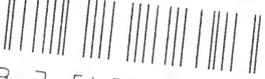


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Frederic Tudor.

SHAKSPEARE'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.

VOL. II.





THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;
ILLUSTRATED:
EMBRACING
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOL. II.

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VOL. II.

I

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

WE may presume the plot of this play to have been the invention of Shakspeare, as the diligence of his commentators has failed to trace the sources from whence it is derived. Steevens says that the hint for it was probably received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale.

"In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*," says Schlegel, "there flows a luxuriant vein of the highest and most fantastical invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort, by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the color and of such electrical purity that we think that the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described resembles those elegant pieces of Arabesque, where little Genii, with butterfly wings, rise half embodied above the flower cups. Twilight, moonshine, dew, and spring-pertinences are the element of these tender spirits; they assist Nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many-colored flowers, and dazzing insects; in the human world they merely sport in a childish and wayward manner with their beneficent or noxious influences. Their most violent rage dissolves in good-natured raillery; their passions, stripped of all earthly matter, are merely an ideal dream. To correspond with this, the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which, by a contrary enchantment, may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again. The different parts of the plot—the wedding of Theseus, the disagreement of Oberon and Titania, the flight of the two pair of lovers, and the trial operations of the mechanics—are so lightly and happily interwoven, that they seem necessary to each other for the formation of a whole. Oberon is desirous of relieving the lovers from their perplexities, and greatly adds to them through the misapprehension of his servant, till he at last comes to the aid of their fruitless amorous pain, their inconstancy and jealousy, and restores fidelity to its old rights. The extremes of fanciful and vulgar are united when the enchanted Titania awakes and falls in love with a coarse mechanic, with an ass's head, who represents, or rather disfigures, the part of a tragical lover. The droll wonder of the transmutation of Bottom is merely the transmutation of a metaphor in its literal sense; but, in his behavior during the tender homage of the Fairy Queen, we have a most amusing proof how much the consciousness of such a head-dress heightens the effect of his usual folly. Theseus and Hippolyta are, as it were, a splendid frame for the picture; they take no part in the action, but appear with a stately pomp. The discourse of the hero and his Amazon, as they course through the forest with their noisy hunting train, works upon the imagination like the fresh breath of morning, before which the shapes of night disappear."

This is a production of the youthful and vigorous imagination of the poet. Malone places the date of its composition in 1594. There are two quarto editions, both printed in 1600; one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*

DEMETRIUS, }

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 of 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, }

CORWEB, }

MOTH, }

MUSTARD-SEED, }

Fairies.

PYRAMUS, }

THISBE, }

WALL, }

MOONSHINE, }

LION, }

*Characters in the Interlude performed by
the Clowns.*

*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.

Theseus. 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
Now 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 wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!¹

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 bewitched² the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love tokens with my child;
'Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds³, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart;
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness;—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be 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

¹ *Duke*, in our old language, was used for a leader or chief, as the Latin *dux*.

² The old copies read, "This *man* hath bewitched."

³ Baubles, toys, trifles.

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is.

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

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

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

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

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
moon,

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

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

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

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

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

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed: my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
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 spotted¹ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

¹ As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,
DEMETRIUS, *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
Beteem¹ them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,

The course of true love never did run smooth!

But either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years.

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

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

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

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

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary² as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied³ 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 crossed,

It stands as an edict in destiny.

Then let us teach our trial patience.

Because it is a customary cross:

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Her-
mia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child.

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

¹ Bestow, or, according to Steevens, pour out.

² Momentary.

³ Blackened, as with smut, coal.

And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
 By his best arrow, with the golden head;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,¹
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than woman ever 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?
Hcl. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair.² O happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars;³ 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 favor⁴ 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.

¹ Shakspeare forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and, consequently, long before the death of Dido.

² *Fair* for fairness, beauty—very common in writers of Shakspeare's age.

³ The *lode-star* is the leading or guiding star, that is, the *polar-star*. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*.

⁴ Countenance, feature.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.¹
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 affliction 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,

Seemed Athens like a paradise to me.

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turned 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* HERMIA.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu.

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYSANDER.

¹ i. e. changed, transformed.

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 winged 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 game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured every where;
 For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
 He hailed down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

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

Quin. Is all our company here?

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

Quin. 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 on to a point.¹

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

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

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

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

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

Quin. 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 Ereles 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' ear
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ereles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

¹ *Grow on to a point.* This is the reading of the first folio, and is probably a misprint for *go on to appoint*, i. e. appoint the actors to their several parts.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. 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!*

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

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

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

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. 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.

Quin. 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.*

Quin. 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 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. 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?

Quin. 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.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light. There will we 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, 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.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.¹ [*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 briar,

¹ To meet *whether bowstrings hold or are cut* is to meet in all events. But the origin of the phrase has not been satisfactorily explained.

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 orbs¹ upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners² 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 lob³ 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;⁴
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forest 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,⁵
 But they do square;⁶ 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,

¹ The *orbs* here mentioned are those circles in the herbage, commonly called fairy-rings, the cause of which is not yet certainly known.

² The allusion is to Elizabeth's band of gentlemen *pensioners*, who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace*.

³ Lubber or clown. *Lob*, lobeck, looby, and lubber, all denote inactivity of body and dulness of mind.

⁴ A *changeling* was a child changed by a fairy: it here means one stolen or got in exchange.

⁵ Shining.

⁶ Quarrel.

Called Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
 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;
 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;²
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *tailor* cries,³ and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe:
 And yexen⁴ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Faery: here comes Oberon.

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

¹ A *quern* was a hand-mill.

² Wild apple.

³ Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board. Hamner thought the passage corrupt, and proposed to read "*rails* or cries."

⁴ The old copy reads: "And *waren* in their mirth," &c. It seems most probable that we should read, as Dr. Farmer proposed, *yexen*. *To yex* is to hiccup, and is so explained in all the old dictionaries.

SCENE II.

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

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

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

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

Tita. 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 buskined 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?¹

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,²
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

¹ See the Life of Theseus in North's Translation of Plutarch. Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa, were all, at different times, mistresses to Theseus. The name of *Perigune* is translated by North *Perigouna*.

² Spring seems to be here used for *beginning*. The *spring* of day is used for the dawn of day in K. Henry IV. Part II.

As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
 Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelting¹ river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard.
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;
 The nine men's morris² is filled up with mud ;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here ;³
 No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound ;
 And through this distemperature, 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 chiding autumn,⁴ angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, 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.⁵

¹ i. e. paltry. The folio reads *petty*.

² A rural game, played by making holes in the ground in the angles and sides of a square, and placing stones or other things upon them, according to certain rules. These figures are called *nine men's morris*, or *merrils*, because each party playing has nine men ; they were generally cut upon turf, and were, consequently, choked up with mud in rainy seasons.

³ Theobald proposed to read "*their winter cheer*."

⁴ Autumn producing flowers unseasonably upon those of summer.

⁵ Page of honor.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order ;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laughed to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
 Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light 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.

Tita. Not for thy fairy-kingdom.—Fairies, away.
 We shall chide down-right, 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 could'st not,)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took

At a fair vestal,¹ throned by the west ;
 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
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.²
 Yet marked 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.³
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I showed 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.]

Obc. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb,)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
 And I will overhear their conference.

¹ It is well known that a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in this very beautiful passage. Warburton has attempted to show, that by the *mermaid*, in the preceding lines, Mary Queen of Scots was intended. It is argued with his usual fanciful ingenuity, but will not bear the test of examination, and has been satisfactorily controverted. It appears to have been no uncommon practice to introduce a compliment to Elizabeth in the body of a play.

² Exempt from the power of love.

³ The tricolored violet, commonly called pansies, or hearts' ease, is here meant ; one or two of its petals are of a purple color. It has other fanciful and expressive names.

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;²
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,
Than to be used as you do 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 impeach³ 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,

¹ Mad, raving. *Wud* is the synonymous Scotch term.

² "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and draw the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him." *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, by Edward Fenton, 1569.

³ i. e. bring it into question.

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

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

[*Exeunt 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 whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips¹ and the nodding violet grows ;

¹ The greater cowslip.

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight ;
 And there the snake throws her enameled skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love ;
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

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

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. 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-nice² 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.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts,⁴ and blindworms,⁵ do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy queen.*

¹ The *roundel*, or round, as its name implies, was a dance in a ring.

² Bats.

³ Sports.

⁴ Efts.

⁵ Slow-worms.

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.* *Wearing 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 for thy true love take.
Love, and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or hoar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood ;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

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

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie 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.

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 beshrew² my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
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 !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
pressed ! [*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 ;

¹ i. e. "understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind."

² This word here means the same as if she had said, "Now ill befall my manners," &c.

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 wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

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

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

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

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

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
 If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear.
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?
 But who is here?—Lysander! On the ground!
 Dead? Or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

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

[*Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,²
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

¹ Possess.

² The quartos have only—"Nature shows art." The first folio—"Nature her shows art." The second folio changes *her* to *here*. Malone thought we should read, "Nature shows her art."

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 swayed;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So, I, being young, till now ripe¹ not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another, therefore, be abused! [*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep thou
there,
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!

¹ i. e. do not ripen to it.

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 ate 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.*

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?

Quin. 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,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus*

¹ By all that is dear.

must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous¹ fear.

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

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.²

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

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

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

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

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.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber;

¹ *Perilous*; used for *alarming*, *amazing*.

² That is, in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

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

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. 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.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. 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.

Quin. 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.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering 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.

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

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,—*

Quin. Odors, odors.

¹ Thicket.

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 played here !
 [Aside.—Exit.

This. Must I speak now ?

Quin. 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.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues² 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.—*

Quin. 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 afeard.

¹ Young man.

² The cues were the last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who was to speak next.

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.

Quin. 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, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo¹ 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?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamored 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 rea-

¹ The cuckoo, having no variety of note, sings in *plain song* (*plano canto*), by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished in opposition to *prick-song*, or varied music sung by note.

son for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays. The more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee¹ upon occasion.

Tita. 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.

Tita. 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?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,²
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

¹ i. e. jest or scoff.

² The fruit of a bramble called *rubus cæsius*; sometimes called also the *blue-berry*.

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,¹ 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 patience³ 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.

Tita. 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.

¹ "I shall desire *you* of more acquaintance." This kind of phraseology was not uncommon.

² A *squash* is an immature peascod.

³ The words are spoken ironically, as it was the prevailing opinion in Shakspeare's time, that mustard excited cholera.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit!
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,² rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,³
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl⁴ I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs,⁵ many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
catch.

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

¹ Revelry.

² A *patch* was a common contemptuous term.

³ *Barren* is dull, unpregnant. *Sort* is company.

⁴ A *head*.

⁵ The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched¹ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

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

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

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

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

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

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

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

Dem. So should the murdered look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
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 carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!

¹ *Latched* or *litchel*, licked or smeared over.

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake.
 Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou killed 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 misprised² mood.
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

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

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

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

And from thy hated 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 a while I will remain.
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken
 quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.

Puck. Then fate o'errules; 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-sick she is, and pale of cheer³
 With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.⁴
 By some illusion see thou bring her here;
 I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

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

¹ A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*.

² "On a misprised mood," i. e. in a mistaken manner.

³ *Cheer* here signifies *countenance*, from *cera* (Ital.).

⁴ Alluding to the ancient supposition, that every sigh was indulged at the expense of a drop of blood.

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

Re-enter PUCK.

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

Obe. Stand aside; the noise they make,
 Will 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!
 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's snow,
Fanned 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 souls¹ to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena—
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

¹ i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind.

My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourned ;
 And now to Helen is it home returned,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.¹—
 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 ;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense.—
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
 Mine ear—I thank it—brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

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

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide—
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 Than all you fiery oes² and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me ? Could not this make thee
 know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ?

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

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
 Now I perceive they have conjoined, 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 hate 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, and is all forgot ?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial³ gods,

¹ Pay dearly for it, rue it.

² i. e. circles.

³ i. e. ingenious, artful—*artificioso* (Lat.).

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,² 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 ?
 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, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,

¹ i. e. needles.

² Mr. Douce thus explains this passage:—Helen says, “we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.” She then exemplifies the position by a simile—“we had *two of the first*, i. e. *bodies*, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as *one person*, but which, like our *single heart*, have but *one crest*.” Malone explains the heraldic allusion differently, but not so clearly nor satisfactorily.

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.²
 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 ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, he'll—Sir,³

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 !

¹ Make mouths.

² i. e. such a *subject* of light merriment.

³ This arrangement of the text is Malone's, who thus explains it:—The words *he'll* are not in the folio, and *sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, *No, no, he'll* not have the resolution to disengage himself from Hermia. But turning to Lysander, he addresses him ironically: "Sir, seem to break loose," &c.

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 prevailed 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;

¹ A worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers.

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;¹
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,
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 wronged you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened 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 fond² I am.

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

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

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

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

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

¹ i. e. forward, cross.

² Foolish.

You minimus of hind'ring knot-grass¹ made ;
You bead, you acorn.

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

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

Dem. Follow ? Nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt* LYS. and DEM.]

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

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
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 mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,⁴
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st, 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.

¹ Anciently knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children.

² Pretend.

³ *Aby it*, for *abide it*, i. e. pay dearly for it, rue it.

⁴ Chance, fall out ; from *sort* (French).

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error with his might,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend
 With league whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
 And then I will her charmed 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 dragons¹ 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,²
 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-browed night.

Obc. But we are spirits of another sort.
 I with the Morning's love³ have oft made sport ;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,

¹ So in *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 11 :

“Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night.”

See note on that passage.

² The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads ; and of those who, being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies.

³ Cephalus, the mighty hunter, and paramour of Aurora, was here probably meant

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.¹
 But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit* OBERON.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down.
 I am feared 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.*]

¹ Oberon here boasts that he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first dawn.

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 heeled than I.
 I followed 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 !¹ Coward, why com'st
 thou not ?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou ?
Puck. Come hither ; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
 buy this dear,
 If ever I thy face by day-light see.
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours. Shine, comforts, from the east ;
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,
 From these that my poor company detest.—

¹ This exclamation would have been uttered with more propriety by Puck, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he seems to forget. In the old song printed by Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with ho ! ho ! ho ! It was also the established dramatic exclamation given to the devil whenever he appeared on the stage, and attributed to him whenever he appeared in reality.

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heaven shield Lysander if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well.¹ [*Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c. sleep.*]

¹ These three last lines are to be found in Heywood's Epigrams, or Three Hundred Proverbs.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON
behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,¹
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

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 mon-
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself
too much in the action, monsieur; and, good mon-
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would
be loath to have you overflown with the honey-bag,
seignior. Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,² monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. 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.

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

¹ To *coy* is to stroke or soothe with the hand.

² i. e. *fist*; an old Scotch word.

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let us have the tongs and the bones.¹

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

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

Tita. 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.

Tita. 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. See'st 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, begged my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

¹ The old, rough, rustic music of *the tongs*. The folio has this stage direction: "Musicke Tongs, Rurall Music."

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 others 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 thou as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dian's bud¹ 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 enamored of an ass.

Obc. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obc. 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 wak'st, with thine own
 fool's eyes peep.

Obc. 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 posterity.

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.

¹ *Dian's bud* is the bud of the *Leas Castus*.

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.

Tita. 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 performed,²
 And since we have the vaward 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 bayed the bear
 With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding;³ for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seemed 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 flewed,⁴ so sanded;⁵ and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tunable

¹ *Sad* here signifies only *grave*, serious.

² i. e. the honors due to the morning of *May*.

³ *Chiding* means here the *cry of hounds*. To *chide* is used sometimes for to sound, or make a noise, without any reference to scolding.

⁴ The *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

⁵ *Sanded* means of a sandy color, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
 Judge, when you hear.—But soft; what nymphs are
 these?

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

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

Ege. It is, my lord.

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

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

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
 past;
 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,
 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 followed them;
 Fair Helena in fancy¹ following me.
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
 (But by some power it is) my love to Hermia.
 Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia;
 But, like in sickness, did I loath this food;
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
 Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens. Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt THE., HIP., EGE. and TRAM.*]

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.

¹ *Fancy* is here *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*.

Dem. 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, 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.¹ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

¹ Meaning the death of Thisbe.

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handi-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon. A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life. He could not have '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?

Quin. 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.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribands to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they

shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, It is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *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, 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,

¹ i. e. composed.

It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear.
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigured so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

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 on your royal walks, your board, your bed !

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.

Philostr. 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 ?

Philostr. There is a brief,² how many sports are
 ripe :
 Make choice of which your highness will see first.

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,

¹ An *abridgment* appears to mean some *pastime* to *shorten* the tedious evening.

² Schedule.

In glory of my kinsman Hercules,
The riot of the tipsy Bacchantals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
 That is an old device; and it was played
 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,
 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?

Philost. 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?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
 here,

Which never labored in their minds till now;
 And now have toiled their unbreathed¹ memories
 With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
 It is not for you. I have heard it over,
 And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
 Unless you can find sport in their intents,
 Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pain,
 To do you service.

¹ i. e. unexercised, unpractised.

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, not merit.¹
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised 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 picked a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is
addressed.²

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

- The sense of this passage appears to be:—"What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency ; estimating it, not by the actual *merit*, but according to the power or *might* of the humble but zealous performers."

² Ready.

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 this prologue like a child on a recorder;¹ a sound but not in government.²

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moon-shine, 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 content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine; for, if you will know,

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

¹ A kind of flageolet.

² i. e. not regularly, according to the time.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
 "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.
 "Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 "He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
 "And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 "His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 "Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 "At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* ProL., THISBE, Lion, and Moon-shine.]

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 crammied hole, or chink,
 "Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 "Did whisper often very secretly.
 "This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 "That I am that same wall. The truth is so:
 "And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 "Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

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-looking 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.
 “Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !”
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is 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 THISBY.

- This.* “O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 “For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
 “My cherry lips have often kissed 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 Limander¹ am I trusty still.”
This. “And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.”
Pyr. “Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.”
This. “As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.”
Pyr. “O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.”
This. “I kiss the wall’s hole, not your lips at all.”
Pyr. “Wilt thou at Ninny’s tomb meet me straight-way ?”
This. “Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.”

¹ *Limander* and *Helen*, blunderingly for *Leander* and *Hero*, as *Shafalus* and *Procrus* for *Cephalus* and *Procris*.

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.¹

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 man² and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moon-shine.

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

"No 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.

¹ This alludes to the proverb, "Walls have ears." A wall between almost any two neighbors, says Johnson, would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

² Theobald altered this word to moon, without apparent reason.

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'the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.¹

Hip. I am awearry 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. "Oh—."

[*The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused,² lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*

¹ An equivoque. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger.

² To *mouse*, according to Malone, signified to *mammock*, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

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, stained 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 deflowered my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.³

"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.

¹ *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp. It is used for any collection or tuft of short thread.

² Destroy.

³ Countenance.

“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* Moon-shine.

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 moon-shine 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.

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,¹ *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 brows,²

“This cherry nose,

“These yellow cowslip cheeks,

“Are gone, are gone.

“Lovers, make moan!

¹ The old copies read *means*, which had anciently the same signification as *moans*. Theobald made the alteration.

² The old copies read *lips* instead of *brows*. The alteration was made for the sake of the rhyme by Theobald.

“ His eyes were green as leeks.

“ O sisters three,

“ Come, come, to me,

“ With hands as pale as milk ;

“ Lay them in gore,

“ Since you have shore

“ With shears his thread of silk.

“ Tongue, not a word.—

“ Come, trusty sword ;

“ Come, blade, my breast imbrue,

“ And farewell, friends ;—

“ Thus Thisby ends.

“ Adieu, adieu, adieu.”

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,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 hanged himself with 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 outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatched.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt*

¹ A rustic dance framed in imitation of the people of *Bergamasco* (a province in the state of Venice), who are ridiculed as being more clownish in their manners and dialect than any other people of Italy. The *lingua rustica* of the buffoons, in the old Italian comedies, is an imitation of their jargon.

