right, old man.

Leo. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice.
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Clau. Away; I will not have to do with **you**.

Leo. Canst thou so daff me? ¹ Thou hast kill'd
my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me;—let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow
me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining ² fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother,——

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I loved ~~my~~
niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—

Leo. Brother Antony,——

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know
them, yea.

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, ³ out-facing, fashion-mongering boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness, ⁴
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst,
And this is all.

¹ Put me off.

² Thrusting.

³ Turbulent.

⁴ Martial appearance.

Leo. But, brother Antony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. Pe. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;

But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leo. My lord, my lord,——

D. Pe. I will not hear you.

Leo. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leo. and Ant.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pe. See, see ; here comes the man we went
to seek.

Clau. Now, signior ! what news ?

Ben. Good day, my lord.

D. Pe. Welcome, signior : you are almost come
to part almost a fray.

Clau. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pe. Leonato and his brother. What think'st
thou ? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I
came to seek you both

Clau. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Ben. It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ?

D. Pe. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.¹

D. Pe. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick or angry ?

Clau. What ! courage, man ! What though care killed a cat,² thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Clau. Nay, then give him another staff ; this last was broke cross.³

D. Pe. By this light, he changes more and more. I think, he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.⁴

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

Clau. God bless me from a challenge !

Ben. You are a villain.—I jest not :—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your

¹ ' I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, to amuse us.'—Malone.

² A proverbial expression.

³ An allusion to tilting.

⁴ To give a challenge.

cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pe. What, a feast? a feast?

Clau. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid¹ me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?²

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pe. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit; 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one:—'No,' said I; 'a great wit;—'Right,' says she; 'a great gross one:—'Nay,' said I; 'a good wit;—'Just,' said she; 'it hurts nobody:—'Nay,' said I; 'the gentleman is wise;—'Certain,' said she; 'a wise gentleman:—'Nay,' said I; 'he hath the tongues;—'That I believe,' said she; 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.'—Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the properest³ man in Italy.

¹ Invited.

² A woodcock, being supposed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a foolish fellow.

³ Handsomest.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pe. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all; and moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden.'

D. Pe. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Clau. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick, the married man?'

Ben. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit Ben.*]

D. Pe. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pe. And hath challenged thee?

Clau. Most sincerely.

D. Pe. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Clau. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pe. But, soft you; let be; pluck up, my

heart, and be sad!¹ Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pe. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

Clau. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pe. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pe. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.²

D. Pe. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned

¹ Serious.

² Put into many different dresses.

constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed¹ me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pe. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Clau. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pe. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pe. He is composed and framed of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Clau. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this

¹ Incited.

time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Ver. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the SEXTON.

Leo. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leo. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself.

Here stand a pair of honorable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds:

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to¹ what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. Pe. By my soul, nor I;

¹ Command me to undergo.

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leo. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess¹ the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Clau. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leo. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd² in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

¹ Acquaint.

² An accomplice.

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; ¹ the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leo. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leo. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation! ²

Leo. Go; I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbor. [*Exeunt Dog. Ver. and Watch.*]

Leo. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

¹ Is a common beggar.

² The customary phrase of those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pe. We will not fail.

Clau. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. Pe. and Clau.*]

Leo. Bring you these fellows on: we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd¹ fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Leonato's garden.

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Ben. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? Why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

¹ Wicked.

Ben. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*]

Ben. And therefore will come.

‘ The god of love, [*singing.*]

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,— ’¹

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to ‘lady’ but ‘baby;’ an innocent rhyme: for ‘scorn,’ ‘horn;’ a hard rhyme: for ‘school,’ ‘fool;’ a babbling rhyme: very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.²—

¹ The beginning of a song popular in Shakspeare’s time.

² In splendid phraseology.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Bea. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, stay but till then !

Bea. 'Then' is spoken ; fare you well now :— and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for ; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Ben. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Bea. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Ben. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes ¹ my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Bea. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Ben. 'Suffer love ;' a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed ; for I love thee against my will.

¹ Is subject to.

Bea. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bea. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Ben. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors:¹ if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Question?—Why, an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Bea. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Bea. Very ill too.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

¹ In the golden age.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil¹ at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

Bea. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*reunt.*

SCENE III.

The inside of a church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and *Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Att. It is, my lord.

Clau. [*reads from a scroll.*]

‘Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon² of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies :
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

¹ A bustle.