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 foredone.¹
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide ;
 And we fairies, that do run,
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic. Not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallowed house ;
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.²

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obc. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire.
 Every elf and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty after me,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote.
 To each word a warbling note,

¹ Overcome.² Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence or favor of the Fairies.

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 ;¹
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,² such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate ;³
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace.
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;
Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumbered 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.*

¹ This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages.

² Portentous.

³ Way, course.

*And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck,¹
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,²
We will make amends, ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,³ if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.*

[*Exit.*

¹ i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved.

² i. e. hisses.

³ Clap your hands; give us your applause.

WILD and fantastical as this play is, 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.

JOHNSON.

JOHNSON'S concluding observations on this play are not conceived with his usual judgment. There is no analogy or resemblance between the fairies of Spenser and those of Shakspeare. The fairies of Spenser, as appears from his description of them in the second book of the *Faerie Queene*, canto x., were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. But those of Shakspeare, and of common tradition, as Johnson calls them, were a diminutive race of sportful beings, endowed with immortality and supernatural powers, totally different from those of Spenser.

M. MASON.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE novel upon which this comedy was founded has hitherto eluded the research of the commentators. Mr. Douce thinks it will prove to be of French extraction. "The Dramatis Personæ in a great measure demonstrate this, as well as a palpable Gallicism in Act iv. Sc. 1: viz. the terming a *letter a capon*."

This is one of Shakspeare's early plays, and the author's youth is certainly perceivable, not only in the style and manner of the versification, but in the lavish superfluity displayed in the execution—the uninterrupted succession of quibbles, equivoques, and sallies of every description. "The sparks of wit fly about in such profusion that they form complete fireworks, and the dialogue for the most part resembles the bustling collision and banter of passing masks at a carnival."* The scene in which the king and his companions detect each other's breach of their mutual vow, is capitally contrived. The discovery of Biron's love-letter while rallying his friends, and the manner in which he extricates himself, by ridiculing the folly of the vow, are admirable.

The grotesque characters, don Adrian de Armado, Nathaniel the curate, and Holofernes, that prince of pedants, with the humors of Costard the clown, are well contrasted with the sprightly wit of the principal characters in the play. It has been observed that "Biron and Rosaline suffer much in comparison with Benedick and Beatrice," and it must be confessed that there is some justice in the observation. Yet Biron, "that merry mad-cap lord," is not overrated in Rosaline's admirable character of him—

—————"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:—
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Shakspeare has only shown the inexhaustible powers of his mind, in improving on the admirable originals of his own creation, in a more mature age.

Malone placed the composition of this play first in 1591, afterwards in 1594. Dr. Drake thinks we may safely assign it to the earlier period. The first edition was printed in 1598.

* Schlegel.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,¹

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.

This enumeration of Persons was made by Rowe.

¹ *Berowne* in all the old editions.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

ACT 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 registered 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, Birón, 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 past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honor down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armed to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved. 'Tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout 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.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;—
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
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 passed to pass away from
these.

Biron. 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.

Long. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? Let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from
common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. 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.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
 vain,

Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
 Doth falsely¹ 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.²
 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-searched with saucy looks.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.³

King. How well he's read, to reason against
 reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

¹ Dishonestly, treacherously.

² The sense of this declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind.

³ That is, too much knowledge gives no real solution of doubts, but merely *fame*, or a name, a thing which every godfather can give.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Birón is like an envious sneaping¹ frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. 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;²

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, Birón, adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court.*—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] *On pain
of losing her tongue.*—Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

¹ i. e. nipping.

² By these *shows* the poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*.

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.¹

[*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.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot :
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunted most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;
She must lie² here on mere necessity.

Biron. 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 mastered, 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.

Suggestions³ are to others as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,

¹ The word *gentility* here does not signify that rank of people called *gentry* ; but what the French express by *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*

² That is, *reside* here.

³ Temptations.

I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick¹ recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,² whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.³

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our
sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a Letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What would'st?

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.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Seignior Arme — Arme — commends you.
There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

¹ Lively, sprightly.

² *Complements* is here used in its ancient sense of *accomplishments*.
Vide Note on *K. Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

³ I will make use of him instead of a *minstrel*, whose occupation was
to relate fabulous stories.

⁴ i. e. third-borough, a peace-officer.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having! God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?¹

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style² shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.³

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken 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.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.*—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. *So it is,*—

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

¹ "To hear, or forbear *laughing?*" is possibly the true reading.

² A quibble is here intended between a *stile* and *style*.

³ That is, *in the fact*. A thief is said to be taken with the manner (*mainour*) when he is taken with the thing stolen about him. The thing stolen was called *mainour*, *manour*, or *meinour*, from the French *manier*—*manu tractare*.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —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 ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-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.¹ There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,²*

Cost. Me.

King.—*that unlettered, small-knowing soul,*

Cost. Me.

King.—*that shallow vassal,*

Cost. Still me.

King.—*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

Cost. 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 where— with,*

Cost. 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*

¹ Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.

² i. e. the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment.

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 trial. Think, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir. I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity. I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Birón, see him delivered o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I
was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true
girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of pros-
perity! 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.¹

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
my tender juvenal?²

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent
epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we
may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title
to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my say-
ing apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

¹ *Imp* literally means a graft, slip, scion, or sucker; and by metonymy
is used for a child or boy. Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII.
prays for *the imp his son*.

² i. e. youth.

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.

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 horse² will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

¹ By *crosses* he means *money*. Many coins were anciently marked with a *cross* on one side.

² This alludes to the celebrated bay horse Morocco, belonging to one Banks, who exhibited his docile and sagacious animal through Europe. Many of his remarkable pranks are mentioned by contemporary writers; and he is alluded to by numbers besides Shakspeare.

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 outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage! For he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the 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 maculate 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?²

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 digression³ 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.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe; and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.⁴ Fare you well.

¹ Of which she is naturally possessed.

² See Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, fourth edition, vol. i. p. 198.

³ *Digression* is here used for the act of going out of the right way—*transgression*.

⁴ *Taberna casearia* is interpreted in the old dictionaries a *daye* house, where cheese is made. A *day-woman* is therefore a *dairy-woman*. John-

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid—

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.¹

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain. Shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose. Thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing. I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

son says *day* is an old word for *milk*. A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland.

¹ Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the common people of some counties) in the sense of *as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

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 falsehood,) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet 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' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn;³ the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, 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.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest⁴ spirits.

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy;

¹ Love.

² A kind of *arroyo* used for shooting at butts with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

³ See notes on the last act of *As You Like It*, also note to *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁴ Best.

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
 Than 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 uttered 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,
 Bold¹ 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,
 Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
 Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. 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,

¹ i. e. *confident* of it.

Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed ;
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 matched 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-accomplished 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,
Birón 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?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors¹ in oath,
Were all addressed² to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much have I learnt;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. *[The ladies mask.]*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

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,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace has sworn-out house-keeping.
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill besecmeth me.

¹ Confederates.

² Prepared.

Vouchsafe 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.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such
questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast; 'twill
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of 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 depart¹ withal,
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,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound.
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, 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.*]

¹ *To depart* and *to part* were anciently synonymous.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My Physic says, I.¹

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *point*,² with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit LONG.*]

¹ The old spelling of the affirmative particle *ay* is here retained for the sake of the rhyme.

² *Point*, in French, is an adverb of negation, but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the English word. A quibble was, however, intended.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry, mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.

Boyet. 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.

Boyet. 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?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

¹ A quibble is here intended upon the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, signified also an inclosed pasture, as opposed to an open field or common. Bacon and others used it in this sense.

ACT III.

SCENE I *Another part of the same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*¹—— [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years, take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?²

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary³ 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,⁴ these are humors; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?⁵) that most are affected to these.

¹ A song is apparently lost here. In old comedies, the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion, the stage direction is generally *Here they sing*—or *Cantant*.

² A kind of dance; spelled *bransle* by some authors; being the French name for the same dance.

³ *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by the castanets.

⁴ i. e. accomplishments.

⁵ One of the modern editors proposes to read "do you note *me*?"

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.¹

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?²

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be an 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.

¹ The allusion is probably to the old popular pamphlet, "A Pennyworth of Wit."

² The *Hobby-horse* was a personage belonging to the ancient Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long footcloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man should be, at the sides of the horse. Latterly the Hobby-horse was frequently omitted, which appears to have occasioned a popular ballad, in which was this line, or burden.

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 returned.

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.

Cost. 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?

¹ i. e. a head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. It must have been a common sort of apple, as it gave a name to the dealers in apples who were called *costar-mongers*.

² An old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

³ A *mail* or *male* was a budget, wallet, or portmanteau. Costard, mistaking *enigma*, *riddle*, and *l'envoy* for names of salves, objects to the application of any *salve* in the budget, and cries out for a *plantain* leaf. There is a quibble upon *salve* and *salvé*, a word with which it was not unusual to conclude epistles, &c., and which therefore was a kind of *l'envoy*.

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been 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 stayed 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?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose;
that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this
argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then called you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your
argument in.

'Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.¹

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard*² broken
in a shin?

¹ Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a *goose* make a *market*."

² See p. 102, note 1.

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances.—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honor is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Seignior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! My inconv¹ Jew!— [*Exit MOTH.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? A penny.*—*No, I'll give you a remuneration.* Why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—Why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

¹ *Inconv* or *kony*, says Warburton, signifies, in the north, *fine* or *delicate*. It seems to be substantially the same with *canny*, a familiar Scotch word.

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why, then, three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be with you!

Biron. 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.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark slave, it is but this.—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.¹—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. 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!²

This wimpled,³ whining, purblind, wayward boy;

¹ With the utmost nicety.

² *Magnificent* here means glorying, boasting.

³ To *wimple* is to veil, from *guimple* (Fr.). Shakspeare means no more than that Cupid was hood-winked.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
 Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets,¹ king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors²—O my little heart—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,³
 And wear his colors⁴ like a tumbler's hoop!
 What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing ; ever out of frame ;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watched 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 too 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 *Plackets* were *stomachers*.

² The officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

³ It appears from Lord Stafford's Letters, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed, as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other higher officers of the field."

⁴ It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colors. So in Cynthia's Revels, by Jonson, "despatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what her *colors* are for the day." It appears that a tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with colored ribands.

ACT IV.

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 spurred his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not: but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he showed 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 speakest, 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.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow.—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
 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.

Boyet. Do not curst 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.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.¹

Cost. God dig-you-den² all ! Pray you, which is
 the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
 that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest ! It is so ; truth
 is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 One 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 ?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
 lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ; he's a good friend
 of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve ;
 Break up this capon.³

¹ The princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*, because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new-modelled society.

² A corruption of God give you good even.

³ i. e. open this letter. The poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet* ; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beautiful; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical rascal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua¹ set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar. (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The king's. The captive is enriched. On whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose side? The king's? No, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? Robes; for titles, titles; for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DOX 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.

¹ The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was *Penelophon*.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while.¹

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,² and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?³

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

¹ i. e. lately.

² The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. "Popular ap-
plause (says Meres, in *Wit's Treasure*, p. 178) doth nourish some, neither
do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our
age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court."

³ An equivoque was here intended; it should appear that the words
shooter and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakspeare's time.

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. 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.

Boyet. 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?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain 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.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot.*

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot! for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark. A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand!¹ Ufaith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

¹ This is a term in archery still in use, signifying "a good deal to the left of the mark." Of the other expressions, the *clout* was the white mark at which archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the centre of it.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing.¹ Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho 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 pathological² nit!

Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COST. running.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

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,³ who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.⁴

¹ To *rub* is a term at bowls.

² *Pathetical* sometimes meant *passionate*, and sometimes *passion-moving*, in our old writers, but is here used by Costard as an idle expletive.

³ *Pomewater*, a species of apple.

⁴ In the Return from Parnassus, 1606, is the following account of the

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication,—or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

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, good man Dull; Dictynna,² good man Dull.

different appellations of deer at their different ages—"Amoretto. I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is the *first year*, a *fawn*; the *second year*, a *pricket*; the *third year*, a *sorrel*; the *fourth year*, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head*; the *sixth year*, a *complete buck*."

¹ The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me.

² Shakspeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana in the second book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

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 fivescore.

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 allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? And, to humor the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter ;³ for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ! Put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel ;⁴ the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ; O sore L !

Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

¹ Reached.

² i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain.

³ i. e. I will use or practise alliteration.

⁴ For the explanation of the terms *pricket*, *sore* or *soar*, and *sorel*, in this quibbling rhyme, the reader is prepared, by the extract from 'The Return from Parnassus, in a note at the beginning of the scene.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.¹

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. 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!²

¹ *Talon* was often written *talent* in Shakspeare's time. One of the senses of to *claw* is to *flatter*.

² The Eclogues of Mantuanus were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. In 1567 they were also versified by Tuberville.

I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*¹

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*— Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir; and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes:
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend;

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, O pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings Heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!²

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only

¹ This proverb occurs in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, where it stands thus:—

“Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.”

² These verses are printed, with some variations, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse¹ his rider. But damossella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,² 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!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colorable colors.³ But to return to the verses—did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where it, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my

¹ i. e. the horse adorned with ribands; Bankes's horse is here probably alluded to.

² Shakspeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard."

³ That is, specious or fair-seeming appearances.

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.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, 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.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself; they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;¹ pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax. It kills sheep; it kills me,² 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.*]

¹ Alluding to Rosaline's complexion, who is represented as a black beauty.

² This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*.

Enter the King, with a Paper.

King. Ah me !

Biron. [*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 shin'st in every tear that I do weep ;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe ;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through thy 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, no 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.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear !
[Aside.

Long. Ah me ! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure,¹ wearing papers.
[Aside.

¹ The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

King. In love, I hope ; sweet fellowship in shame !
[*Aside.*

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
[*Aside.*

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so ?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort ; not
by two, that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn¹ that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to
move ;

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton
Cupid's hose ;

Disfigure not his slop.²

Long. This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument*)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is :

Then, thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st 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 ?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,³ which makes
flesh a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess ; pure, pure idolatry.

¹ By *triumvir* and the *shape of love's Tyburn*, Shakspeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular*.

² *Stops* were wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakspeare's time.

³ It has been already remarked that the *liver* was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.¹ Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky, And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. More sacks to the mill! O Heavens, I have my wish! Dumain transformed; four woodcocks² in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*]

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie. [*Aside.*]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.³

Biron. An amber-colored raven was well noted. [*Aside.*]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say: Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*]

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*]

Biron. 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 remembered be.

¹ The allusion is to the play of *hide and seek*.

² A *woodcock* means a foolish fellow: that bird being supposed to have no brains.

³ *Coted* signifies *marked* or *noted*. The word is from *cote*, to *quote*. The construction of this passage will therefore be, "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves." Steevens, however, assigns to *cote* the meaning of *outstrip*.

Biron. 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.

Biron. 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,
Wished 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;—
Thee—for whom Jove would swear,¹
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, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from
charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society.

¹ The old copy reads—

“*Thou* for whom Jove would swear.”

Pope thought this line defective, and altered it to

“*Thou* for whom *even* Jove would swear.”

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 marked 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 LONG.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIS.*

What will Birón 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.

Biron. 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:¹ 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 something.

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.

¹ Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet—

“No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.”

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!²
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
 And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? All about the breast.—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betrayed, by keeping company
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,
 Or groan for Joan, or spend a minute's time
 In pruning³ me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?⁴

¹ Grief.

² *Gnat* is the reading of the old copy, and there seems no necessity for changing it to *knot* or any other word, as some of the editors have been desirous of doing.

³ A bird is said to be *pruning* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers.

⁴ That is—"What *does* treason here?"

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead. [*To Cos-
TARD.*] You were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lacked me fool to make
up the mess.

He, he, and you, my liege, and I.

Are pickpurses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true: we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood will not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands,¹ must we be forsworn.

¹ i. e. at any rate, at all events.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of
thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heav-
enly 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.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants; that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? Where is a book?

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.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 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.

Long. 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.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
 For fear their colors should be washed away.

King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washed to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. 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 walked overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there,—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quilllets,¹ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

¹ A *quillet* is a sly trick or turn in argument, or excuse.

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 vowed 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.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And study too, the causer of your vow ;
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself ;
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 With ourselves,¹
 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 ;²
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enriched you with ?
 O'er slow arts entirely keep the brain ;

¹ This hemistich is omitted in all the modern editions except that by Mr. Boswell. It is found in the first quarto and first folio.

² i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive most information ; the *eyes* of woman.

And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped ;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ?¹
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.²
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs .
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent ;
Then fools you were these women to forswear ,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;

¹ Shakspeare had read of "the gardens of the *Hesperides*," and thought the latter word was the name of the garden. Some of his contemporaries have made the same mistake.

² Few passages have been more discussed than this. The most plausible interpretation of it is, "Whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices in harmonious concert."

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;¹
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn ;
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! And, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords :

Pell-mell, down with them. But be first advised,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.²

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 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.

Biron. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sowed cockle reaped no
 corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure !
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So in the language of the time :—
it likes me well, for it pleases me.

² In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the
 back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons¹ at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,² his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.³ He is too picked,⁴ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise⁵ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, 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; haf, hauf: neighbor, *vocatur*, nebor, neigh, abbreviated, ne. This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable;) it insinuateth me of insanie. *Ne intelligis, domine?* To make frantic lunatic.

¹ Reason here signifies discourse; audacious is used in a good sense for spirited, animated, confident; affection is affectation; opinion is obstinacy, opiniâtreté.

² Filed is polished.

³ Thrasonical is vain-glorious, boastful.

⁴ Picked, that is, too nice in his dress.

⁵ A common expression for exact, precise, or finical.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*—*bone*, for *bene*; *Priscian* a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *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.]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*;¹ thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.²

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 a 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 venew³ of wit. Snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

¹ This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known.

² A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.

³ A hit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou 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 *unguam*.

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 beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;³—I beseech thee, apparel thy

¹ Free-school.

² Confidential.

³ By *remember thy courtesy*, Arnado probably means "remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off." "The putting off the hat at table is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremome rather to be avoided than otherwise."—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

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,¹ 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, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

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.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great ; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error ; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb ; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? He shall present Hercules in minority ; his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device ! So, if any of the au-

¹ The beard is called valor's excrement in the Merchant of Venice.



dience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules!* Now thou crushest the snake! That is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge¹ not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via,*² Goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*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 walled 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 crammed 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.

¹ i. e. suit not, go not.

An Italian exclamation, signifying Courage! Come on!

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;¹
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd, unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him : he killed
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, 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 set³ of wit well
played.

But, Rosaline, you have a favor too.

Who sent it, and what is it ?

Ros. I would you knew ;
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón ;
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.

¹ Grow.

² *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff of a candle*.

See King Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 3.

³ A *set* is a term at tennis for a *game*.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils!¹ How! Let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! And beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But 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.

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 Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by the week!²

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;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!³

So potent-like⁴ 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
 caught,

As wit turned fool. Folly, in wisdom hatched.

¹ She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses*, lest she should retaliate.

² This is an expression taken from the hiring of servants; meaning, "I wish I knew that he was in love with me, or my *servant*," as the phrase is.

³ The meaning of this obscure line seems to be,—I would make him proud to flatter me, who make a mock of his flattery.

⁴ The old copies read *portant-like*. The modern editions read, with Sir T. Hamner, *portent-like*.

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's
her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments. You'll be surprised :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are
they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addressed
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 conned his embassy.
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out ;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy replied, *An angel is not evil ;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil.*
With that all laughed, and clapped him on the shoulder ;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubbed his elbow, thus ; and fleeced, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before ;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
The third he capered, and cried, *All goes well ;*
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous¹ appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are appareled thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians.² As I guess,
The purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance ;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favors several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? The gallants shall be tasked :

For, ladies, we will every one be masked ;
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 Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favors too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

¹ *Spleen ridiculous* is a ridiculous fit of laughter. The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter.

² In the first year of K. Henry VIII. at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber at Westminster, "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havynge an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up."—*Hall, Henry VIII., p. 6.*

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 mocked withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages displayed, 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 penned speech render we no grace ;
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

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 mocked, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be masked ; the mask-
ers 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 !

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.¹

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turned their—backs—to mortal views !

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turned their eyes to mortal views !*
Out—

¹ i. e. the taffeta masks they wore.

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? Begone, 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.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measured many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many a
mile.

To tread a measure¹ with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile; if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of one mile?

¹ A grave, solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet.

Biron. 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.—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves. What buys your com-
pany ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought ; and so adieu ;
Twice to your vizor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malinsey.—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.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? Bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half.
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

¹ To cog is to lie or cheat; hence, to cog the dice.

Long. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry
[*They converse apart*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense. So sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple
wits. [Exit King, Lords, Moth,

Music, and Attendants.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puffed out.

Ros. Well-liking¹ 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 Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! They were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword.

No *point*,² quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he called me?

¹ *Well-liking* is the same as *well-conditioned*, fat.

² *No point*; a quibble on the French adverb of negation, as before,
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness, as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.¹

But will you hear? The king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows.

Therefore, change favors;² and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, masked, are roses in their bud.
Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds,³ 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 penned,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

¹ An act was passed the 13th of Elizabeth (1571) "for the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cap-pers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon penalty of ten groats."

² Features, countenances.

³ Ladies unmasked are like angels veiling clouds, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness sink before them.

Boyet. 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?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty, Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons 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 kissed 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 walës bone;³

¹ *Wassels*; festive meetings, drinking-bouts; from the Saxon *was-hal*, be in health, which was the form of drinking a health; the customary answer to which was *drine-hal*, I drink your health. The *wassel-cup*, *wassel-bowl*, *wassel-bread*, *wassel-candle*, were all aids or accompaniments to festivity.

² The tenor in music.

³ *Walës* bone; the Saxon genitive case. It is a common comparison in the old poets. This bone was the tooth of the *horse-whale*. morse, or walrus, now superseded by ivory.

And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE,
MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes!—Behavior, what wert thou,

Till this man showed 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 nickname 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, vowed 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 here with four
 In Russian habit. Here they staid an hour,
 And talked 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.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
 Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
 With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light. Your capacity
 Is of that nature, that to your huge store
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
 eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand
 you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and showed the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now down-
 right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your high-
 ness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
 look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
 perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

¹ After the fashion of the times.

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 penned,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy'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-piled² hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed

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.³

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage.—Bear with me; I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,⁴ 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.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?⁵

¹ Mistress.

² A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet.

³ i. e. without French words, I pray you.

⁴ This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses *infected* with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague were the first spots or discolorations of the skin.

⁵ That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The quibble lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue*, which signifies *to proceed to law*, and *to petition*.

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression,

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 force¹ not 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
As precious eyesight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! The noble lord
Most 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 Birón, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

¹ i. e. you care not, or do not regard forswearing.

I see the trick on't.—Here was a consent¹

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers,² 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, wooed but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn: in will and error.³

Much upon this it is.—And might not you [*To BOYET*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,⁴

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 allowed;⁵

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.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manège, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! Thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

¹ An agreement, a conspiracy. See *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

² The old copies read *years*: the emendation is Theobald's.

³ i. e. first in *will*, and afterwards in *error*.

⁴ From *esquière* (Fr.), *rule*, or *square*. The sense is similar to the proverbial saying—*He has got the length of her foot*.

⁵ That is, you are an *allowed* or a *licensed* fool or jester.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us,¹ sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know.

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron.

Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man. Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great. For mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit COSTARD.]

King. Birón, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now;

That sport best pleases that doth least know how.

¹ In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, might be granted by the king to any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was said *to be begged for a fool*. One of the legal tests appears to have been, to try whether the party could answer a simple arithmetical question.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,¹
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That'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.²

[*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 Machabeus. And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

¹ The old copies read —

“Dies in the zeal of *that* which it presents.”

The emendation in the text is Malone's, and he thus endeavors to give this obscure passage a meaning. The word *that*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the princess, pleases best, where the actors are least skilful: where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or *great things* attempted, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment. *R.*, however, may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition.

² This word is used again by Shakspeare in his 21st Sonnet:

“Making a *complement* of proud compare.”

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy,—

A bare throw at novum;¹ and the whole world again,
Cannot prick² out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
again.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. You lie; you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.³

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be
friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey, surnamed the Big,—*

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir;—*Pompey, surnamed the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my
foe to sweat;

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by
chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of
France.

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey, I had*
done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was
perfect. I made a little fault in *Great.*

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best worthy.

¹ A game at dice, properly called *novem quinque*, from the principal throws being *nine* and *five*. The first folio reads "*Abate* throw," &c. The second folio, which reads "A *bare* throw," is evidently right.

² Pick out.

³ This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the knees and shoulders, had sometimes, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Masquine*.

Enter NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander ;*

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might ;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right.¹

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.²

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander :—*

Boyet. Most true : 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,——

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror : take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To 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,³ will be given to A-jax : he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak ! Run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you ; a foolish, mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed ! He is a marvellous good neighbor, in sooth ; and a very good bowler ; but, for Alisander, alas ! you see how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted.—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

¹ It should be remembered, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

² "His (Alexander's) body had so sweet a smell of itselfe that all the apparell he wore next unto his body, tooke thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed." *North's Plutarch.*

³ This alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion, or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent."

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

*Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus,
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.*

*Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.—*

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit MOTH.*

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipped is plain Judas.

*Biron. A kissing traitor!—How art thou proved
Judas?*

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed. Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.¹

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in counte-
nance.*

¹ The *cittern*, a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfaced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? Give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas. It grows dark;
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been
baited!

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector
in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan¹ in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes
faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances² the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

¹ *Trojan* is supposed to have been a cant term for a thief. It was, however, a familiar name for any equal or inferior.

² i. e. lance-men.

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.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man—but I will forward with my device. 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.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector; she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. 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 infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates,¹ more Ates; Stir them on! Stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. 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.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward² for penance.

Boyet. 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 he 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.

¹ i. e. more instigation. Ate was the goddess of discord.

² That is, clothed in wool, and not in linen; a penance often enjoined in times of superstition.

Biron. 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 liberal opposition of our spirits. If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtained.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose,² 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;³ Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest, plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;
And by these badges understand the king.

¹ Armado probably means to say, in his affected style, that "he had discovered he was wronged." "One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb.

² *Loose* may mean at the moment of his parting; i. e. of his *getting loose* or away from us.

³ i. e. which it fain would succeed in obtaining.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Played foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
 Even to the opposed end of our intents;
 And what in us hath seemed ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbecoming strains;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
 Formed 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,
 Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false forever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you;
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

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,¹ and as lining to the time.
 But more devout than this, in our respects,
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, showed much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote² them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time methinks too short

¹ Thus in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to *bombast out* a new play with the old *linings* of jests."

² Regard.

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,¹
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
 My woful self up in a mourning house;
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
 Neither 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.

Biron. 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 honesty;
 With threefold love I wish you all these three.

¹ Clothing.

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.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
death?

It cannot be; it is impossible.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow, laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,

Deafed with the clamors of their own dear¹ 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.

Biron. 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.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

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
 the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
 esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
 the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
 owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the
 end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly ; we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! Approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,
 and others.*

'This side is Hiems, winter ; this Ver, the spring ; the
 one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.
 Ver, begin.

¹ *Dear* ; used by ancient writers to express pain, solicitude, &c.

SONG.

I.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo-buds¹ of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!*

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 nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

¹ Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury bells*, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*."

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs¹ hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
*To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*²*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ This wild English apple, roasted and put into ale, was a very favorite indulgence in old times.

² *To keel*, or *kele*, is to *cool*.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages 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.

JOHNSON.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"THE Merchant of Venice," says Schlegel, "is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works; popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inconceivable masterpieces of characterization of which Shakspeare alone furnishes us with examples. It is easy for the poet and the player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is every thing but a common Jew; he possesses a very determinate and original individuality, and yet we perceive a slight touch of Judaism in every thing which he says or does. We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words, as we sometimes still find it in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil situations, what is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments, is less perceivable; but in passion, the national stamp appears more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, even a thinker in his own way; he has only not discovered the region where human feelings dwell: his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire of revenging the oppressions and humiliations suffered by his nation is, after avarice, his principal spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who possess truly Christian sentiments; the example of disinterested love of our neighbor seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which speaks to him from the mouth of Portia with heavenly eloquence; he insists on severe and inflexible justice, and it at last recoils on his own head. Here he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-neglectful magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a royal merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms

to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock, was necessary to redeem the honor of human nature. The judgment scene with which the fourth act is occupied, is alone a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common idea, the curtain might drop. But the Poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which the delivery of Antonio, accomplished with so much difficulty, contrary to all expectation, and the punishment of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical after-piece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakspeare has contrived to throw a disguise of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with materials."

"The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer moonlight,

'When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees.'

It is followed by soft music and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and after an assumed dissension, which is elegantly carried on, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1598. Chalmers supposed it to have been written in 1597, and to this opinion Dr. Drake gives his sanction.

It appears, from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c., 1579, that a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* had been exhibited long before he began to write. Gosson, making some exceptions to his condemnation of dramatic performances, mentions among others,—"*The Jew* shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers.—These plays," continues he, "are good and sweete plays."

It cannot be doubted that Shakspeare, as in other instances, availed himself of this ancient piece. Mr. Douce observes, "that the author of the old play of *The Jew*, and Shakspeare in his *Merchant of Venice*, have not confined themselves to one source only in the construction of their plot, but that the *Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and perhaps the old ballad of *Germutus*, have been respectively resorted to." It is, however, most probable that the original play was indebted chiefly, if not altogether, to the *Gesta Romanorum*, which contained both the main incidents; and that Shakspeare expanded and improved them, partly from his own genius, and partly as to the bond from the *Pecorone*, where the coincidences are

too manifest to leave any doubt. Thus the scene being laid at Venice; the residence of the lady at Belmont; the introduction of the person bound for the principal; the double infraction of the bond, viz. the taking more or less than a pound of flesh, and the shedding of blood, together with the after-incident of the ring, are common to the novel and the play. The whetting of the knife might perhaps be taken from the ballad of *Gratulus*. Shakspeare was likewise indebted to an authority that could not have occurred to the original author of the play in an English form; this was Silvayn's *Orator*, as translated by Munday. From that work Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed; but, at the same time, it has been most skilfully improved.*

There are two distinct collections under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The one has been frequently printed in *Latin*, but never in English: there is, however, a manuscript version, of the reign of Henry the Sixth, among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This collection seems to have originally furnished the story of the *bond*. The other *Gesta* has never been printed in *Latin*, but a portion of it has been several times printed in *English*. The earliest edition referred to by Warton and Dr. Farmer, is by Wynken de Worde, without date, but of the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was long doubted whether this early edition existed; but it has recently been described in the *Retrospective Review*. The latter part of the thirty-second history in this collection may have furnished the incidents of the *caskets*.

But as many of the incidents in the *bond* story of the Merchant of Venice have a more striking resemblance to the first tale of the fourth day of the *Pecorone* of *Scr Giovanni*, this part of the plot was most probably taken immediately from thence. The story may have been extant in English in Shakspeare's time, though it has not hitherto been discovered.

The *Pecorone* was first printed in 1550, (not 1558, as erroneously stated by Mr. Steevens,) but was written almost two centuries before.

After all, unless we could recover the old play of *The Jew*, mentioned by Gosson, it is idle to conjecture how far Shakspeare improved upon the plot of that piece. The various materials which may have contributed to furnish the complicated plot of Shakspeare's play, are to be found in the *Variorum Editions*, and in Mr. Douce's very interesting work.

* "The *Orator*, handling a hundred several Discourses, in form of Declamations, &c.; written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. (Lazarus Pyol, i. e. Anthony Munday.) London: printed by Adam Islip, 1596." Declamation 95—"Of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

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.*

This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is by Mr. Rowe.

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 argosies,¹ with portly sail,—
Like seigniors and rich burghers, on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear

¹ *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or war. The word has been supposed to be derived from the classical ship *Argo*, as a vessel eminently famous ; and this seems the more probable from *Argis* being used for a ship in low Latin.

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 docked 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,
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.

Salar. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

Salar. 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,

¹ To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*; from the French, *avaler*.

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 staid till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

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

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good seigniors 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 SALAR. and SALAN.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

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

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, seignior Antonio.

You have too much respect upon the world.
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed 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.¹

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

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

[*Exeunt GRA. and LOR.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing;
 more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are
 as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;
 you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when
 you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same

¹ *Gear* usually signifies *matter, subject*, or business in general. It is here, perhaps, a colloquial expression of no very determined import. It occurs again in this play, Act ii. Sc. 2: "If Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*."

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

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest¹ unto it ; therefore, speak.

Bass. 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
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea ;
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 racked, 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 awarey
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are ;

¹ *Prest*, that is, *ready* ; from the old French word of the same orthography, now *pret*.

² Formerly.



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 degree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, 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 county¹ 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 throstle² sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands; if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

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

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;³ and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's⁴ 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

¹ This is an allusion to the *count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish palatine, who was in London in 1583.

² A *thrush*; properly the missel-thrush.

³ A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakspeare's time.

⁴ A *proper man* is a *handsome man*.

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,¹ 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 little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

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

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

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

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

¹ The duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a knight of the Garter, in Shakspeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! What news?

Enter a Servant.

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

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than 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.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

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

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

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

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

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying

he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, 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.

Bass. Be assured you may.

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

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

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is seignior 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,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store ;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft ; how many months
 Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good seignior ;
[To ANTONIO.
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants¹ of my friend,
 I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed,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 eanlings³ which were streaked, 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 peeled me certain wands,

¹ Wants come to the height, which admit no longer delay.

² Informed.

³ Young lambs just dropped, or eaned. This word is usually spelled *yeen*, but the Saxon etymology demands *ean*. It is applied particularly to ewes.

And in the doing of the deed of kind,¹
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
 Fall party-colored lambs, and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blessed ;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for ;
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But swayed, and fashioned, by the hand of Heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?
 Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.—
 But note me, seignior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio ;
 The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—²'tis a good round sum
 Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Seignior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my moneys, and my usances.²
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys ; you say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
 What shall I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? Is it possible

¹ i. e. of nature.

² Interest.

*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 spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?*

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 breed¹ for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

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

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.—
Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

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

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

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months,—that's a month before

¹ i. e. interest, money bred from the principal.

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 muttons, 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 fearful¹ 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.

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

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

¹ To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. So in K. Henry IV. Part I.

“ A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.”

ACT II.

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

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

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadowed livery of the burnished 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 incision¹ for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath feared 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 looked 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 cimeter,—
 That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
 That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—

¹ To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditional sign of courage.

I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
 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.¹

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

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

Mor. Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*
 To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*²

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine el-
 bow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot*
Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Laun-
celot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.
 My conscience says,—*no : take heed, honest Launce-*
lot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid, *honest*
Launcelot Gobbo, do not run ; scorn running with thy

¹ i. e. *be considerate* : *advised* is the word opposite to *rash*.

² The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone* ; and throughout the
 play, this character is called the *Clown* at most of his entrances or exits.

*heels.*¹ 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,*² *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,³ high-gravel blind, knows me not.—I will try conclusions with him.

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

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.

¹ In *Much Ado about Nothing*, we have "O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels."

² It has been inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*.

³ "*Sand-blind* ; having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye, *myops*." *Holyoke's Dictionary*.

Gob. By God's *sonties*,¹ 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, 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.

¹ God's *sonties* was probably a corruption of God's *saints*; in old language, *saunctes*.

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 thill-horse,¹ 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.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

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

[*Exit a servant.*

¹ i. e. the *shaft*-horse, sometimes called the *thill*-horse.

² "Set up my rest," i. e. determined. See note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 2; Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. Sc. 5.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramerey; would'st 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.

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

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

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

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

Laun. Serve you, sir.

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

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

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

Bass. Thou speakest 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*

¹ i. e. ornamented.

his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man, and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.]

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

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.]

Gra. Seignior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

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

Bass. Why, then you must!—but hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;¹—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

¹ Gross.

Gra. Seignior 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,¹ 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.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

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

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

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Shylock's
 House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

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

Laun. Adieu!—Tears exhibit my tongue.—Most
 beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did

¹ It was anciently the custom to wear the hat during dinner.

² i. e. grave appearance. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for
show by old dramatic writers.

not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived.
But adieu! These foolish drops do somewhat drown
my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.]

Jess. 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 ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up¹ 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.

¹ To break up was a term in carving.

Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [Exit LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this 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.

[Exit 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 furnished 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. [Exit.

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I 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-Monday¹ last at six o'clock i' the morning, fall-
ing out that year on Ash Wednesday, was four year in
the afternoon.

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

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my 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;

¹ i. e. Easter-Monday. It was called Black-Monday from the severity of that day, April 14, 1360, which was so extraordinary, that, of Edward the Third's soldiers, then before Paris, many died of the cold. Anciently a superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*.

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 patch¹ 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 borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do, as I bid you,

Shut doors after you; fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crossed,

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 outdwells 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 enjoyed.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

¹ i. e. fool or simpleton.

Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weathered ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

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

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.
 Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
 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 staid for at Bassanio's feast.

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

[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile,¹ 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 JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Seignior 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.

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

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*
Flourish of Cornets.

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

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

¹ A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a heathen and one well born.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince, if you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see ; I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket ?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—for what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

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

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no further, 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 rib 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 insculped 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 timber¹ do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscrolled.
 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.*]

¹ This is the reading of all the old copies, which Mr. Rowe altered to *wood*, and Dr. Johnson to *tombs*

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 remembered.
 I reasoned¹ with a Frenchman yesterday;
 Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part

¹ Conversed.

The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me,
 And wished in silence that it were not his

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
 hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answered—*Do not so;*

*Slubber*¹ *not business for my sake, Bassanio,*
But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter into your mind of love.

Be merry: and employ your chiefest thoughts
*To courtship and such fair ostents*² *of love*
As shall conveniently become you there.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And, with affection wondrous sensible,
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

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

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
 straight;
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

¹ To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly.

² Shows, tokens.

Flourish of Cornets.

*Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their
Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined 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 addressed¹ 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
By² the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force³ and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump⁴ with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house !

¹ Prepared.

² *By* and *of*, being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently; Malone has adduced numerous instances of the use of *by*, in all of which, by substituting *of*, the sense is rendered clear to the modern reader.

³ Power.

⁴ To *jump* is to agree with.

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be 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 gleaned
 From the true seed of honor, and how much honor
 Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,¹
 To be new varnished! Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 I will assume desert;—give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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,²
 Silvered o'er: and so was this.*

¹ The meaning is, how much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.

² Know.

*Take what wife you will to bed,¹
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 Arragon, and Tran.*

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.

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

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord ;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;³
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 afraid,
Thou wilt say, anon, he is some kin to thee,

¹ The poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.

² *Wroath* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*, and is often spelled like *ruth*.

³ Salutations.

Thou spend'st such high-day¹ wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

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

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there 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 knapped² 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!

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

¹ So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“—— He speaks holiday.”

² To *knapp* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the Common Prayer. “He *knappeth* the spear in *sunder*.”

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 talior 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 smug upon the mart!—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy:—let him look to his bond.

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

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

eases, 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.

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

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

Enter TUBAL.

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

[*Exeunt SALAN., SALAR. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now.—Two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were 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 stickest 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.]

¹ The *turquoise* is a well-known precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times, its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was, that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less.

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

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

Por. I pray you tarry ; pause a day or two,
 Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
 I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while.
 There's something tells me (but it is not love)
 I would not lose you ; and you know, yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
 But lest you should not understand me well,
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
 I would detain you here some month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
 So will I never be ; so may you miss me ;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlooked¹ 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 peize² the time ;
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
 For as I am, I live upon the rack.

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

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.

¹ To be *o'erlooked*, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye*.

² To *pieze* is from *peser* (Fr.), to *weigh* or *balance*.

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

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

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

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

Por. Away then ; I'm locked in one of them ;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ! Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch ; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,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 mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.

¹ i. e. dignity of mien.

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy¹ bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.*

2. *It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceived with ornament.²
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it³ with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,⁴
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 crisped, snaky, golden locks,

¹ Love.