² Reward.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it.*
Praising her when I am dumb.'—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Clau. Now unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pe. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches
out :

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

Thanks to you all ; and leave us : fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pe. Come, let us hence, and put on other
weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speeds,

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
URSULA, FRIAR, *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused
her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort¹ so
well.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Ben. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

Clau. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man : we'll tip thy horns with gold ;
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Clau. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Clau. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leo. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy friar.
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife ;

[*unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :
One Hero died defiled ; but I do live ;
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.



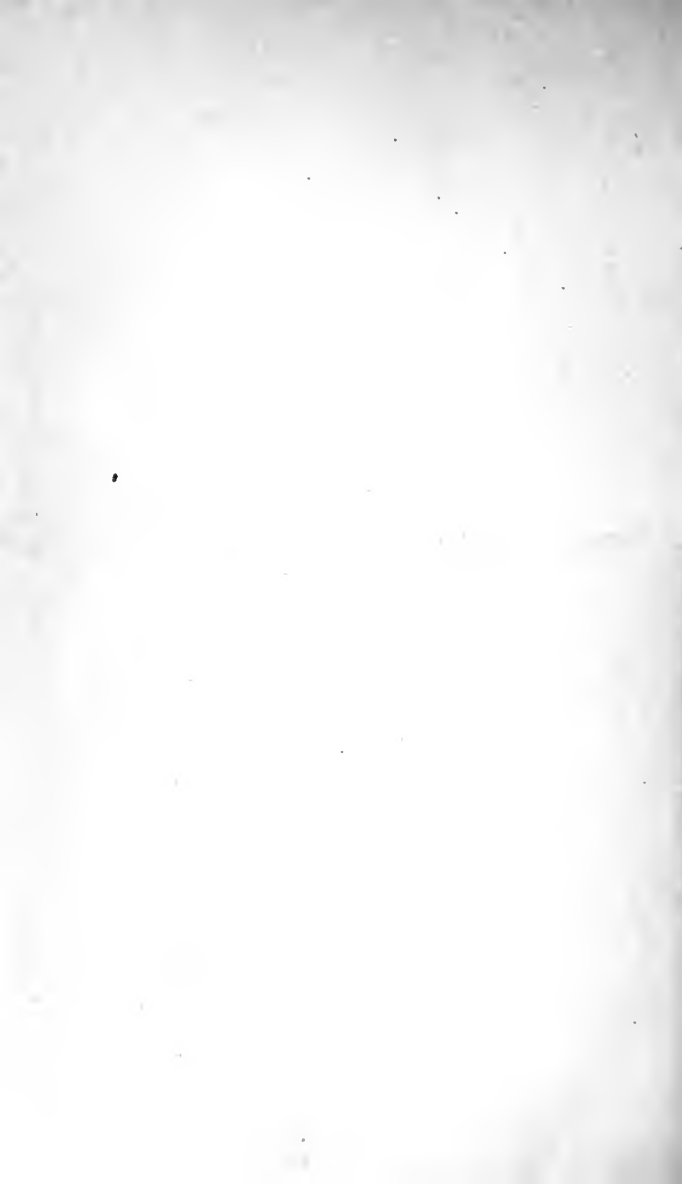
Wheatley del

Starling

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Claudio, Hero, Priest &c

Act V Scene IV



D. Pe. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leo. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Bea. I answer to that name. [*unmasking.*] What is your will?

Ben. Do not you love me?

Bea. Why, no more than reason.

Ben. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Bea. Do not you love me?

Ben. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Bea. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Bea. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no such matter.—Then, you do not love me?

Bea. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leo. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;

For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Ben. A miracle! here 's our own hands against
our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.

Bea. I would not deny you;—but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to
save your life; for I was told you were in a con-
sumption.

Ben. Peace; I will stop your mouth.—

[*kissing her.*

D. Pe. How dost thou, Benedick, the married
man!

Ben. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-
crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost
thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No:
if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear
nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do
propose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-
pose that the world can say against it; and there-
fore never flout at me for what I have said against
it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-
clusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have
beaten thee; but in that¹ thou art like to be my
kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

¹ Since.

Clau. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudged thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leo. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My iora, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Ben. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*dance.*

[*Exeunt.*



AS YOU LIKE IT.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
AS YOU LIKE IT.