² Bassanio begins abruptly, the first part of the argument having passed in his mind.

³ i. e. justify it.

⁴ That is, what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules.

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.¹
 Thus ornament is but the guiled² shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness³ 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!

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden 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,

¹ Shakspeare has also satirized this fashion of false hair in *Love's Labor's Lost*.

² *Guiled* for *guiling*, or *treacherous*.

³ In order to avoid the repetition of the epithet *pale*, Warburton altered this to *plainness*, and he has been followed in the modern editions; but the reading of the old copy, which is here restored, is the true one.

And leave itself unfurnished.¹ Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well 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 confirmed, signed, 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;² which, to term in gross,

¹ i. e. unfurnished with a companion or fellow.

² The folio reads, "Is sum of *nothing*," which may probably be the true reading.

Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, 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.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing, pleased multitude ;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, Good joy ; good joy, my lord, and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 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 solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be married too.

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

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

¹ That is, none *away from* me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
 You loved, I loved ; for intermission¹
 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.

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

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your
 marriage.

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

Ner. What, and stake down ?

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

But who comes here ?—Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
 What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;
 They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,

¹ Pause, delay.

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

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

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

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know, he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

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

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same
paper,
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant¹ man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

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

¹ It should be remembered that *steadfast*, *sad*, *grave*, *sober*, were ancient synonyms of *constant*.

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 failed? What, not one hit?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

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

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

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best conditioned 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?

Bass. 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, mean time,
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my 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.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste ; but, till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Jailer.

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

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;
 I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou 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 fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak ;
 I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-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 ;
 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,¹ of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover² of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestowed,
 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;

¹ The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers.

² This term was anciently synonymous with *friend*.

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 pleased
To wish it back on you; fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavor of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed¹
Unto the tranect,² to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice.—Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

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

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,

¹ i. e. with the celerity of imagination.

² This word can only be illustrated at present by conjecture. It evidently implies the name of a place where the passage-boat set out, and is in some way derived from "*trancare* (Ital.), to pass or swim over:" perhaps, therefore, *tranetto* signified a little fording place or ferry, and hence the English word *tranect*; but no other instance of its use has yet occurred.

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honorable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
 I could not do withal.¹—Then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth.—I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. 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
 promise you, I fear you.¹ 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.

¹ "I could not help it."

² So in K. Richard III.,

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
 And his physicians fear him mightily."

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

Enter LORENZO.

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

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly. The Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

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

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

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

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

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

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

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

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

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as 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,
Garnished 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
Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

¹ i. e. suited or fitted to each other, arranged.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's¹ reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
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,

¹ *Envy*, in this place, means *hatred* or *malice*.

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse,¹ 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, touched 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 royal³ merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars never trained
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that :
 But say it is my humor : Is it answered ?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned ? What, are you answered yet ?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine ; for affection,⁴
 Master of passion, sways it to the mood

¹ *Remorse*, in Shakspeare's time, generally signified *pity*, *tenderness*.

² *Whereas*.

³ This epithet was striking, and well understood in Shakspeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of queen Elizabeth.

⁴ *Affection* stands here for *tendency*, *disposition* ; appetitus animi.

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
 Why he, a woollen¹ bagpipe; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

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

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

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

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

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

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

Ant. I pray you, think you question² 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 further means,
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

¹ It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*: the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by sir J. Hawkins.

² Converse.

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

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

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a 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 seasoned 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.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? cour-
age yet!

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

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

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

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

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

Gra. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit,
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

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.—
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that,
at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick ; but in the
instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation
was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Bal-*

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

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes. And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed—
You stand within his danger,² 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 strained;

¹ To *impugn* is to oppose, to controvert.

² i. e. within his reach or control. The phrase is thought to be derived from a similar one in the monkish Latin of the middle age.

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 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 spokè thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

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

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

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

¹ i. e. malice oppressed *honesty* ; a *true* man, in old language, is an *honest* man. We now call the jury good men and *true*.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!—
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 offered 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

Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me! I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond.—Doth it not, noble judge?—

Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

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

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for clarity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed, and well 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.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life.

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this curish 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 shall see the act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

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

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

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft!—no haste ;—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

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

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh :

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

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

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

Por. He hath 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 seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffers 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 incurred
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 hanged 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.

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,¹—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 possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

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

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

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

Duke. Get thee gone ; but do it.

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

¹ Antonio's offer has been variously explained. It appears to be "that he will quit his share of the fine, as the duke has already done that portion due to the state, if Shylock will let him have it in *use* (i. e. at interest) during his life, to render it at his death to Lorenzo"

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more ;¹
To bring thee to the gallows, not to 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.

[*Excunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

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

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid ;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;

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

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

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

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

¹ i. e. a jury of twelve men to condemn him.

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

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

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

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

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou 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. Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

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

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old²
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

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

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as
this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

¹ i. e. more reflection.

² Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in the plays of Shakspeare, in the sense of *abundant*, *frequent*.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed 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 gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

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

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

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

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

Enter STEPHANO.

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

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? What friend ? Your name, I pray
you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.¹

¹ So in the Merry Devil of Edmonton :

“ But there are *crosses*, wife : here's one in Waltham,
Another at the abbey, and the third
At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a Paternoster.”

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

Lor. Who comes with her?

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

I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

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

Lor. Who calls?

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

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? Where?

Lor. Here.

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

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter;—why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your 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;

¹ A small, flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist; it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt.

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.—¹

Enter Musicians.

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

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

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

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

¹ The folio editions, and the quarto printed by *Roberts*, read—

“Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close *in it*, we cannot hear it.”

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by ; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music ! Hark !

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

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;¹
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

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

How many things by season seasoned are
 To their right praise, and true perfection !—
 Peace, ho ! The moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be 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 returned ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;

But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;

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

[*A tucket*² sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet ;
 We are no telltales, madam ; fear you not.

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

² *Toccato* (Ital.), a flourish on a trumpet.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;¹
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.—

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

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.²

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?³

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,³ *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?

¹ Shakspeare delights to trifle with this word.

² This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words.

³ "——like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife."

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

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,¹ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—But well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

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

Por. You were to blame—I must be plain with you—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

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

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged 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.

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

¹ *Respective*, that is, *considerative*, *regardful*; not respectful or respectable, as Steevens supposed.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

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

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought 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.

Bass. 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 begged the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My 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 begged
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,

¹ To *contain* had nearly the same meaning with to *retain*.

² i. e. kept in a measure religiously, or superstitiously.

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 notwithstanding.

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

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

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

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

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

¹ *Double* is here used for *deceitful, full of duplicity.*

² *i. e.* for his *advantage.*

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;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario;
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now returned. I have not yet
Entered 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed 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 interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interrogatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day;
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

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

JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

DR. GREY and Mr. Upton asserted that this play was *certainly borrowed* from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, printed in Urry's *Chaucer*; but it is hardly likely that Shakspeare saw that in manuscript, and there is a more obvious source from whence he derived his plot, viz. the pastoral romance of "*Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacy*," by Thomas Lodge, first printed in 1590. From this he has sketched his principal characters, and constructed his plot; but those admirable beings, the melancholy Jaques, the witty Touchstone, and his Audrey, are of the poet's own creation. Lodge's novel is one of those tiresome (I had almost said unnatural) pastoral romances, of which the *Euphues of Lyly* and the *Arcadia of Sidney* were also popular examples. It has, however, the redeeming merit of some very beautiful verses interspersed; * and the circumstance of its hav-

* The following beautiful stanzas are part of what is called "*Rosalynde's Madrigal*," and are not unworthy of a place even in a page devoted to Shakspeare:—

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet:
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast;
 And yet he robs me of my rest
 Ah, wanton, will ye?
 And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes a pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays, if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing;
 Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton, still ye?

ing led to the formation of this exquisite pastoral drama, is enough to make us withhold our assent to Steevens's splenetic censure of it as "worthless."

"Touched by the magic wand of the enchanter, the dull and endless prosing of the novelist is transformed into an interesting and lively drama; the forest of Arden converted into a real Arcadia of the golden age. The highly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession: we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the back ground, and breathe, in imagination, the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness. One throws himself down 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' and indulges in reflection on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life: others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition, have been left in the city behind them: of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this sylvan scene, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd, and the chivalrous youth who hangs his love ditty to a tree."*

"And this their life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

How exquisitely is the character of Rosalind conceived! what liveliness and sportive gayety, combined with the most natural and affectionate tenderness! the reader is as much in love with her as Orlando, and wonders not at Phebe's sudden passion for her when disguised as Ganymede; or Celia's constant friendship. Touchstone is, indeed, a "rare fellow; he uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit:" his courtship of Audrey, his lecture to Corin, his defence of cuckolds, and his burlesque upon the "duello" of the age, are all most "exquisite fooling." It has been remarked, that there are few of Shak-

* Schlegel.

speare's plays which contain so many passages that are quoted and remembered, and phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. To enumerate them would be to mention every scene in the play. And I must no longer detain the reader from this most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1599. There is no edition known previous to that in the folio of 1623. But it appears among the miscellaneous entries of prohibited pieces in the Stationers' books, without any certain date.

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, }
SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country Wench.*

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

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Orchard near Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me¹ by will; but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays² 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 dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I

¹ Sir W. Blackstone proposed to read, "*He* bequeathed, &c." Warburton proposed to read, "*My father* bequeathed, &c."

² The old orthography *stays* was an easy corruption of *sties*; which Warburton thought the true reading

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.²

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

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he³ 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.⁴

Oli. What, boy!

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

¹ i. e. what *do* you here?

² *Be naught awhile.* Warburton justly explained this phrase, which, he says, "is only a north-country proverbial curse, equivalent to *a mischief on you.*"

³ The first folio reads *him*, the second *he*, more correctly.

⁴ Warburton proposed reading, "near his *revenue*," which he explains, "though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, that you are nearer in estate."

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 gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

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

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

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

¹ *Villain* is used in a double sense; by Oliver for a worthless fellow and by Orlando for a man of base extraction.

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

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

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles! what’s the new news at the new court?

Cha. There’s no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave¹ to wander.

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

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

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,² and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say—as young gentlemen flock to him every day; and at³ the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to under-

¹ “He gives them *good leave.*” As often as this phrase occurs, it means a *ready assent.*

² *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

³ *Fleet*, i. e. to *flitte*, to make to pass or flow.

stand, 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 praetise 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 any-wise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester; I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full

of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised ; but it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

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

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

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine ; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously 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 further 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, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of¹ 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

¹ The folio reads *the wits*

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 knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his 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 mean'st?

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

*Cel.*¹ My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation,² one of these days.

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

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, 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 market-

¹ This reply to the clown, in the old copies, is given to Rosalina. *Frederick* was, however, the name of Celia's father, and it is therefore most probable the reply should be hers.

² i. e. censure, punishment.

able. *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.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

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; 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; wherein¹ 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;² if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing, only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

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

¹ Johnson thought we should read "*therein*." Mason proposed to read *herein*.

² *Gracious* was anciently used in the sense of the Italian *gratiato* i. e. *graced, favored, countenanced*; as well as for *graceful, comely, well favored*, in which sense Shakspeare uses it in other places.

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

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. 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 esteemed 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 FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,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;

¹ *Calling* here means *appellation*; a very unusual if not unprecedented use of the word.

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;¹
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel.

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain,² a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my
fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

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,³
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; 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:

¹ Out of *suits* appears here to signify out of *favor*, discarded by fortune. To *suit with* anciently signified *to agree with*.

² His *better parts*, i. e. his *spirits* or *senses*. A *quintain* was a figure set up for tilters to run at in mock resemblance of a tournament.

³ i. e. temper, disposition. *Humorous* is *capricious*.

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 smaller¹ is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

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

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have
mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
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.

¹ The old copy reads *taller*, which is evidently wrong. Pope altered it to *shorter*. The present reading is Malone's



Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father.¹ O how full of briars is this working-day world!

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

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;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?³

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.

¹ i. e. for him whom she hopes to marry. So Theobald explains this passage. Some of the modern editions read, "my father's child."

² Shakspeare's apparent use of *dear* in a double sense, has been already illustrated.

³ Celia answers as if Rosalind had said, "love him, for my sake," which is the implied sense of her words.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin ;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor .
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his duke-
dom ;
So was I when your highness banished 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 stayed 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,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,

¹ i. e. compassion.

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 passed upon her; she is banished.

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 FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more 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 banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change¹ 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.

¹ The second folio reads *charge*. Malone explains it "to take your change or reverse of fortune upon yourself, without any aid or participation."

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 smirch my face.
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe² 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 swashing³ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,
And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed 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.*]

¹ "A kind of *umber*," a dusky yellow-colored earth, brought from Umbria in Italy, well known to artists.

² This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword *coutelas* (French). It was variously spelled, *courtlas*, *courtlax*, *curtlax*.

³ i. e. as we now say, *dashing*.

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 not¹ 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;²
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, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;

¹ The old copy reads thus. Theobald proposed to read *but*, and has been followed by subsequent editors.

² It was currently believed, in the time of Shakspeare, that the toad had a stone contained in its head, which was endued with singular virtues. This was called the *toad-stone*.

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished 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 sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;
'Tis right, quoth he ; *this misery doth part*
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him ; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion. *Wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of 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 assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
 plation ?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
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 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish² 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 quail³
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. to encounter him.

² "The roynish clown," mangy or scurvy, from *roigneux* (French). The word is used by Chaucer.

³ "To quail," says Steevens, "is to faint, to sink into dejection;" but the word is here used in a different and quite obvious sense.

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who's there?*Adam.* What! my young master?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O, you memory
 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 fond¹ to overcome
 The bony priser² 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.³
 This is no place,⁴ this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

¹ i. e. rash, foolish.² A *prise* was a term in wrestling for a grappling or hold taken.³ i. e. treacherous devices.⁴ *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*: it is not yet obsolete in this sense.

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 eaters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

¹ i. e. blood turned out of a course of nature; affections alienated.

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore,
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week.
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary¹ 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 cross,² 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

¹ The old copy reads *merry*; perhaps rightly. Rosalind's language, as well as her dress, may be intended to have an assumed character.

² A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a cross; on this Shakespeare often quibbles.

When I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

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

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

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

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

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed 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 !

[*Erit 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 chopped hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod² instead of her ; from

¹ *Ballet*, the instrument with which washers beat clothes.

² A *peascod*. This was the ancient term for *peas* growing or gathered, the *cod* being what we now call the *pod*.

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 mortal¹ in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st 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,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And fain 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 recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

¹ In the middle counties, says Johnson, they use *mortal* as a particle of amplification, as *mortal* tall, *mortal* little. So the meaning here may be "*abounding* in folly."

Besides, his cote,¹ 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 voice ² most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
 pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
 erewhile,
 That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
 Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder be,
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn³ 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.*

¹ i. e. *cot* or *cottage*: the word is still used in its compound form, as sheepecote in the next line.

² *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have the power to bid you welcome.

³ The old copy reads: "And *turne* his merry note." which Pope altered to *tune*, the reading of all the modern editions.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

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

Ami. My voice is ragged;¹ I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable² 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,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

¹ *Ragged* and *rugged* had formerly the same meaning.

² i. e. disputatious.

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame ;¹
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *ducdame* ?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.²

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

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

¹ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *duc ad me*, i. e. bring him to me, which reading Johnson highly approves.

² "The first-born of Egypt," a proverbial expression for *high-born* persons ; it is derived from Exodus xii. 29.

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 look'st cheerily : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Table set out.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast ;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,¹ 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.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune :*
And then he drew a dial from his poke ;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

¹ i. e. made up of discords. In the Comedy of Errors we have “compact of credit,” for made up of credulity.

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock.*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.¹

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
 They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain—
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;²
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church.
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
³Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomized

¹ The fool was anciently dressed in a party-colored coat.

² "My only *suit*," a quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

³ The old copies read only, *seem senseless*, &c. *not to were* supplied by Theobald.

E'en by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,¹ 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 sting² 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.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very, very means do ebb?³
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 bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then, what then?⁴ Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wronged him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,

¹ About the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Winter's Tale*.

² So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. xii. :—

“A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*.”

³ The old copies read—

“Till that the *weary* very means do ebb,” &c.

The emendation is by Pope.

⁴ Malone thinks we should read, *Where* then? in this redundant line.

Why, then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man.—But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy
distress ;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touched my vein at first. The thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility ; yet I am inland bred,¹

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say ;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I
must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food ; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought, that all things had been savage here ;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But, whatever 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 looked on better days ;

If ever been where bells have knolled to church ;

If ever sat at any good man's feast ;

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,

¹ *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say that he had not been bred among clowns.

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 knolled to church ;
 And sat at good men's feasts ; and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered :
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command¹ what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

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
 Limped in pure love ; till he be first sufficed,—
 Oppressed 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 blessed for your good
 comfort ! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy ;
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.²

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players.
 They have their exits, and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school ; and then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow ; then, a soldier,

¹ i. e. at your own command.

² Pleonasm of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakspeare's age ; "I was afearde to what end his talke would come to." *Baret.*

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth ; and then, the justice,
 In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern¹ instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans 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.

AMIENS *sings.*

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;*

¹ Trite, common, trivial.

*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,¹
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whispered faithfully you were;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
 That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

¹ "Though thou the *waters warp*." Mr. Holt White has pointed out a Saxon adage in Hickes's Thesaurus, vol. i. p. 221, *Winter shall warp water*; so that Shakspeare's expression was anciently proverbial.

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 argument¹
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it ;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
 Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;
 Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this !
 I never 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 extent² upon his house and lands.
 Do this expediently,³ 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, survey

¹ The *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book ; thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in another sense.

² Seize by legal process.

³ i. e. *expeditiously*. Expedient is used by Shakspeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*.

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 witnessed every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive¹ she. [Exit.]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my 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 of² 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,——

¹ i. e. *inexpressible*.

² "Of good breeding," &c. The anomalous use of this preposition has been remarked on many occasions in these plays.

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 parlous 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, 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. Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.¹

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's

¹ i. e. ignorant, unexperienced.

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 rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be bawd to a bell-wether ; and to betray a she-lamb, of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

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,¹
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair² 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 rank³ 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.*

¹ i. e. most fairly delineated.

² *Fair* is beauty.

³ "The right butter-woman's *rank* to market" means the *jog-trot rate* (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter women *uniformly* travel, *one after another*, in their road to market. In its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set or string* of verses in the *same coarse cadence* and *vulgar uniformity of rhythm*.

*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 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 silent¹ be ?*

For it is unpeopled ? No ;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil² sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his cringing pilgrimage ;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

¹ The word *silent* is not in the old copy. Pope corrected the passage by reading

“Why should this *a* desert be ?”

The present reading was proposed by Tyrwhitt, who observes that *the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it less a desert.

² “*Civil*,” says Johnson, “is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom, and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.”

*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 little¹ show.
 Therefore Heaven nature charged
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide enlarged.
 Nature presently distilled
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;
 Cleopatra's majesty ;
 Atalanta's better part ;²
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised ;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest 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* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

¹ i. e. in miniature.

² There is a great diversity of opinion among the commentators about what is meant by the *better part* of Atalanta, for which the reader, who is desirous of seeing this knotty point discussed, is referred to the Variorum editions of Shakspeare.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree;¹ I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,² 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?³

Ros. Good my complexion!⁴ 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.⁵ I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? Quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st

¹ A *palm-tree* in the forest of Arden is as much out of its place as a lioness in a subsequent scene.

² This fanciful idea probably arose from some metrical charm or incantation used there for ridding houses of rats.

³ To *whoop*, or hoop, is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment.

⁴ "Good my complexion!" This singular phrase was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation.

⁵ i. e. every delay is as irksome as a voyage of discovery in the South sea.

stammer, that thou might'st 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 knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.¹

Cel. P'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 thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's³ mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the

¹ "*Speak sad brow, and true maid;*" speak seriously and honestly; or, in other words, "speak with a serious countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin."

² i. e. how was he dressed?

³ "Garagantua;" the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all in a salad.

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!¹ to thy tongue, I pr'ythee ; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.²

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden ; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman ? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft ! comes he not here ?

Ros. 'Tis he ; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*

Jug. 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's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jug. God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jug. 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.

Jug. Rosalind is your love's name ?

Orl. Yes, just.

¹ *Holla!* This was a term of the manage, by which the rider restrained and stopped his horse.

² A quibble between *hart* and *heart*.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you *right painted cloth*,¹ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ.—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?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

¹ To answer *right painted cloth*, is to answer sententiously. We still say she talks *right Billingsgate*. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which has generally been supposed and explained to mean *tapestry*; but was really *cloth* or *canvass painted* with various devices and mottos. The verses, mottos, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in our old writers.

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 pry'thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven 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 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 cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed¹ a dwelling.

¹ i. e. sequestered.

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 inland¹ man; one that knew courtship² too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,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,

¹ i. e. civilized. See note on Act ii. Sc. 7.

² *Courtship* is here used for *courtly behavior, courtiership*. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

³ i. e. a spirit averse to conversation.

⁴ *Having* is possession, estate.

and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device¹ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does. That is one of the points in 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 moonish² youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad

¹ *i. e.* *precise, exact*; dressed with finical nicety.

² *Moonish*, that is, as changeable as the moon.

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.*

SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;*² *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 capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house! [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood,

¹ "If," says Johnson, "this be the true reading, we must by *living* understand *lasting* or *permanent*." But he suspected that this passage was corrupt; that originally some antithesis was intended, which is now lost.

² *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

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.¹—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.²

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.

Jaq. A material fool!³ [*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.⁴

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 Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

¹ i. e. confounds a man, like an enormous bill in a mean place of entertainment.

² This should probably be read—"it may be said, as lovers, they do feign."

³ "A material fool" is a fool with matter in him.

⁴ Audrey, in the simplicity of her heart, here "thanks the gods amiss;" mistaking *foulness* for some notable virtue, or commendable quality.

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? 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.¹ 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 defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR² 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.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't.* How do you, sir? You are very well met. God'ild you³ for your last company. I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

¹ Lean deer are called *rascal* deer.

² "Sir Oliver." This title, it has been already observed, was formerly applied to priests and curates in general.

³ i. e. God yield you, God reward you.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

But—wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.¹

[*Exeunt JAQ., TOUCH., and AUDREY.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

¹ The ballad of "O sweete Olyver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says I will sing—not that part of the ballad which says—"Leave me not behind thee;" but that which says—"Begone, I say," probably part of the answer.

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 chestnut 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; 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 question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart² the heart of his lover;³ as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but

¹ Judas was constantly represented, in old paintings and tapestry, with red *hair* and *beard*.

² When the tilter, by unsteadiness or awkwardness, suffered his spear to be turned out of its direction, and to be *broken across* the body of his adversary, instead of by the push of the point, it was held very disgraceful.

³ i. e. *mistress*.

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 complained 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 played,
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 accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives¹ 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.

¹ i. e. he who, to the very end of life, continues a common executioner.

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
 Should be called 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 capable¹ impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks; pity me not;
 As till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have no
 beauty,
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work.—Od's my little life!

¹ *Capable* is probably here used in the sense of *susceptible*. Some commentators proposed to substitute the word *palpable*.

I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk-hair,
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favored children.
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
 But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love ;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
 Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets.
 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.¹
 So take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she
 answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with
 bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine.
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
 Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
 Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud ; though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused in sight as he.²
 Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROS., CEL., and COR.*]

¹ That is, says Johnson, "The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers."

² If all men could see you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
might;

*Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?*¹

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 further recompense,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,

That the old carlot² once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish³ boy;—yet he talks well;—

But what care I for words? Yet words do well,

¹ This line is from Marlowe's beautiful poem of Hero and Leander left unfinished at his death in 1592, and first published in 1598, when it became very popular.

² *Carlot*. This is printed in Italics as a proper name in the old edition. It is, however, apparently formed from *carle*, a peasant.

³ i. e. weak, silly.

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth ;—not very pretty ;—
 But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him.
 He'll make a proper man ; the best thing in him
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mixed in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him.
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
 And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
 I marvel why I answered not again ;
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe.

I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart ;
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern¹ censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;² 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.³

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had

¹ i. e. *common, trifling.*

² *Nice* here means *tender, delicate*, and not *silly, trifling*, as Steevens supposed.

³ The old copy reads and points thus:—"and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, *in* which *by* often rumination, wraps me *in* a most humorous sadness." The emendation is Malone's.

rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Erit.*

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 warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be 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 leer³ than you.

¹ i. e. undervalue.

² i. e. been at Venice.

³ i. e. complexion, color

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday 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?

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, *vide licet*, 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. Lander, 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 chroniclers¹ 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.

¹ "The foolish *chroniclers*." Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *coroners*; and it must be confessed the context seems to warrant the innovation.

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. Forever 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 ;¹ and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this ; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors² 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?*³

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 that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁴ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner ; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much,

¹ In 1598, the water of the Thames was conveyed to a fountain in Cheapside, and flowed out through a statue of Diana.

² i. e. *bar* the doors.

³ "Wit, whither wilt?" This was a kind of proverbial phrase, the origin of which has not been traced. It occurs in many writers of Shakespeare's time.

⁴ i. e. represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Hamner reads, her husband's *accusation*.

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 pathetic¹ break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu !

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow,² and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Pathetical* and *passionate* were used in the same sense in Shakspeare's time.

² So in *Macbeth*:—

“Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.”

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that killed the deer?*

2. *His leathern skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;

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.*¹

} The rest shall
} bear this bur-
} den.

[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!²

¹ In Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, where this song is set to music by John Hilton, the words "*Then sing him home*" are omitted; and it should be remarked that in the old copy, these words, and those which have been regarded by the editors as a stage direction, are given in one line.

² i. e. here is *no* Orlando. *Much* was a common ironical expression of doubt or suspicion, still used by the vulgar in the same sense; as, "much of that!"

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 phœnix. Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt ;
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a housewife's hand ; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

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 turned, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burned?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—

Meaning me, a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne¹
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind²
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,³) 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 en-
 treat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not
 a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit SILVIUS.]

¹ *Eyne* for eyes.

² *Kind*, for *nature*, or *natural affections*.

³ A poor *snake* was a term of reproach equivalent to a wretch or poor creature. Hence, also, a *sneaking* or creeping fellow.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bot-
tom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years. *The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows¹ 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 asked, 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.² 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 stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!

¹ i. e. acts or behaves like, &c.

² A napkin and handkerchief were the same thing in Shakspeare's time, as we gather from the dictionaries of Baret and Hutton in their explanations of the word *Casitium* and *Sudarium*. Napkin, for handkerchief, is still in use in the north.

Under an oak,¹ whose boughs were mossed with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render² 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 sucked and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 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?—

¹ The ancient editions read, "Under an *old* oak," which hurts the measure without improving the sense. The correction was made by Steevens.

² i. e. *represent* or *render* this account of him.

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 stripped 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 recovered him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Col. Why, how now, Ganymede? Sweet Ganymede?
 [ROSALIND faints.]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Col. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Col. 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 counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir. .

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, —woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you, merry sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?¹

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be 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.²

¹ Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot caused by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians ; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

² Oliver must be supposed to speak to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by his brother Orlando, for there is no evidence that he knew she was one.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true; there never was 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,¹ 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 bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit.² I speak not this, that you should bear a

¹ *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay or delay, out of hand; so Baret explains it. But it had also its now usual signification, and Shakspeare delights in the equivoque.

² *Conceit*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, signified *wit*; or *conception*, and *imagination*.

good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things ; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow ; human as she is,¹ and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array ; bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have ; it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you. You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;— And so am I for Phebe.

¹ "Human as she is;" that is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend upon the rites of incantation.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;¹—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To ROSALIND.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To PHEBE.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to—*why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here; nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if I can.—I would love you, [*To PHEBE.*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS.*] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ "Obeisance." The old copy reads *observance*, but it is very unlikely that word should have been set down by Shakspeare twice so close to each other. Ritson proposed the present emendation. *Observance* is *attention, deference*.

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 comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you ; sit i'the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,²
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

¹ i. e. a married woman. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says:—"Thus every one *goes to the world* but I."

² This burden is common to many old songs. See Florio's *Ital. Dict.* Ed. 1611, sub voce *Fossa*.

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.

I Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.¹

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compâct is
urged.—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her ? [*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?

[*To PHEBE.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

[*To SILVIUS.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one
thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

¹ This line is very obscure, and probably corrupt. Henley proposed to point it thus :—

“ As those that fear ; they hope, and know they fear.”

Heath proposes this emendation :—

“ As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear.”

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, I thought he was a brother to your daughter : But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ; And hath been tutored in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ;¹ I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like.² I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear : according as marriage binds, and blood³ breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own : a poor humor of

¹ A *measure* was a stately dance peculiar to the polished part of society, as the minuet in later times.

² "I desire you of the like." This mode of expression occurs also in the Merchant of Venice, and in A Midsummer Night's Dream. It is frequent in Spenser :

"—— of pardon you I pray."

³ i. e. passion.

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.¹

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.²

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.³—Bear your body more seeming,⁴ 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 send him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;⁵ as

¹ i. e. prompt and pithy.

² "Dulcet diseases." Johnson thought we should read "*discourses*."

³ i. e. the lie removed seven times, counting backwards from the last and most aggravated species of lie, viz. the lie direct.

⁴ Scemly.

⁵ The poet has in this scene rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humor and address; nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt than by making his clown so conversant with the forms and preliminaries of it. The book alluded to is entitled, *Of Honor and Honorable Quarrels*, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594, 4to.

you have books for good manners.¹ 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 Counter-check 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 not themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,² and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,³ leading ROSALIND in women's clothes and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things, made even,
Atone⁴ together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
You, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

¹ The Booke of Nurture; or, Schoole of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer a! monsam*, 12mo., without date, in black letter, is most probably the work referred to. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, and first published in the reign of Edward VI.

² "A stalking horse." See note on Much Ado about Nothing, Act. iv. Sc. 3.

³ Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced, by a supposed aerial being, in the character of Hymen.

⁴ i. e. *at one*; *accord*, or *agree* together. This is the old sense of the phrase, "an *attonement*, a loving againe after a breach or falling out. *Reditus in gretia cum aliquo.*"—*Barl.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.—

[*To* DUKE S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.—

[*To* DUKE S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—

[*To* ORLANDO.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.—

[*To* PHEBE.]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.¹

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To* ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To* OLIVER and CELIA.]

You [*To* PHEBE.] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To* TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;²

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

¹ i. e. unless truth fails of veracity; if there be *truth in truth*.

² i. e. take your fill of *discourse*.

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 fancy to thee doth combine.

[*To SILVIUS.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or
 two ;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Addressed¹ a mighty power : which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword ;
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise, and from the world ;
 His crown bequeathing to his banished 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

¹ i. e. prepared.

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 heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; if I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I ; out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learned.—
 You to your former honor I bequeath : [*To Duke S.*
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it :—
 You [*To ORLANDO.*] to a love that your true faith doth
 merit :—

You [*To OLIVER.*] to your land and love, and great
 allies :—

You [*To SILVIUS.*] to a long and well deserved bed :—
 And you [*To TOUCHSTONE.*] to wrangling ; for thy lov-
 ing voyage

Is but for two months victualed.—So to your pleasures ;
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I.—What you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.¹ [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these
 rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights. [*A dance.*

¹ The reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner ; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam, at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakspeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

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*,¹ '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 furnished² 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:³ 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,⁴ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,⁵ 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 It was formerly the general custom in England, as it is still in France and the Netherlands, to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner.

² *Furnished*, dressed.

³ This is the reading of the old copy, which has been altered to "as much of this play as please *them*," but surely without necessity. It is only the omission of the *s* at the end of *please*, which gives it a quaint appearance; but it was the practice of the Poet's age.

⁴ The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.

⁵ i. e. that I liked.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia 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 this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

JOHNSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The fable of *All's Well that Ends Well* is derived from the story of *Gillette* of *Narbonne* in the *Decamerone* of *Boccaccio*. It came to *Shakspeare* through the medium of *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, and is to be found in the first volume, which was printed as early as 1506. The comic parts of the plot, and the characters of the *Countess*, *Lafeu*, &c. are of the Poet's own creation, and in the conduct of the fable he has found it expedient to depart from his original more than it is his usual custom to do. The character of *Helena* is beautifully drawn; she is a heroic and patient sufferer of adverse fortune like *Griselda*, and placed in circumstances of almost equal difficulty. Her romantic passion for *Bertram*, with whom she had been brought up as a sister; her grief at his departure for the court, which she expresses in some exquisitely impassioned lines; and the retiring, anxious modesty with which she confides her passion to the *Countess*, are in the Poet's sweetest style of writing. Nor are the succeeding parts of her conduct touched with a less delicate and masterly hand. Placed in extraordinary and embarrassing circumstances, there is a propriety and delicacy in all her actions, which is consistent with the guileless innocence of her heart.

The *King* is properly made an instrument in the denouement of the plot of the play, and this a most striking and judicious deviation from the novel. His gratitude and esteem for *Helen* are consistent and honorable to him as a man and a monarch.

Johnson has expressed his dislike of the character of Bertram, and most fair readers have manifested their abhorrence of him, and have thought, with Johnson, that he ought not to have gone unpunished, for the sake not only of poetical but of *moral* justice. Schlegel has remarked that "Shakspeare never attempts to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation. He intended merely to give us a military portrait; and paints the true way of the world, according to which the injustice of men towards women is not considered in a very serious light, if they only maintain what is called the *honor* of the family." The fact is, that the construction of his plot prevented him. Helen was to be rewarded for her heroic and persevering affection, and any more serious punishment than the temporary shame and remorse that await Bertram would have been inconsistent with comedy. It should also be remembered, that he was constrained to marry Helen against his will. Shakspeare was a good-natured moralist; and, like his own creation, old *Lafeu*, though he was delighted to strip off the mask of pretension, he thought that punishment might be carried too far. Who, that has been diverted with the truly comic scenes in which Parolles is made to appear in his true character, could have wished him to have been otherwise dismissed?—

"Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

It has been remarked, that "the style of the whole play is more conspicuous for sententiousness than imagery;" and that "the glowing colors of fancy could not have been introduced into such a subject." May not the period of life at which it was produced have something to do with this? Malone places the date of its composition in 1606, and observes that a beautiful speech of the sick king has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life:—

"——— let me not live .

After my flame lacks oi', to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."

It appears probable that the original title of this play was "Love's Labors Wonne;" at least a piece under that title is mentioned by Meres in his "Wit's Treasure," in 1598; but if this was the play referred to, what becomes of Malone's hypothesis relating to the date of its composition?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU,¹ *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES,¹ *a follower of Bertram.*

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, } *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
Clown, }

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, *Mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, } *Neighbors and Friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, *attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.,*
French and Florentine.

SCENE, *partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

¹ Steevens says that we should write *Lefeu* and *Paroles*.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Countess. IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; —you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should

¹ The heirs of great fortunes were formerly the king's *wards*. This prerogative was a branch of the feudal law.

have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so; Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,¹ there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood² from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

¹ We feel regret even in commending such qualities, joined with an evil disposition; they are *traitors*, because they give the possessors power over others; who, admiring such estimable qualities, are often betrayed by the malevolence of the possessors. Helena's virtues are the better because they are artless and open.

² All appearance of life.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.¹

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blessed Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! Thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key. Be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What Heaven more will
That thee may furnish,² and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseasoned courtier; good my lord.
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts [*To HELENA.*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. Ó, were that all!—I think not on my father.
And these great tears³ grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,

¹ That is, "if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess."

² i. e. that may help thee with more and better qualifications.

³ That is, Helen's own tears, which were caused, in reality, by the departure of Bertram, though attributed by Lafeu and the countess to the loss of her father, and which, from this misapprehension of theirs, *graced his memory more* than those she actually shed for him.

That I should love a bright particular star,
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table ; heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favor :¹
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ,
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely² a coward ;
 Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain³ of soldier in you ;
 let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity ;
 how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though
 valiant in the defence, yet is weak ; unfold to us
 some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none ; man, sitting down before you,
 will undermine you, and blow you up.

¹ i. e. *countenance*.

² i. e. *altogether*.

³ That is, some *tincture*, some little of the hue or color of a soldier.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: within ten years it will make itself two,¹ which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable; just like

¹ Hanmer proposes to substitute *ten* for *two*.

the brooch and toothpick, which wear¹ not now. Your date² is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.³—

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,⁴
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall.—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place:—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think;⁵ which never
Returns us thanks.

¹ The old copy reads *were*; Rowe corrected it. Shakspeare here, as in other places, uses the active for the passive.

² A quibble on *date*, which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.

³ Hanmer and Johnson suggest that some such clause as "*You're for the court,*" has been omitted. Something of the kind is necessary to connect Helena's rhapsodical speech.

⁴ i. e. a number of pretty, fond, adopted appellations or *Christian names*, to which blind Cupid stands godfather. It is often used for *baptism* by old writers.

⁵ i. e. and show by realities what we now must only think.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition, that your valor and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,¹ and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable² of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

¹ A bird of *good wing* was a bird of swift and strong flight.

² *Capable* and *susceptible* were synonymous in Shakspeare's time, as appears by the dictionaries.

What power is it which mounts my love so high ;
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?¹
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
 To join like likes, and kiss like native things.²
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
 What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
 To show her merit, that did miss her love ?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*
Flourish of Cornets.

Enter the King of France, with letters ; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys³ are by the ears ;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it
 A certainty, vouched from our cousin Austria,
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approved so to your majesty, may plead
 For amplest credence.

¹ She means, "Why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it without the food of hope?"

² *The mightiest space in fortune* is a licentious expression for persons *the most widely separated by fortune* ; whom *nature* (i. e. natural affection) *brings to join like likes* (i. e. equals), and *kiss like native things* (i. e. and unite like things formed by nature for each other) ; or, in other words, "Nature often unites those whom fortune or inequality of rank has separated."

³ The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna is the capital ; the *Sanesi*, as Boccaccio calls them, which Painter translates *Senois*, after the French method.

King. He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes ;
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest. He lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs¹ me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.²
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness : if they were,
His equal had awaked them ;³ and his honor,

¹ To *repair*, in these plays, generally signifies to *renovate*.

² That is, "cover petty faults with great merit;" *honor* does not stand for *dignity of rank or birth*, but *acquired reputation*. "This is an excellent observation (says Johnson): jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities."

³ *Nor* was sometimes used without reduplication. "He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
 His tongue obeyed his¹ hand. Who were below him,
 He used as creatures of another place ;
 And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility,
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times ;
 Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
 But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
 So in approof² lives not his epitaph,
 As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him ! He would al-
 ways say,
 (Methinks I hear him now ; his plausible words
 He scattered not in ears, but grafted them,
 To grow there, and to bear,) *Let me not live,—*
 Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ;³ whose constancies
*Expire before their fashions.—*This he wished :
 I, after him, do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some laborers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir ;
 They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been *awakened* by some injury, not of a man below him, but for his equal."

¹ *His* for *its*.

² The approbation of his worth *lives not so much in his epitaph as in your royal speech*.

³ Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count.

Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.—

Lend me an arm:—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*¹

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,² I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor: though many of the rich are damned; but, if I may

¹ The *clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house.

² To act up to your desires.

have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,¹ Isabel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns² are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He that ears³ my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*,⁴ he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poytam⁵

¹ To be married.

² Children.

³ Ploughs.

⁴ Therefore.

⁵ Malone conjectures that we should read "*Poisson* the papist," alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast days: as *Charbon* the puritan alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect. It is much in Shakspeare's manner to use significant names.

the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:¹

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.²*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
[Singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done,³ done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?⁴
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o'the song. 'Would God would serve the

¹ The readiest way.

² i. e. nature.

³ Foolishly done.