The plot of this beautiful and romantic comedy has been attributed by Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton to the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, erroneously called Chaucer's; but no printed edition of that work made its appearance till near a century after the death of our author, who contented himself with borrowing his story from a novel, or rather pastoral romance, intitled Euphues' Golden Legacy, written in a very fantastical style by Dr. Thomas Lodge, and by him first published in 1590. In addition to the fable, which is pretty exactly followed, the outlines of the principal characters may be traced in the novel, with the exception of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, who are generally admitted to be the creation of the poet.

The first publication of *As You Like It* appears to have been the folio of 1623. It is supposed by Malone to have been written after 1596, and before 1600. We learn by tradition that Shakspeare himself performed the part of Adam.

'Of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give 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 comic 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 his 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.'

A R G U M E N T.

A Duke of France, being dispossessed of his dominions by Frederick, his younger brother, retires to the forest of Arden with a few faithful adherents, leaving behind him his daughter Rosalind, who is detained at the court of the usurper to be a companion to her cousin Celia. While here, Rosalind becomes enamored of young Orlando, who signalises himself in wrestling before the court. The accomplishments and popularity of Rosalind soon, however, excite the apprehensions of her uncle, who banishes her from his territories: the affection of Celia prompts her to accompany her kinswoman, and she makes her escape in the disguise of a shepherdess, while Rosalind assumes the habit of a man. Arrived at the forest of Arden, the two friends purchase a house and grounds, where they reside for some time as brother and sister: here they are agreeably surprised at the presence of Orlando, who, in order to guard his life from the machinations of Oliver, his elder brother, is compelled to join the company of the banished Duke. Rosalind, after satisfying herself of the attachment of her lover, and the willingness of her father to consent to their union, re-assumes her female apparel, and bestows her hand on Orlando, while Celia becomes the wife of the repentant Oliver, whose life is preserved from the fury of a lion by the bravery of his injured brother. In the mean time, Duke Frederick, jealous of the increasing numbers of his opponents, arrives with a large army for the purpose of exterminating them: on the skirts of the forest he is encountered by an old hermit, who dissuades him from the prosecution of his cruel enterprise. Struck with remorse, he voluntarily resigns his dukedom, and retires from the world, while the exiles are reinstated in their former dignities.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } lords attending upon 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, }
SYLVIUS, } 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.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An orchard, near Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon **this** fashion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they **are** taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the some-

thing 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.

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? ¹

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.

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?

¹ What do you here?

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.

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:¹ I am the youngest son of sir 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 pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

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

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

¹ The word villain is used by Oliver for a worthless fellow, and by Orlando for a man of base extraction.

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 farther 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 physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, 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.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

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

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have 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?

Charles. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,¹ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly,² as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint

¹ Ardenne, a large forest in Flanders.

² Live merrily.

you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

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 labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it,

there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

[*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester.¹ I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts² 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:³ but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

¹ Frolicksome fellow.

² Of all ranks of men.

³ Undervalued.

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 wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

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

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, 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 farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife,

Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

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 his wits.—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 honor ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

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

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

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 honor, 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 meanest ?

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

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipped for taxation,¹ one of these days.

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

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true : for since the

¹ Censure satir

little wit that fools have was silenced, 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-crammed.

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 color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.¹

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze² me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it

¹ 'A good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design.'—Ritson.

² Perplex.

please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—‘ Be it known unto all men by these presents,’——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke’s wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

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

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

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 music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks 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 princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: ¹ 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.

¹ Undervalued.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. 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.

Charles. 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!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orl. 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 else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth :
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke F. 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,¹

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with Fortune ;²
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.—

¹ Appellation.

² Turned out of her service.

Downman del



Scavling sc

AS YOU LIKE IT
Roschind, Caha, Orlando &c.
Act I. Scene II

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 quintaine,¹ 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 Ros. and Cel.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged 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 deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,²
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

¹ A post or butt set up for martial exercises.

² Temper, disposition.

The duke is humorous ;¹ 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 shorter 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 knowlege 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.*

¹ Capricious.

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 upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday 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 loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,¹ I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;² yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowlege of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

¹ By this train of argument.

² Inveterately.

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom ;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited. my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.¹
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,

¹ Compassion.