⁴ The name of Helen brings to the clown's memory this fragment of an old ballad: something has escaped him, it appears; for *Paris* "was king Priam's only joy," as Helen was *sir Paris's*; according to two fragments, quoted by the commentators.

world so all the year! We'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born, but one¹ every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.²—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana,³ no queen of virgins, that would

¹ Malone proposes to substitute *on* for *one*; but this would not materially improve the passage.

² The clown answers, with the licentious petulance allowed to the character, that "if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss;" that he does not amiss, he makes the effect not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors; and wear the "surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart;" will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

³ The old copies omit *Diana*. Theobald inserted the word.

suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence,¹ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me, when I was young.

If we,² are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother ;
Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,

¹ Since.

² The old copy reads, "If *ever* we are nature's." The correction is Pope's.

Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
 To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
 That this distempered messenger of wet,
 The many-colored Iris, rounds thine eye?
 Why?—That you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
 I am from humble, he from honored name ;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble .
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
 His servant live and will his vassal die.
 He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. 'Would you
 were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
 Indeed my mother !—Or were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for,¹ than I do for Heaven,
 So I were not his sister. Can't no other,²
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-
 law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter and mother
 So strive³ upon your pulse. What, pale again ?
 My fear hath caught your fondness : now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness,⁴ and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not. Therefore, tell me true ;
 But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks

¹ There is a designed ambiguity ; i. e. I care as much for ; I wish it equally.

² i. e. "Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother ?"

³ Contend.

⁴ The old copy reads *loveliness*. The emendation is Theobald's. It has been proposed to read *lowliness*.

Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
 That in their kind¹ they speak it ; only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;
 If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
 As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection ; for your passions
 Have to the full approached.

Hel. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
 I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest : so's my love.
 Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
 That he is loved of me. I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit ;
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
 Yet never know how that desert should be.
 I know, I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious² and intemible sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore

¹ In their language, according to their *nature*.

² Johnson is perplexed about this word *captious*, "which (says he) I never found in this sense, yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious*, for rotten." Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*! Steevens believes that *captious* meant *recipient*! capable of receiving! and *intemible* incapable of holding or retaining:—he rightly explains the latter word, which is printed in the old copy *intemible* by mistake.

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do; but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love;—O then give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
 To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty; and that he willed me
 In heedfulest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More than they were in note.¹ Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy approved, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
 The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;

¹ Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowelled of their doctrine,¹ have left off
 The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,²
 More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
 Of his profession, that his good receipt
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
 By the luckiest stars in heaven; and would your honor
 But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
 By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and
 love,
 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into³ thy attempt.
 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Exhausted of their skill.

² The old copy reads—*in't*. The emendation is Hamner's.

³ *Into* for *unto*—a common form of expression with old writers. The third folio reads *unto*.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*
Flourish.

Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord,¹ these warlike principles
Do not throw from you;—and you, my lord, farewell.—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.² Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy)³ see, that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant⁴ shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

¹ In this and the following instance the folio reads *lords*. The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt.

² i. e. my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence.

³ Johnson's explanation of this obscure passage is preferable to any that has been offered:—"Let Upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valor*, see that you come to gain honor, to the *abatement*, that is, to the *overthrow*, of those who inherit but the fall of the last monarchy, or the remains of the Roman empire." *Bated* and *abated* are used elsewhere by Shakspeare in a kindred sense.

⁴ Seeker, inquirer.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand. Beware of being captives, Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil,¹ with *Too young*, and *the next year*, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with! By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.²

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it. Say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

¹ To be kept a coil is to be vexed or troubled with a stir or noise.

² "I grow to you, and our parting is, as it were, to dissever or torture a body."

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time,¹ there do muster true gait;² eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure,³ such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And asked thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith across:⁴
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

¹ They are the foremost in the fashion.

² It would seem that this passage has been wrongly pointed and improperly explained, *there do muster true gait*; if addressed to Bertram, it means *there exercise yourself in the gait of fashion*; eat, &c. But perhaps we should read *they* instead of *there*, or else insert *they* after *gait*; either of these slight emendations would render this obscure passage perfectly intelligible.

³ The dance.

⁴ This word, which is taken from breaking a spear *across*, in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, where a pass of wit miscarries. See *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will,
 My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
 Could reach them. I have seen a medicine,
 That's able to breathe life into a stone;
 Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,¹
 With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
 Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
 And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arrived,
 If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honor,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,²
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
 (For that is her demand,) and know her business?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
 By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
 And not be all day neither. [*Exit LAFEU.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
 A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
 His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,³
 That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

¹ It has been before observed that the canary was a kind of *lively dance*.

² By *profession* is meant her declaration of the object of her coming.

³ I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
 Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
 Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
 And of his old experience the only darling,
 He bade me store up, as a triple eye,¹
 Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so:
 And, hearing your high majesty is touched
 With that malignant cause wherein the honor
 Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
 I come to tender it, and my appliance,
 With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
 But may not be so credulous of cure,—
 When our most learned doctors leave us; and
 The congregated college have concluded
 That laboring art can never ransom nature
 From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
 To prostitute our past-cure malady
 To empirics; or to dis sever so
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
 I will no more enforce mine office on you;
 Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
 A modest one to bear me back again

King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful
 Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
 As one near death to those that wish him live;
 But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

¹ A third eye.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest¹ 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister ;
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes.² Great floods have
 flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.—
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises, and oft it hits,
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well, kind
 maid ;

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid.
 Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barred.
 It is not so with him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent ;
 Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim ;³
 But know I think, and think I know most sure,
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
 Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,⁴
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp ;

¹ i. e. "Since you have determined or made up your mind that there is no remedy."

² An allusion to Daniel judging the two elders.

³ I am not an impostor, that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud. I think what I speak.

⁴ i. e. the divine grace, lending me grace or power to accomplish it.

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Seared otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.¹

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak ;
His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try ;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property²
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of help.³

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.

¹ Let me be stigmatized as a strumpet, and, in addition (although that could not be worse, or a more *extended* evil than what I have mentioned, the loss of my honor, which is the worst that could happen), let me die with torture. *Ne* is *nor*.

² *Property* seems to be used here for *performance* or *achievement*, singular as it may seem.

³ Thirlyby proposes to read *hopes of heaven*.

Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or impage of thy state ;¹
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
 Thy will by my performance shall be served ;
 So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
 Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must ;
 Though more to know, could not be more to trust ,
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but rest
 Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted blessed.—
 Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
 Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the
 height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.
 I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place make you
 special, when you put off that with such contempt ?
 But to the court !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any
 manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that
 cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and
 say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and,
 indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for

¹ The old copy reads "*image* of thy state." Warburton proposed *im-
 page*, which Steevens rejects, saying, unadvisedly, "there is no such word."
 It is evident that Shakspeare formed it from "an *impe*, a scion, or young
 slip of a tree."

the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,¹ as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir.²—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir.—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir.—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

¹ The *rush ring* seems to have been a kind of love token, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers.

² A ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man in his Humor*: "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!"

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir.—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*. I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir.—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFFÉ, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern¹ and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.²

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,——

¹ Common, ordinary.

² *Fear* means here an object of fear

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just; you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin¹ is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be²——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

¹ The *dauphin* was formerly so written, but it is doubtful whether Lafeu means to allude to the *prince* or the fish. The old orthography is therefore continued.

² Dr. Johnson thought this and some preceding speeches in the scene were erroneously given to Parolles instead of to Lafeu. This seems very probable, for the humor of the scene consists in Parolles's pretensions to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.

Laf. Lustick,¹ as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banished sense
Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice²
I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—Marry, to each, but one!³

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,⁴ and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,

¹ *Lustigh* is the Dutch for active, pleasant, playful, sportive.

² They were wards as well as subjects.

³ i. e. *except* one, meaning Bertram; *but* in the sense of *be-out*.

⁴ A *curtal* was the common phrase for a horse; i. e. "I'd give my bay horse, &c. that my age were not greater than these boys'": a *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.*¹

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace² for my life.

Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies.
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ?³ An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a lord.*] that I your hand
should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice ; they'll none have
her. Sure, they are bastards to the English ; the
French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father
drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a
youth of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

¹ *Be refused* means the same as "thou being refused," or "be thou refused." The *white death* is the *pallness of death*.

² The lowest chance of the dice.

³ The scene must be so regulated that Lafew and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it ; so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To BERTRAM.*]
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's
thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your rising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title¹ thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions² swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good:—without a name, vileness is so:³

¹ i. e. the want of title.

² Titles.

³ Good is good, independent of any worldly distinction; and so vileness would be ever vile, did not rank, power, and fortune, screen it from opprobrium.

The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;
 And these breed honor; that is honor's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honor's born,¹
 And is not like the sire. Honors best thrive,²
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave,
 Debauched on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
 Of honored bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest. Virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive
 to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad;
 Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake; which to defeat,³
 I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
 Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honor, where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
 Or I will throw thee from my care forever,
 Into the staggers⁴ and the careless lapse

¹ i. e. the child of honor.

² The first folio omits *best*; the second folio supplies it.

³ The *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) here serves for the antecedent—"which *danger* to *defeat*."

⁴ The allusion appears to be to the reeling gait of intoxication.

Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honor,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine ; to whom I promise
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed to-night :¹ the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his re-
cantation.

Par. Recantation ! My lord ? My master ?

Laf. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one ; and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's master is of
another style.

¹ Shakspeare uses *expedient* and *expeditly* in the sense of *expeditious-ly* ; and *brief* in the sense of a short note or intimation concerning any business, and sometimes without the idea of writing.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,¹ to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the banners, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not. Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;² and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,³ he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my

¹ i. e. while I sat twice with thee at dinner.

² To take up is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground.

³ i. e. at a need.

poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.¹ [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee; methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe² themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords, and honorable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

¹ There is a poor conceit here hardly worth explaining:—"Doing I am past," says Lafeu, "as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave;" i. e. "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able:" and he immediately goes out.

² Exercise.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then.—Good, very good ; let it be concealed awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares forever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What ? what, sweet heart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me !—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother ; what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars !

He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy¹ here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions !
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house² and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

¹ A cant term for a wife.

² The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.—
 'Tis hard ;
 A young man, married, is a man that's marred :
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go.
 The king has done you wrong ; but, hush ! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly ; is she well ?
Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health ;
 she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks
 be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the
 world ; but yet she is not well.
Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that
 she's not very well ?
Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two
 things.
Hel. What two things ?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God
 send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from
 whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine
 own good fortunes.
Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to
 keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! how
 does my old lady ?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
 I would she did as you say.
Par. Why, I say nothing.
Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a
 man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say
 nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have
 nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is
 within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ; thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave ; that is, before me thou art a knave. This had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.¹—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;
But puts it off by a² compelled restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.³

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Perhaps the old saying, "Better fed than taught," is alluded to here as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught."

² The old copy reads, "to a compelled restraint."

³ A specious appearance of necessity.

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.**Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting,¹

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor? [*To BERTRAM.*]

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?

[*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter

¹ The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark, but has little or no song.

end of a dinner ; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ;¹ and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur. I have spoken better of you, than you have or will² deserve at my hand ; we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave For present parting ; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does

¹ It was a piece of foolery practised at city entertainments, when an allowed fool or jester was in fashion, for him to jump into a large, deep custard set for the purpose, to cause laughter among the "barren spectators."

² The first folio reads, "than you have or will to deserve."—Perhaps the word *wil* was omitted : the second folio omits *to*.

The ministration and required office
 On my particular: prepared I was not
 For such a business; therefore am I found
 So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
 That presently you take your way for home;
 And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you;
 For my respects are better than they seem;
 And my appointments have in them a need
 Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
 To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
 With true observance seek to eke out that,
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
 To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.

My haste is very great: farewell; hie home

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;¹
 Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
 But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
 What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
 indeed,—

I would not tell you what I would. My lord—'faith,
 yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Fare-
 well. [Exit HELENA.

¹ Possess, or own.

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
 Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's
 Palace. Flourish.*

*Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French
 Lords, and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you
 heard

The fundamental reasons of this war ;
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
 And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
 Upon your grace's part ; black and fearful
 On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
 France
 Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
 Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
 The reasons of our state I cannot yield,¹
 But like a common and an outward man,²
 That the great figure of a council frames
 By self-unable motion ;³ therefore dare not
 Say what I think of it ; since I have found

¹ i. e. explain.

² One not in the secret of affairs ; so *inward* in a contrary sense.

³ Warburton and Upton are of opinion that we should read, "By self-unable *notion*."

Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,¹
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honors, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ;
mend the ruff,² and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick
his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick
of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court ;
our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing
like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The
brains of my Cupid's knocked out ; and I begin to
love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

¹ As we say at present, our young fellows.

² The tops of the boots, in Shakspeare's time, turned down, and hung
loosely over the leg. The folding part, or top, was the *ruff*. It was of
softer leather than the boot, and often fringed.

Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news; some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. The danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't.—Where is my son, I pray you:

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward ; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband ; but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence !

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gent. Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,¹

Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son ;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose ; and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honor

That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter !

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !

There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she ; and she deserves a lord

¹ An elliptical expression for "all the griefs that are thine."

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her, hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.¹

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honor that he loses. More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.²
Will you draw near?—

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

¹ This passage as it stands is very obscure; something appears to be omitted after *much*. Warburton interprets it, "That his vices stand him in stead of virtues."

² The countess answers—no otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it ;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected ; better 'twere
 I met the ravin¹ lion when he roared
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
 Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all.² I will be gone :
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do't ? No, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels officed all : I will be gone ;
 That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace*
Flourish.

Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress !

¹ That is, the *ravenous* or ravening lion.

² The sense is, "From that place, where all the advantages that honor usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques'*¹ *pilgrim, thither gone ;*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervor sanctify.
His taken labors bid him me forgive ;
*I, his despiteful Juno,*² *sent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !——

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice³ so much,
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

¹ At Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there. See Heylin's *France Painted to the Life*, 1656, p. 270—6.

² Alluding to the story of Hercules.

³ i. e. discretion or thought.



Stew. Pardon me, madam.
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Without the Walls of Florence.*
Tucket afar off.

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city,
we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most
honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest
commander; and that with his own hand he slew the
duke's brother. We have lost our labor; they are
gone a contrary way; hark! you may know by their
trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves

with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions¹ for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under.² Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot, for all that, dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers³ lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you;
[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

¹ *Suggestions are temptations.*

² They are not the things for which their names would make them pass. *To go under* the name of so and so is a common expression.

³ Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem.

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for¹ the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.²

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,³

¹ *For*, here and in other places, signifies *because*, which Tooke says is *always* its signification.

² That is, *questioned, doubted*.

³ The old copy reads—

“*I write* good creature, wheresoe'er she is.”

Malone once deemed this an error, and proposed, “*I right* good creature,” which was admitted into the text, but he subsequently thought that the old reading was correct.

Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes¹ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid :
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, a party of the Floren-
tine Army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gen-
tleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

¹ Deals with panders.

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoined penitents,
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him
have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,¹
hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him
as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an in-
finite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the
owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's
entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at
some great and trusty business, in a main danger,
fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to
try him.

¹ *A hilding* is a paltry fellow, a coward.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer¹ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore² will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,³ your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.⁴

Ber. How now, monsieur? This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! To charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the com-

¹ The *camp*. It seems to have been a new-fangled term at this time, introduced from the Low Countries.

² The old copy reads *ours*. The emendation is Theobald's.

³ This was a common phrase for *ill treatment*.

⁴ A phrase for *at any rate*—sometimes, “*at any hand*.”

mand of the service ; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.¹

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on. I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit ; if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening ; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,² encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.³ Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

¹ The usual commencement of an epitaph.

² The *dilemmas* of Parolles are the *difficulties* he was to encounter. Mr. Boswell argues that the penning down of these could not well encourage him in his *certainty* ; but why are those distinct actions necessarily connected ?

³ Bertram's meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him;¹ you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We will make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.² He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.
[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,³ Tokens and letters which she did resend;

¹ That is, *almost run him down*. An *embossed* stag is one so hard chased that it foams at the mouth.

² Before we strip him naked, or unmask him.

³ This proverbial phrase is noted by Ray, p. 216, ed. 1737. It is thus explained by old Cotgrave:—" *Estre sur vent*, to be in the wind, or to have the wind of—to get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee."

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :
Will you go see her ?

2 *Lord.*

With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.¹

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses ;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have showed me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important² blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the county³ wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house,

¹ i. e. by discovering herself to the count.

² i. e. importunate.

³ i. e. the count.

From son to son, some four or five descents
 Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
 In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
 To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
 The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chastely absent : after this,
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
 To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
 Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
 That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes
 With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
 To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
 To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,
 As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
 Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.¹
 But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ This gingling *riddle* may be thus briefly explained. Bertram's is a *wicked* intention, though the act he commits is *lawful*. Helen's is both a *lawful* intention and a *lawful* deed. The *fact*, as relates to Bertram, was *sinful*, because he intended to commit adultery ; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge's corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.¹ Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:² enough's³ language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But cough, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that

¹ i. e. foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

² The sense of this passage is obvious, though there is an apparent imperfection in the form of expression.

³ A bird of the jack-daw kind.

carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth, that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? What's the instance?¹ Tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mute,² if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring³ of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel——

1 *Lord.* How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

¹ The proof.

² The old copy reads *mule*. The emendation was made by Warburton.

³ i e. the *shaving* of my beard. To *bare* anciently signified to *shave*.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within*

I Lord. *Thróca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom.—Do not hide mine eyes

[*They seize him and blindfold him*

I Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

I Sold. *Boskos vaurado.*—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—
Kerelybonto :—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

I Sold. O pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

I Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

I Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee; haply, thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

I Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

I Sold. *Acordo linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*

I Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
locked. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's
House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument.

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:¹

I was compelled to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

¹ i. e. against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;

But the plain, single vow, that is vowed true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness.¹ Then pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by Him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him.² Therefore, your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions, but unsealed;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes, in such a war,³
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors:

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose.

¹ The sense is, we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest, the Divinity.

² This passage is considered obscure by some commentators; but the meaning appears to be very obvious; an oath has no binding force, when we swear by the Deity, whom we profess to love, that we will commit a deed that is displeasing to him.

³ The old copy reads, "make hopes in such a *scarre*." Rowe changed it to, "make hopes in such *affairs*;" and Malone to, "make hopes in such a *scene*." But *affairs* and *scene* have no literal resemblance to the old word *scarre*: *warre* is always so written in the old copy; the change is therefore less violent, and more probable.

Dia. Mine honor's such a ring.
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
 In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion honor on my part,
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
 My house, mine honor, yea, my life be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
 window ;
 I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquered my yet maiden bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
 My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,
 When back again this ring shall be delivered :
 And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
 Another ring ; that what in time proceeds,
 May token to the future our past deeds.
 Adieu till then ; then, fail not. You have won
 A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing
 thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
 and me !

You may so in the end.—
 My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
 Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me
 When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him
 When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,¹
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid :
 Only in this disguise I think't no sin
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

¹ i. e. false, deceitful, tricking, beguiling.

SCENE III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since. There is something in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor ; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion ; as we are ourselves, what things are we !

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors ; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.¹

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable² in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace ; I would gladly have him see his company³ anatomized ; that he might

¹ *i. e.* betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

² *Damnably* for *damnable* ; the adjective used adverbially.

³ *Company* for companion.

take a measure of his own judgment,¹ wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.²

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars ?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then ? Will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir ! So should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand ; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished ; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified ?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence ?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses !

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we

¹ This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

² *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture* ; the word *set* shows that the word is used in both senses here.

drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success. I have congeed with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;¹ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

¹ *Module* and *model* were synonymous. The meaning is, bring forth this counterfeit *representation* of a soldier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs¹ so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks. And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman² comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you to answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong?* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

¹ An allusion to the degradation of a knight by hacking off his spurs.

² The game at blind-man's-buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind.*

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!¹

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick² of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape³ of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said.—I will say true; or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks⁴ for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,⁵ I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Gultian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,⁶ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

¹ In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles.

² Theory.

³ The *chape* is the catch or fastening of the sheath of his dagger.

⁴ i. e. I am not beholden to him for it, &c.

⁵ Perhaps we should read, "if I were *but* to live this present hour;" unless the blunder is meant to show the fright of Parolles.

⁶ "Cassocks;" soldiers' cloaks or upper garments.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,¹ and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories.² Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool³ with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.⁴

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me, this other day, to turn him out o'the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

¹ i. e. disposition and character.

² For *interrogatories*.

³ Female idiots, as well as male, though not so commonly, were retained in great families for diversion.

⁴ In Whitney's *Emblems* there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence. This book was certainly known to Shakspeare. The passages in Lucian and Plutarch are not so likely to have met the Poet's eye.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

I Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper! Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

I Lord. Excellently.

I Sold. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish, idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

I Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

I Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*¹

He ne'er pays after-debts: take it before;

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell² with, boys are not to kiss.

For count of this, the count's a fool. I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

¹ i. e. a match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well.

² The meaning of the word *mell*, from *mêler* (French), is obvious. To *mell*, says Ruddiman, "to fight, contend, meddle or have to do with."

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature; let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valor; what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.¹ He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me; he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Mile End,² to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

¹ The Centaur killed by Hercules.

² *Mile End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. See K. Henry IV. P. II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold*. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord*. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold*. What's he?

Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold*. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1 *Sold*. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition² of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside*.

1 *Sold*. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

¹ The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight pence.

² To deceive the opinion.

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! Being fooled, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
 One of the greatest in the Christian world
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks. I duly am informed
 His grace is at Marseilles;¹ to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
 To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive²
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy³ trusting of the cozened thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! So lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

¹ Marseilles, in the old copy, is written Marcellæ and Marcellus.

² i. e. to be my mover.

³ *Saucy* was used in the sense of *wanton*. We have it with the same meaning in *Measure for Measure*.

Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours,¹
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,²—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;³
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a sniptaffeta fellow there; whose villanous saffron⁴ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever na-

¹ i. e. let *death*, accompanied by *honesty*, go with *the task you impose*, still I am yours, &c.

² The reading proposed by Blackstone,

"Yet I 'fray you

But with the word: the time will bring, &c."

seems required by the context, and makes the passage intelligible.

³ A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus*; the origin of which has been pointed out by Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 323.

⁴ It has been thought that there is an allusion here to the fashion of *yellow starch* for bands and ruffs, which was long prevalent; and also to the custom of coloring paste with saffron. The plain meaning seems to be—that Parolles's vices were of such a colorable quality as to be sufficient to corrupt the inexperienced youth of a nation, and make them take the same hue.

ture had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjorum of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.¹

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave ; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir ; I have not much skill in grass.²

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bawble,³ sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? A Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name ;⁴ but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

¹ i. e. rue.

² The old copy reads *grace*. The emendation is Rowe's ; who also supplies the word *salad* in the preceding speech. The clown quibbles on *grass* and *grace*.

³ The fool's *bawble* was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belabored those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport. The French call a bawble, *marotte*, from *Mariouette*."

⁴ The old copy reads *maine*.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,¹ he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.²

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,³ but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived

¹ Steevens thinks, with Sir T. Hanmer, that we should read *since*.

² i. e. mischievously waggish, unlucky.

³ No *pace*, i. e. no prescribed course; he has the unbridled liberty of a fool.

against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed¹ face.

Laf. Let us go see your son. I pray you; I long to talk with the young, noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate, fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Carbonadoed* is "slashed over the face in a manner that fetcheth the flesh with it," metaphorically from a *carbonado* or collop of meat.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low. We cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.¹

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

¹ i. e. a gentleman falconer, called in Juliana Barnes's Book of Hunting, &c. *Ostreger*. The term is applied particularly to those that keep goshawks.

He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seems so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.¹

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thanked,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. *The inner Court of the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch,² give my lord Lafew
this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to
you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes;
but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood,³ and
smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if
it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will hence—

¹ i. e. "they will follow with such speed as the means which they have
will give them ability to exert."

² Perhaps a corruption of *La Fache*.

³ Warburton changed *mood*, the reading of the old copy, to *moot*, and
was followed and defended by Steevens; but the emendation appears
unnecessary. *Fortune's mood* is several times used by Shakspeare for the
whimsical *caprice* of fortune.

forth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.¹

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away. A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles² of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clovn.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't. Save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.³—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

¹ i. e. stand to the leeward of me.

² Warburton says we should read, "*similes* of comfort," such as calling him fortune's cat, carp, &c.

³ A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which, in French, signifies *words*.

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Flourish.*

Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem¹ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know Her estimation home.²

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade³ of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honored lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him. And watched the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—

¹ i. e. in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.

² Completely, in its full extent.

³ Theobald proposes to read *blaze*.

But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
 Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
 Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
 The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
 Whose beauty did astonish the survey
 Of richest eyes ;¹ whose words all ears took captive,
 Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorned to serve,
 Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
 hither ;—

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
 All repetition.²—Let him not ask our pardon :
 The nature of his great offence is dead,
 And deeper than oblivion do we bury
 The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
 A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
 So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

King. What says he to your daughter ? Have you
 spoke ?—

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
 sent me,
 That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,³
 For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
 In me at once ; but to the brightest beams
 Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
 The time is fair again.

¹ So in *As You Like It*.—to have “seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.”

² i. e. the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

³ i. e. a *seasonable day*: a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is *unseasonable*.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can affect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admirably, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue ;
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favor ;
Scorned a fair color, or expressed it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.¹
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin ;
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

¹ This obscure couplet seems to mean, that "Our love awaking to the worth of the lost object, too late lamen's ; our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable."

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven,
bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favor from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,¹
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.—
This ring was mine, and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortune ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it; noble she was, and thought
I stood ingaged;² but when I had subscribed³
To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,

¹ "The last time that ever I took leave of her at court."

² *Ingaged*, i. e. *pledged* to her, having received her pledge.

³ *Subscribed*, i. e. *submitted*.

'That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you. Then if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her. She called the saints to surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 (Where you have never come,) or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor,
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
 And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly feared too little.¹—Away with him;—
 We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where yet she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
 Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,

¹ The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have unreasonably feared too little.

Who hath, for four or five removes,¹ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending. Her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll²
for this ; I'll none of him.

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count.

Now, justice on the doers !

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,³
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that ?

¹ *Removes* are *journeys* or *post stages* ; she had not been able to overtake the king on the road.

² The second folio reads :—"I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for *him* : for this, I'll none of him."

³ The first folio reads :—

"I wonder, sir, *sir* ; wives," &c.

The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. *As* in the succeeding line means *as soon as*.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet.

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,¹ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so imbodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To BERTRAM.*] comes too
short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometimes I have laughed with: let your high-
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honor,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

¹ Decease, die.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,¹
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:²
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owned and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted³ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world taxed and deboshed;⁴
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I liked her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddening my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

¹ i. e. value.

² Malone remarks that the old copy reads, 'tis *hit*, and that in many of our old chronicles he had found *hit* printed instead of *it*.

³ Noted.

⁴ Debauched.

Her insuit coming with her modern grace,¹
 Subdued me to her rate. She got the ring;
 And I had that, which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
 You that turned off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me. I pray you, yet,
 (Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
 Send for your ring; I will return it home;
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
 The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of
 late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
 Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly; every feather starts
 you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
 you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master.

(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)

By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been
 an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him,
 which gentlemen have.

¹ "Every thing that obstructs *love* is an occasion by which *love* is heightened, and, to conclude, her *solicitation* concurring with her *common* or *ordinary* grace, she got the ring."

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—What an equivocal companion¹ is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine² in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

¹ i. e. fellow.

² In the French sense, *trop fine*.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her, and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.¹

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes² the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

¹ i. e. common woman, with whom any one may be *familiar*.

² Owns.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,
I'll love her dearly; ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
—Good Tom Drum, [*To* PAROLLES.] lend me a hand-
kerchief. So, I thank thee; wait on me home. I'll
make sport with thee. Let thy courtesies alone; they
are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
If thou be'st yet a fresh, uncropped flower,

[*To* DIANA.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower:
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express;
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

Advancing.

*The King's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;¹
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

[*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. hear us without interruption, and take our parts, i. e. support and defend us

THIS play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram—a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate; when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman he has wronged, defends himself by fausenood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

JOHNSON.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THERE is an old anonymous play extant, with the same title, first printed in 1596, which (as in the case of King John and Henry V.) Shakspeare *rewrote*, "adopting the order of the scenes, and inserting little more than a few lines which he thought worth preserving, or was in too much haste to alter." Malone, with great probability, suspects the old play to have been the production of George Peele or Robert Greene.* Pope ascribed it to Shakspeare, and his opinion was current for many years, until a more exact examination of the original piece (which is of extreme rarity) undeceived those who were better versed in the literature of the time of Elizabeth than the poet. It is remarkable that the Induction, as it is called, has not been continued by Shakspeare so as to complete the story of Sly, or at least it has not come down to us: and Pope, therefore, supplied the deficiencies in this play from the elder performance: they have been degraded from their station in the text, as in some places incompatible with the fable and *Dramatis Personæ* of Shakspeare; the reader will, however, be pleased to find them subjoined to the notes. The origin of this amusing fiction may probably be traced to the sleeper awakened of the Arabian Nights; but similar stories are told of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Marco Polo relates something similar of the Ismaelian Prince Alo-eddin, or chief of the mountainous region, whom he calls, in common

* There was a second edition of the anonymous play in 1607: and the curious reader may consult it, in "Six Old Plays upon which Shakspeare founded," &c., published by Steevens.

with other writers of his time, "*the old man of the mountain.*" Warton refers to a collection of short comic stories in prose, "set forth by maister Richard Edwards, master of her majesties revels," in 1570 (which he had seen in the collection of Collins the poet), for the immediate source of the fable of the old drama. The incident related by Heuterus in his *Rerum Burgund.*, lib. iv., is also to be found in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimeston, 4to. 1607. The story of Charles V. is related by Sir Richard Barckley, in a Discourse on the Felicitie of Man, printed in 1598; but the frolic, as Mr. Holt White observes, seems better suited to the gayety of the gallant Francis, or the revelry of our own boisterous Henry.

Of the story of the Taming of the Shrew no immediate English source has been pointed out. Mr. Douce has referred to a novel in the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola, notte 8, fav. 2, and to *El Conde Lucanor*, by Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Castile, who died in 1362, as containing similar stories. He observes that the character of Petruchio bears some resemblance to that of *Pisardo* in Straparola's novel, notte 8, fav. 7.

Schlegel remarks that this play "has the air of an Italian comedy;" and, indeed, the love intrigue of Lucentio is derived from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, through the translation of George Gascoigne. Johnson has observed the skilful combination of the two plots, by which such a variety and succession of comic incident is insured without running into perplexity. Petruchio is a bold and happy sketch of a humorist, in which Schlegel thinks the character and peculiarities of an Englishman are visible. It affords another example of Shakspeare's deep insight into human character, that in the last scene the meek and mild Bianca shows she is not without a spice of self-will. The play inculcates a fine moral lesson, which is not always taken as it should be.

Every one, who has a true relish for genuine humor, must regret that we are deprived of Shakspeare's continuation of this Interlude of Sly,*

* Dr. Drake suggests that some of the passages in which Sly is introduced should be adopted from the old drama, and connected with the text, so as to complete his story; making very slight alteration, and distinguishing the borrowed parts by some mark.

“who is indeed of kin to Sancho Panza.” We think, with a late elegant writer, “the character of Sly, and the remarks with which he accompanies the play, as good as the play itself.”

It appears to have been one of Shakspeare’s earliest productions, and is supposed by Malone to have been produced in 1594.

Characters in the Original Play of The Taming of a Shrew, entered on the Stationers’ Books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.	}	<i>Persons in the Induction.</i>
Sly.		
A Tapster.		
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.		

ALPHONSUS, *a Merchant of Athens.*
 JEROBEL, *Duke of Cestus.*
 AURELIUS, *his Son,* }
 FERANDO, } *Suitors to the Daughters of Alphonsus.*
 POLIDOR, }
 VALERIA, *Servant to Aurelius.*
 SANDER, *Servant to Ferando.*
 PHYLOTUS, *a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

KATE,	}	<i>Daughters to Alphonsus.</i>
EMELIA,		
PHYLEMA,		

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando’s Country-House.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
 CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.* } *Persons in the*
 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and } *Induction.*
 other Servants attending on the Lord. }

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*
 VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*
 LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
 PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
 HORTENSIO, }
 TRANIO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
 BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *Servants to Petruchio.*
 CURTIS, }

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, *the Shrew,* } *Daughters to Baptista.*
 BIANCA, *her Sister,* }
 Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
 and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
 Petruchio's House in the Country.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.**Enter Hostess and SLY.**Sly.* Pll pheese¹ you, in faith.*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!*Sly.* Y²are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;² let the world slide. *Sessa!*³*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.⁴*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough.⁵ [*Exit.*]*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. Pll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]

¹ So again in *Troilus and Cressida*. Ajax says of Achilles:—"I'll pheese his pride." And in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:—

"Come, will you quarrel? I'll *feize* you, sirrah."

² *Pocas palabras* (*Span.*), few words.

³ *Cessa* (*Ital.*), be quiet.

⁴ This line and the scrap of Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called *Hieronimo*, or the *Spanish Tragedy*. The old copy reads:—"S. Jeronimy." The emendation is Mason's.

⁵ An officer whose authority equals that of a constable.

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed,¹
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.²
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 Hunt. He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warmed with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes ;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

¹ "Embossed," says Philips, in his *World of Words*, "is a term in hunting, when a deer is so hard chased that she foams at the mouth; it comes from the Spanish *desembocar*, and is metaphorically used for any kind of weariness."

² *Brach* originally signified a particular species of dog used for the chase. It was a long-eared dog, hunting by the scent.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low, submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honor will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,

Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic.

And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do and do it kindly,¹ gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.²

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him.

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SIX. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*

¹ Naturally.

² Moderation.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honor,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.¹

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he played a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.²

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behavior,
(For yet his honor never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

¹ It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.

² The old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, who was an actor in the same company with Shakspeare. *Soto* is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*; he is a *farmer's eldest son*, but he does not *woo any gentlewoman*.

I *Play*. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.¹

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,²
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servants and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a Servant.*]

And see him dressed in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him—Madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me (as he will win my love)

He bear himself with honorable action,

Such as he hath observed in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished.

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft, low tongue, and lowly courtesy;

And say,—What is't your honor will command,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife

May show her duty, and make known her love?

And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed

To see her noble lord restored to health,

Who, for twice³ seven years, hath esteemed him⁴

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears.

An onion will do well for such a shift:

Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,

¹ In the old play the dialogue is thus continued:—

“*Sen.* [*To the other.*] Go get a dishelout to make cleyne your shoes, and he speak for the properties. [*Exit Player.*] My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegre to make our divell roar.”

² Pope remarks, in his preface to Shakspeare, that “the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery*, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilet.”

³ The old copy reads *this*. The emendation is Theobald's.

⁴ *Him* is used for *himself*, as in Chapman's *Banquet of Sense*, 1595:—

“The sense wherewith he feels *him* deified.”

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatched with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them ; haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

Sly is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances.

Enter Lord, *dressed like a* Servant.¹

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honor taste of these conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honor wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me—honor, nor lordship ; I never drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor !

¹ From the original stage direction in the first folio, it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage.

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,¹ if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,² score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught.³ Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject, lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk? we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

¹ *Wincotte*, says Warton, is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill. There is a village also called *Barton on the heath* in Warwickshire.

² *Sheer ale* has puzzled the commentators; but none of the conjectures offered appear satisfactory. *Sheer ale* may mean nothing more than *ale unmixed, mere ale, or pure ale*. The word *sheer* is still used for *mere, pure*.

³ i. e. distraught, distracted.

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or, Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin*

O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! By my fay,¹ a goodly nap
But did I never speak of all that time ?

I Serv. O, yes, my lord ; but very idle words.—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say, you would present her at the leet,²
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,³
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband ?

My men should call me—lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband.

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

¹ A contraction of *by my faith*.

² That is, at the *court leet*, where it was usual to present such matters, as appears from Kitchen on Courts:—"Also if tiplers sell by *cups* and dishes, or *measures sealed* or *not sealed*, is inquirable."

³ Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green." The addition seems to have been a common one.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set ;
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again ; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh
and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it. Is not a com-
monty¹ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by
my side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be
younger.

[*They sit down.*]

¹ For comedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.**Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
 I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 Most trusty servant, well approved in all;
 Here let us breathe, and happily institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious¹ studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,²
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply,³ that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achieved.
 Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
 A shallow splash,⁴ to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate,*⁵ gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;

¹ *Ingenious* and *ingenious* were very commonly confounded by old writers.

² i. e. to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

³ *Apply* for *ply* is frequently used by old writers. Thus Baret:—"with diligent endeavour to *apply* their studies." And in Turberville's *Tragic Tales*:—"How she her wheele *applyde*."

⁴ Small piece of water.

⁵ Pardon me.

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,¹
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :
 Balke² logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
 Music and poesy use to quicken you ;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you ;
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness ;
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile ; What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
 HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
 That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather ; she's too rough for me.—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

¹ The old copy reads Aristotle's *checks*. Blackstone suggests that we should read *ethics*, and the sense seems to require it ; it is therefore admitted into the text.

² The modern editions read, "*Talk* logic, &c. The old copy reads *Balke*, which Mr. Boswell suggests may be right, although the meaning of the word is now lost.

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis,¹ it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca:
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!² 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Seignior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Seignior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

¹ Think.

² Pet.

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
 Or, seignior Gremio, you, know any such,
 Prefer¹ them hither; for to cunning² men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up;
 And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, may I not?
 What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts³ are
 so good, here is none will hold you. Their⁴ love is not
 so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails to-
 gether, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both
 sides. Farewell—yet, for the love I bear my sweet
 Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
 teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish⁵ him
 to her father.

Hor. So will I, seignior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
 Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked
 parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—
 that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress,
 and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labor and
 effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! A devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio,

¹ Recommend.

² *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible.

³ Endowments.

⁴ It seems that we should read—*Your* love. *yr.* in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.

⁵ i. e. I will *recommend* him.

though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?²

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—ill by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring.¹ How say you, seignor Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! While idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

¹ The allusion is probably to the sport of running at the ring, or some similar game.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated¹ from the heart :
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*²

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly³ on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter⁴ of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? Marked you not how her
sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir ; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home :
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

¹ Is not driven out by chiding.

² This line is quoted as it appears in Lilly's Grammar, and not as it is in Terence. See Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

³ Longingly.

⁴ Europa.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tru. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid.
That's your device.

Luc. It is. May it be done ?

Tru. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ?
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta :¹ content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master : then it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,² and servants, as I should.
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colored hat and cloak ;
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tru. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief then, sir, sith³ it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charged me at our parting ;
Be servicable to my son, quoth he ;
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense ;)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves ;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirralt, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now ? where
are you ?

¹ It is enough (*Ital.*).

² *Port* is figure, show, appearance.

³ Since.

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies.

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*¹

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the
play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
surely. Comes there any more of it?*

¹ Here, in the old copy, we have, "The presenters above speak;" meaning Sly, &c., who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words "Would it were done," the marginal direction is, *They sit and mark.*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*
 Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. 'Would 'twere done!*

SCENE II. *The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
 Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?¹

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
 And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
 And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
 I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you; sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona!

¹ Malone remarks that Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to Dromio's, in *The Comedy of Errors*; and the two plays were probably written at no great distance of time from each other.

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
*Molto honorato, signor mio Petruccio.*¹

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges² in Latin.
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir, he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?³

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knocked at first;
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruccio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,⁴
Seignior Hortensio, thus it stands with me.—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;

¹ Gascoigne, in his *Supposes*, has spelled this name correctly *Petruccio*; but Shakspeare wrote it as it appears in the text, in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it.

² i. e. what he *alleges* in Latin. Grumio mistakes the *Italian* spoken for *Latin*.

³ The allusion is to the old game of *Bone-acc*, or *one-and-thirty*. A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The old copy has it *peepe*.

⁴ In short, in a few words.