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee, and her
 smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
 virtuous,

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her : she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
 liege :

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide
 yourself ;

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke F. 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 grieved 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 upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

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

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
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,
And with a kind of umber¹ smirch² my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe³ 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 swashing⁴ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

¹ UMBER is a dusky, yellow-colored earth, brought from Umbria, in Italy. ² Soil. ³ Cutlass.

⁴ SWAGGERING.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and 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 but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold; I smile, and say,—
 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. 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,¹ the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads²
 Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

¹ It gives me pain.

² Barbed arrows.

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 heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;¹
 ' Poor deer,' quoth he, ' thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much.' Then, being there
 alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 ' 'Tis right,' quoth he ; ' thus misery doth part
 The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

¹ The stream that needed not such a supply of moisture.



Act II. SCENE III.
Antonia & Antonio
Act II. Scene III.



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 pierceeth through
The body of 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 contem-
plation ?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :
I love to cope¹ him 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 Encounter.

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 untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord*. My lord, the roynish¹ clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke 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 quail²
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 !

¹ Scurvy

² Faint, be wanting.

O, my sweet master! O, you memory¹
 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 fond² to overcome
 The bony priser³ 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—
 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,⁴ this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

¹ Memorial.

² Indiscreet.

³ Prize-fighter.

⁴ Mansion, residence.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food;

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;

Yet this I will not do, do how I can:

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood,¹ and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

¹ Blood turned out of the course of nature.

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!¹
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Reward.

SCENE IV.

The forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary 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 apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross¹ 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 solemn² talk.

¹ A piece of money stamped with a cross.

² Serious.

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 loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved :
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved :
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit Silvius.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have, by hard adventure, found mine 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 to Jane Smile ; and I

remember the kissing of her batlet,¹ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal² in folly.

Ros. 'Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

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

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

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

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

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

¹ An instrument with which washers beat clothes

² Abounding.

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 succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
 And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
 But I am shepherd to another man,
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little recks¹ 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 sheepecote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice² 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,³
 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,

¹ Cares. ² As far as I have power to bid you welcome.

³ A short time since.

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more ; I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaques. 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 ;¹ I know, I cannot
please you.

¹ Broken and unequal.

Jaques. 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.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like 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:—ne hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable¹ 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,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,

¹ Disputatious.

Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme :¹
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme* ?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.²

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

¹ 'Ducdàme is evidently a word coined for the nonce.'--
 Farmer.

² A proverbial expression for high-born persons.





Smirke del.

Starling sc.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Orlando & Adam

Act II. Scene 7

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther: 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 labor. Well said! thou lookest 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! [*Exeunt.*]

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, compact¹ of jars, 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 labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ? what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company !
What ! you look merrily.

Jaques. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool ;²—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 ;'³

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.

¹ Made up.

² The fool was anciently dressed in a parti-colored coat.

³ Alluding to the common saying, that fools are Fortune's favorites.

Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a
courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: and why, sir, must they se?

The why is plain as way to parish church.
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomised
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind ; and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do, but
good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the 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 ?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor ?
Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery¹ 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,² 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.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaques. 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 smock'd civility: yet am I inland bred,³
 And know some nurture.⁴ But forbear, I say;
 He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
 'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason,

Fine apparel.

² Satire.

³ Well brought up.

⁴ Good manners.

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here,
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
 If ever you have look'd on better days ;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied ;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,—
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good
 comfort ! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
 happy :

This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
 Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover ;
 Signing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
 Jealous in honor, sudden¹ and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation

¹ Violent.

Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined ;
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut ;
 Full of wise saws and modern ¹ instances ;
 And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ; ²
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
 burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble
 you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

¹ Trite, common.

² In allusion to a character in the Italian comedy called *Il Pantalone*, who is a thin emaciated old man in slippers.

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 ¹ 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
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
 That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,

¹ Remembering

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
 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 seisure, do we seise into our hands ;
 Till thou canst quit thee¹ by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in
 this!

¹ Acquit thyself.

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent¹ upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently,² and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

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,³ 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 unexpressive⁴ she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

¹ Seizure.

² Expeditiously.

³ Alluding to the triple appellation of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana.

⁴ Inexpressible.

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 humor 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 wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, 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 damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, 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 parlous¹ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior 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,² 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 are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh! Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:³ 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.

¹ Perilous.

² Hides.

³ Consider attentively.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!¹ Thou art raw.²

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: 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 belwether; 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 damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, **my** new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, 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 lined,³
Are but black to Rosalind.

¹ Make thee to understand.

² Ignorant.

³ Most fairly delineated.

Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair¹ of Rosalind.'

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together
dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted:
it is the right butter-woman's rate 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 lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and **bind** ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind ;
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.'

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you
infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.

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 in

¹ Complexion, beauty.

the country ; for you 'll be rotten ere 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 ;
 Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil ¹ sayings show :
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage ;
 'That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age :
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write ;
 Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 'Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarged :
 Nature presently distill'd

¹ Civilised.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;

· Cleopatra's majesty ;

Atalanta's better part ;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rósalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised ;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches¹ dearest prized.

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 love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little :—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Cor. and Touch.*]

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.

¹ Features.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, 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 color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!¹

Ros. Good my complexion!² dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee,

¹ Out of all measure.

² An ejaculation, analogous to 'good gracious!' or 'bless me!'

tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I 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 knowlege of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.¹

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 looked he? Wherein went he?² What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with

¹ Speak seriously and honestly.

² How was he dressed?

thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's¹ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,² 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 dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to³ thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tane.

¹ The giant in Rabelais.

² Motes.

³ Restrain.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Cel. and Ros. retire.*]

Jaques. 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.

Jaques. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. 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-favoredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted

cloth,¹ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*—*Cel. and Ros. come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

¹ In allusion to the moral sentences issuing from the mouths of figures on old tapestry hangings.

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I 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 solemnised: if the interim 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 the 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 removed¹ 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 inland² man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence 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 physic, but on

¹ Remote, sequestered.

² Civilised.

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,¹ I would give him some good counsel; for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,² and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,³ which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having⁴ in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, 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-device⁵ in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

¹ Dealer in love.

² A blueness about the eyes.

³ A spirit not inquisitive.

⁴ Estate.

⁵ Over-exact.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner: he was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish¹ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for

¹ Variable.

every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness ;¹ which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic : and thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you ; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt.*

¹ ' A humor of living madness ; i. e. a mad humor of life.'—Malone.

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; 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 content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious¹ poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. O knowlege ill-inhabited!² 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.³—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.

¹ Lascivious.

² Ill-lodged.

³ Where the entertainment is mean, and the bill extravagant.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. A material fool! ¹ [*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.²

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 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.

Jaques. 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

¹ A fool with matter in him

² Homely.

beasts. But what though?¹ 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.² Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence³ 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. 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 gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*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 'ild⁴

¹ What then?

² Lean deer are called rascal deer.

³ The art of fencing.

⁴ God yield, i. e. reward

you for your last company : I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay ; pray, be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley ?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,¹ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

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.*

Jaques. 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 :

¹ Yoke.

But—Wind away ;
 Begone, I say :
 I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touch. and Aud.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave
 of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

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 ; there-
 fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's :¹ marry,
 his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color : your chesnut was ever
 the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
 touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana :

¹ Judas Iscariot was constantly represented in ancient paintings or tapestry with red hair.

a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously : the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question¹ with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ;² as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble

¹ Conversation.

² Mistress.

goose : but all 's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

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
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls¹ not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, 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,—²
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee ;

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of **it** ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)

¹ Drops.

² Motes.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,¹
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me: and, when that time
 comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*advancing.*] Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have mo²
 beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of Nature's **sale-work**.³—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 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 properer⁴ man

¹ Love.

² More.

³ Those works which Nature makes up carelessly, and
 without exactness

⁴ Handsomer.

And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.¹

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Celia, and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
might;—

‘Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?’

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say’st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

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,
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,

¹ ‘Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.’—Johnson.

That I shall think it a most plentuous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
 erewhile ? ¹

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
 And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
 That the old carlot ² once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
 him :

'Tis but a peevish ³ boy ;—yet he talks well :—
 But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
 But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
 him.

He'll make a proper ⁴ man. The best thing in him
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall ;
 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well.
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek : 'twas just the differ-
 ence

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

¹ A short time since.

² Peasant.

³ Silly.

⁴ Handsome.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black :
And, now I am 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.

Jaques. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;¹ nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. 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!

¹ Trifling.

Jaques. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable¹ 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.²—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be 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 jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

¹ Undervalue.

² Been at Venice.

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be 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 leer¹ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humor, 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 cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

¹ Complexion.

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot **midsummer** night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What 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; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are

maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

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. Make¹ the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor'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

¹ Bar.

that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,¹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will oreed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examine all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando*]

¹ Represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doubt and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz. that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,¹ conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out; let him be judge, how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the

¹ Melancholy.

deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—
Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord*. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune
so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn: } The rest shall
It was a crest ere thou wast born. } bear this burden.

1. Thy father's father wore it,

2. And thy father bore it.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt*.]

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 tenor : pardon me ;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
 And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
 She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
 She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love
 me

Were man as rare as phoenix. 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-color'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 vengeance¹ to me.—’

Meaning me a beast.—

‘ If the scorn of your bright eyne²
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:

¹ Mischief

² Eyes.

And by him seal up thy mind ;
 Whether that thy youth and kind¹
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make ;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her ;—' That if she love me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.'—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlicus of this forest, stands
 A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor
 bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

¹ Nature

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 favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister ; but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

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.

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 ;¹ and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,²

Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,

And, mark, what object did present itself !

Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

¹ Within a certain time.

² Love.

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
 brother ;

And he did render ¹ him the most unnatural
 That lived '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 purposed
 so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

¹ Describe.



AS YOU LIKE IT

Orlando & Oliver.

Act IV. Scene III.



Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling¹
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

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 bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave;
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

¹ Scuffle.

Died in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, 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 counter-
feit 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.*]



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Starke sc

AS YOU LIKE IT
Rosalind, Celia & Oliver
Act IV Scene III



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.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Wil. 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?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;'—a good answer. Art rich?

Wil. 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?

Wil. 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. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Wil. 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.

Wil. 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 together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy¹ with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress 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 persever to enjoy her?

¹ Contend.

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 estate¹ upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: 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.

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:

¹ Bestow.

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.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid¹ 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 my knowlege, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater

¹ Invite.

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 Sil.*] if I can:—I would love you, [*to Phe.*] if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*to Phe.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to Orl.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to Sil.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you [*to Orl.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to Sil.*] love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

{*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The 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.¹ Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

¹ A married woman.

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 gipsies 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 tim,
 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.

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 great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.¹

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;

those that fear they hope, and know they fear.²

¹ 'Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not good enough to compensate their defect.'—Stevens.

² 'As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes that their fears will not be realised; and yet at the same time know that there is reason for their fears.'—Malone.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*to the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*to Orl.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing? [*to Phe.*

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 Sil.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Ros and Cel.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.¹

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.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is
the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often
met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he
swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to
my purgation. I have trod a measure;² I have
flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend,
smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three
tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have
fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

¹ Countenance.

² A stately, solemn dance.

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good, my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God ild¹ you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor 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.²

Jaques. 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,³ Audrey!) as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was

¹ Reward.

² Malone thinks that this word is capriciously used by Shakspeare for sayings.

³ Scemly.

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³ Seemly.

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.

Jaques. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,¹ as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an if. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought

¹ Shakspeare is here supposed to allude to a formal treatise on duelling, by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594.



Hamilton del.

AS YOU LIKE IT
Byron Rossini, Orlando
Act V Scene IV

Stirling sc

but of an if, as, 'if you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse;¹ and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in women's clothes; and CELIA.

Still music.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:

[*to Duke S.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [to *Orl.*]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

¹ 'A horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler sheltered himself from the sight of the game.'—Steevens.

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.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—

[*to Orl.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*to Phe.*

Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events ;

Here 's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.¹

You and you no cross shall part ;

[*to Orl. and Ros.*

You and you are heart in heart :

[*to Oli. and Cel.*

You [*to Phe.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :—

You and you are sure together,

[*to Touch. and Aud.*

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.

¹ Unless truth fail of veracity.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown.
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town:
 High wedlock then be honored.
 Honor, high honor and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy¹ to thee doth combine.²

[*to Sil.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Juques de Bois. 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'd³ 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 question⁴ with him, was converted

¹ Love. ² Bind. ³ Prepared. ⁴ Conversation.

Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding ;
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music !—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience :—if I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaques de Bois. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honor I bequeathe ; [*to Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
You [*to Or.*] to a love that your true faith doth
merit :—

You [*to Oli.*] to your land, and love, and great allies :—

You [*to Sil.*] to a long and well-deserved bed :—

And you [*to Touch.*] 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.

Jaques. 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 dunce.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished ¹ like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,² 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 courtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Dressed.

² That I liked.









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