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich.—But thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
 Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,¹
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gr. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
 mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him
 to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;² or an old trot with ne'er
 a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases
 as two-and-fifty horses:³ why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepped thus far in,
 I will continue that I broached in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
 Her only fault (and that is faults enough)

¹ This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

² An *aglet-baby* was a *diminutive figure carved on an aglet or jewel*.

³ The *fifty diseases of a horse* seems to be proverbial: of which, probably, the text is only an exaggeration.

Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worse than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
 effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman.
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor
 lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,
 she would think scolding would do little good upon
 him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves
 or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail
 in his rope-tricks.¹ I'll tell you what, sir,—an she
 stand² him but a little, he will throw a figure in her
 face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have
 no more eyes to see withal than a cat.³ You know
 him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio; I must go with thee;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
 And her withholds from me, and other more

¹ i. e. roguish tricks. *Ropery* is used by Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet* for *roguery*. A *rope-ripe* is one for whom the gallows groans, according to Cotgrave.

² Withstand.

³ Mr. Boswell remarks "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehearsed,)
 That ever Katharina will be wooed;
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
 That none shall have access unto Bianca;
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
 And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen¹ in music to instruct Bianca.
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO, *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.— Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*]

Grc. O, very well; I have perused the note.
 Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand;²
 And see you read no other lectures to her:
 You understand me.—Over and beside
 Seignior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfumed;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

¹ To be *well seen* in any art was to be *well skilled* in it.

² Rate.

As for my patron, (stand you so assured,)
 As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
 Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, seignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, seignior Hortensio.
 Trow you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning and behavior,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No! Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? Ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.¹

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will : provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled : and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of seignior Baptista Minola ?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters ;—is't
[*Aside to* TRANIO.] he you mean ?

¹ *Fright* boys with *bugbears*.

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to——¹

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——

That she's the choice love of seignior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of seignior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen, Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will outtalk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two; The one as famous for a scolding tongue, As is the other for beauteous modesty.

¹ This hiatus is in the old copy; it is most probable that an abrupt sentence was intended.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me : let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth :—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well do you conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive¹ this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bom. O excellent motion ! Fellows,² let's be-
gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so :—
Petruccio, I shall be your *benvenuto*. [Exeunt.

¹ To *contrive* is to *wear out*, to *pass away*, from *contrivi*, the preterit of *contero*, one of the disused Latinisms.

² *Fellows* means *companions*, and not fellow-servants, as Malone supposed.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect¹ him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.

I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this
insolence ?—

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps.—
Go, ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—

¹ Love.



For shame, thou hilding¹ of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
 [*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in.
 [*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
 She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.²
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
 Called Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, seignior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
 That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,

¹ A *hilding* signifies a *base, low wretch*: it is applied to Katharina for the coarseness of her behavior.

² The origin of this very old proverbial phrase is not known. Steevens suggests that it might have been considered an act of posthumous retribution for women who refused to bear children, to be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings after death.

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behavior,—
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard ;
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good
 sake.

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her ;
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir ? What may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well ; you are welcome for his
 sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
 Baccare !¹ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, seignior Gremio ; I would fain
 be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
 wooing.—

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
 To express the like kindness myself, that have been
 more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give
 unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.]
 that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning
 in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in

¹ A cant word meaning *go back*, in allusion to a proverbial saying,
Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow."

music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, seignior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To TRANIO.*] methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favor as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small package of Greek and Latin books.¹

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*] the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them both, These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard.

¹ In the reign of Elizabeth, the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed upon their minds at all. The queen herself, lady Jane Grey, and her sisters, &c. are trite instances.

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Seignior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of¹
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained;
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
speed!

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? Why dost thou look
so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

¹ Perhaps we should read *on*. *Of* and *on* are frequently confounded by the negligence of printers, in the old copy.

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,¹
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
Frets, calls you these ? quoth she ; *I'll fume with them ;*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way ;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And,—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Seignior Petruchio, will you go with us ?
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you, do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMO, TRANIO,
and HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say, that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week.

¹ *Frets* are the points at which a string is to be stopped, formerly marked on the neck of such instruments as the lute or guitar.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the bans, and when be married.
 But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard¹
 of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauties sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved ! in good time ; let him that moved
 you hither,

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
 You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it ; come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee ;
 For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-winged turtle ! shall a buzzard take
 thee ?

¹ This is a poor quibble upon *heard*, which was then pronounced *hard*.

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.¹

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? A coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.²

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

¹ This kind of expression seems to have been proverbial. So in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:—

“————— hast no more skill
Than take a falcon for a buzzard.”

² A cowardly, degenerate cock.

Kath. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?
O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk ; thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty-mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.¹

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed ;
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;

¹ This appears to allude to some proverb.

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
 Thou must be married to no man but me ;
 For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate¹
 Conformable, as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father ; never make denial ;
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
 Seignior Petruchio, how speed you with
 My daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ; in your
 dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? Now, I promise you,
 You have showed a tender, fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus :—Yourself and all the world,
 That talked of her, have talked amiss of her ;
 If she be curst, it is for policy ;
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;²
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;
 And to conclude,—we have agreed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

¹ Thus the first folio. The second folio reads:—"a wild *Kat* to a Kate;" the modern editors, "a wild *cat*."

² The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink, she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,¹

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock² wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate! I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

¹ This phrase, which frequently occurs in old writers, is equivalent to, *it is a wonder, or a matter of admiration to see.*

² *A tame, dastardly creature, particularly an over-mild husband.*

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Gray-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound this
strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower, *
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, seignior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,¹
Costly apparel, tents,² and canopies ;
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping. Then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me.
I am my father's heir, and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

¹ Coverings for beds ; now called *counterpanes*.

² *Tents* were hangings, *tentes* (French), probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung.

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old seignior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinched you, seignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
 What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,¹
 And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next,

Gre. Nay, I have offered all; I have no more;
 And she can have no more than all I have.—
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
 world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me.
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
 I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know,
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
 If not, to seignior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor.—Now, I fear thee not;
 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

¹ A *galiass* (*galeazza*, Ital.) was a great or double galley. The masts were three, and the number of seats for rowers thirty-two.

Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.¹
 'Tis in my head to do my mister good:—
 I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
 Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio;
 And that's a wonder. Fathers, commonly,
 Do get their children: but, in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
 [Exit.²

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony.
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in music we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

¹ This phrase, which often occurs in old writers, was most probably derived from some game at cards, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful.

² After this Mr. Pope introduced the following speeches of the *presenters*, as they are called: from the old play:—

Slic. When will the fool come again? *

Sim. Anon, my lord.

Slic. Give some more drink here; where's the tapster? Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

Sim. I do, my lord.

Slic. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

* This probably alludes to the custom of filling up the vacancy of the stage between the acts by the appearance of a fool on the stage; unless Sly meant *Sinder*, the servant to Fernando, in the old piece, which seems likely from a subsequent passage.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

Luc. That will be never!—Tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam.—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,¹—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO plays.

O fie! The treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it. *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he

¹ This species of humor, in which Latin is translated into English of a perfectly different meaning, is to be found in two plays of Middleton, *The Witch*, and *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside*; and in other writers.

hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.

Pedascule,¹ I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,²—called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and give
me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? Well, I must wait,
And watch withal ; for, but³ I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

¹ Pedant.

² " This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book xiii." or, it may be added, from any historical and poetical dictionary, such as is appended to Cooper's Latin Dictionary, and others of that time.

³ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense of *be-out*, without.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord.*

A re, to plead *Hortensio's passion* ;

B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

C faut, *that loves with all affection* ;

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I* ;

E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this—gamut? Tut! I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,¹
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Seignior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the 'pointed day,
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

¹ A *stale* was a *decoy* or *bait*. *Stole* here may, however, only mean every common object.

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said? What mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be
 forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;¹
 Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;
 And to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite them,² and proclaim the bans;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word;
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
 though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep:
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,³ and such
 news as you never heard of!

¹ Humor, caprice, inconstancy.

² *Them* is not in the old copy; it was supplied by Malone: the second folio reads—*yes*.

³ *Old news.* These words were added by Rowe, and necessarily, as appears by the reply of Baptista. *Old*, in the sense of *abundant*, as, "old turning the key," &c. occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare.

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what.—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points.¹ His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,² full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,³ stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,⁴ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and

¹ *Points* were tagged laces used in fastening different parts of the dress.

² i. e. the farcy, called *fashions* in the west of England.

³ *Vives*; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles

⁴ Velvet.

blue list; an old hat, and *The humor of forty fancies*,¹ pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion!—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparelled.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown.

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day.

¹ Warburton's supposition, that Shakspeare ridicules some popular, cheap book of this title, by making Petruchio prick it up in his footboy's hat instead of a feather, has been well supported by Steevens; he observes that "a penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt plume of feathers for the hat of a humorist's servant."

First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
 Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
 Fie ! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
 An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
 Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
 And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
 Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
 Though in some part enforced to digress ;¹
 Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
 As you shall well be satisfied withal.
 But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her ;
 The morning wears ; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
 Go to my chamber ; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore have done
 with words ;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PET., GRU., and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her² love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking ; which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,

¹ i. e. to deviate from my promise.

² The old copy reads, " But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking." The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood.

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
 It skills¹ not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised,
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once performed, let all the world say—no,
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business.
 We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;
 The quaint² musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Seignior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

Gra. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest
 Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
 That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book:
 And, as he stooped again to take it up,
 The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,

¹ "It matters not much," it is of no importance.

² *Quaint* had formerly a more favorable meaning than *strange, awkward, fantastical*, and was used in commendation, as *neat, elegant, dainty, dexterous*.

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamped
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine.—*A health,* quoth he; as if

He had been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm;—quaffed off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before;

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA
 HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.—

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.—

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer.¹

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mrid and merry,——or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret:

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

¹ That is, bluster or swagger.

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
 And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare ;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and GRU.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones !

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
 laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bride-
 groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's
 go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country-House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters,
 and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? Was
 ever man so rayed ?¹ Was ever man so weary ? I

¹ Bewrayed, dirty.

am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me.—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.¹

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, thou three-inch fool! I am no beast!

Gr. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

¹ There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:—

“Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,
Fire, fire;—Fire, fire,
Cast on more water.”

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*¹ and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills² fair without, the carpets laid,³ and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale.—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled;⁴ how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore;

¹ This is the beginning of an old round in three parts; the music is given in the *Variorum Shakspeare*.

² It is probable that a quibble was intended. *Jack* and *jill* signify *two drinking vessels*, as well as *men* and *maid-servants*.

³ The carpets were *laid* over the *tables*. The floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

⁴ i. e. bedraggled, bemired.

how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats¹ brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

¹ *Blue coats* were the usual habits of servants. Scott, in *Marmion*, speaks of the "old blue-coated serving-man."

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson, malt-horse
drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i'the heel;
There was no link¹ to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?—² [Sings.
Where are those—sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!³

¹ Green, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says, "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an olde link*."

² This ballad was well suited to Petruchio, as appears by the *answer* in *A Handeful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584; which is called "Dame Beattie's reple to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth him to be her captive," entitled, "*Where is the life that late I led?*"

³ A word coined by Shakspeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains. When?

*It was the friar of orders gray,¹ [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way,—*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay. Who brought it? I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

¹ Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, "The Friar of Orders Gray," from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

You heedless joltheads, and unmannered slaves !
 What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
 The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;
 And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
 For it engenders cholera, planteth anger ;
 And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
 Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
 Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
 Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
 And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—
 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and CURT.]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,
 Making a sermon of continency to her ;
 And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,
 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
 Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.¹
 Another way I have to man my haggard,²
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites

¹ The lure was a thing stuffed to look like the game the hawk was to pursue ; its use was to tempt him back after he had flown.

² A *haggard* is a *wild hawk* ; to *man* her is to tame her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was one part of the process of taming.

That bate,¹ and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 'This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend²
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night ;
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamor keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.

SCENE II. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
 [They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? First resolve me
 that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
 heart. [They retire.

¹ To *bate* is to flutter the wings as preparing for flight (*batter l'ale*, Italian).

² *Intend* is used for *pretend*.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
 pray,
 You that dost swear that your mistress Bianca
 Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more. I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion.¹
 Know, sir, that I am called—Hortensio.

Tra. Seignior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca;
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
 I will with you—if you be so contented—
 Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Seignior Lu-
 centio,
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
 Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favors
 That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
 Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.
 Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite for-
 sworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,—
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me,
 As I have loved this proud, disdainful haggard.
 And so farewell, seignior Lucentio.—
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love;—and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.

¹ “*Coglione*, a *cuglion*, a gull, a meacock,” says Florio. It is equivalent to a great booby.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. 'Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
'That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, 'Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven-and-twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watched so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel¹ coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mereatante, or a pedant,²
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, 'Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

¹ For *angel*, Theobald, and after him Hamner and Warburton, read *engle*; which Hamner calls a *gull*, deriving it from *engluer* (French), to catch with bird-lime; but without sufficient reason. Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's *Poetaster*, is decidedly in favor of *enghle* with Hamner's explanation, and supports it by referring to Gascoigne's *Supposes*, from which Shakspeare took this part of his plot.

² i. e. a merchant or a schoolmaster.

As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! You are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two.

But then up farther; and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—Marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [Aside.]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
 This favor will I do you for his sake ;
 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
 That you are like to sir Vincentio.
 His name and credit shall you undertake,
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.—
 Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
 You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
 Till you have done your business in the city.
 If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
 This, by the way, I let you understand ;—
 My father is here looked for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I—who never knew how to entreat—
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false, deluding slave,
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you.

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat ; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all
amort ?¹

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;

¹ That is, *all sunk and dispirited*. This Gallicism is frequent in many of the old plays.

And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.'¹—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Seignior Petruccio, fie ! you are to blame !
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house ;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,²
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer !

A velvet dish ;—fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knuck, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it ; come, let me have a bigger.

¹ "And all my labor has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing," says Johnson. This can hardly be right. Mr. Douce's suggestion, that it means "all my labor is *adapted* to no *proof*," is much better ; indeed, there can be no doubt that we should read "*proof*" with a mark of elision for *proof* ; but *sort* is used in the sense of *sorter* (French), to issue, to terminate." "It *sorted* not" is frequently used by writers of that period for, It did not end so ; or, It did not answer. Shakspeare uses *sort* for *lot*, *chance*, more than once.

² Finery.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind ;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break ;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,¹ a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
What's this ? a sleeve ! 'tis like a demi-cannon.
What ! up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer² in a barber's shop.—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bade me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,

¹ A coffin was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

² These censers resembled our brasiers in shape ; they had pierced convex covers.

More quaint,¹ more pleasing, nor more commendable ;
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou.—

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread !

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;

Or I shall so be-mete² thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived ; the gown is made just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.³

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me ; thou hast braved⁴ many men, brave not me ; I will neither be faced nor braved.

I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown ;*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew

¹ *Quaint* was used as a term of commendation by our ancestors. It seems, when applied to dress, to have meant *spruce*, *trim*, *neat*, like the French *cointe*.

² Be-measure.

³ Turned up many garments with facings.

⁴ Grumio quibbles upon to *brave*, to *make fine*, as he does upon *facing*.

me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape;*¹

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill,² give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
[*Aside.*

Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

¹ A round cape.

² A quibble is intended between the written *bill* and the *bill* or weapon of a foot-soldier.

Even in these honest, mean habiliments.
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
 And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
 Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
 And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse ;
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone.
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! This gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*¹

¹ After this *exceunt* the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, were introduced, from the old play, by Mr. Pope in his edition.

Lord. Who's within there ? [*Enter Servants.*] Asleep again ! Go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my lord ; come, help to bear him hence.

[*They bear off Sly.*]

Johnson thought the fifth act should begin here.

SCENE IV. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived, Seignior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy, 'Twere good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello, Now do your duty throughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice; And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall¹ fellow; hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Seignior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

¹ i. e. a *high* fellow, a brave boy.

Sir, by your leave : Having come to Padua
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself :
 And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's care,
 To have him matched ; and,—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
 Me shall you find most ready and most willing
 With one consent to have her so bestowed ;
 For curious¹ I cannot be with you,
 Seignior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass² my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is fully made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
 best,
 We be affied ;³ and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
 Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;
 And, happily,⁴ we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir.
 There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well.
 Send for your daughter by your servant here ;

¹ i. e. scrupulous.

² Assure or convey ; a law term.

³ Betrothed.

⁴ *Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *peradventure*, as well as fortunately : we now write it *haply*.

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, lie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Seignior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio,—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs
and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at
your command at all hours

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except¹ they are busied about
a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her,
cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum,² to the church;
—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest
witnesses:

¹ The first folio reads *expect*.

² These were the words of the old exclusive privilege for *imprinting* a book. A quibble is meant.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to
stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir.
My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's,
to bid the priest be ready to come against you come
with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]¹

SCENE V. *A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but crossed.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

¹ Here in the old play, the Tinker speaks again:—

Stie. Sim, must they be married now?"

Lord. I, my lord.

Enter Ferando *and* Sander.

Stie. Look, Sim, the fool is come again now."

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—

But sun it is not when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so,¹ for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward; thus the bowl should
run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away?—

[*To VINCENTIO*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,²

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee!

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

¹ We should probably read, "And so it shall be *still*, for Katharine."

² In the first sketch of this play are two passages worth preserving, and which Pope thought to be from the hand of Shakspeare.

"Faire, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful,
Than precious sardonyx or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth—
—Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—

Kath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-trained bird;
As glorious as the morning washed with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks!
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."

Kath. Young, budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child!
 Happier the man whom favorable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!¹

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That every thing I look on seemeth green.²
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
 Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
 That with your strange encounter much amazed me;
 My name is called—Vincenzio; my dwelling—Pisa;
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
 A son of mine which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee—my loving father;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
 Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.

¹ This is from the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, by Golding, 1586, p. 56. Ovid borrowed his ideas from the sixth book of the *Odyssey*, 154, & c.

² Another proof of Shakspeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? Or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and VIN.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
 Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
 Then hast thou taught Hertensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA ;
Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to need
 thee at home ; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back ;
 and then come back to my master¹ as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN. and BION.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and At-
 tendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door ; this is Lucentio's house ;
 My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

¹ The old editions read *mistress*. The emendation is Theobald's, who rightly observes, that by *master*, Biondello means his pretended master Tranio.

Vin. You shall not choose, but drink before you go ;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks*
Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down
the gate ?

Vin. Is seignior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he
shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was beloved in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—To leave frivolous circum-
stances,—I pray you, tell seignior Lucentio, that his
father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to
speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest. His father is come from Pisa,¹
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may be-
lieve her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman ! [*To VINCENT.*]
Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another
man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe 'a means
to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together.
God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ?
my old master, Vincentio ? Now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

¹ The old copy reads *Padua*.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son! help, seignior Baptista! [*Exit, from the window.*]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant, below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!¹—O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic!

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober, ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! He is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

¹ A sugar-loaf hat, a *coppid-tanke hat*; *galerus accuminatus*.—*Junius's Nomenclator*, 1585.

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name; I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, seignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.¹ [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, seignior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, seignior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched² in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be seignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—
O monstrous villain!

¹ Here, in the original play, the Tinker speaks again:—

Stic. I say, weele have no sending to prison.

Lord. My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

Stic. I tell thee, Sim, weele have no sending

To prison, that's flat; why, Sim, am I not Don Christo Vari?

Therefore, I say, they shall not goe to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not, my lord:

They be runne away.

Stic. Are they run away, Sim? that's well:

Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here, my lord."

² i. e. deceived, cheated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?²

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?²

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.¹

Gre. Here's packing,² with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.— What Tranio did, myself enforced him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To* LUCENTIO.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to. But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*]

¹ This is probably an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents are borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The word *supposes* was often used as it is in the text, by Shakspeare's contemporaries; one instance, from Drayton's epistle of king John to Matilda, may suffice:—

“And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*.”

² Plottings, underhand contrivances.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [Exit.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,¹
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruccio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

¹ The old copy reads *come*; the emendation is Rowe's.

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;
 My banquet¹ is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense.
 I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe ;²
 And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

¹ The *banquet* here, as in other places of Shakspeare, was a refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c.

² As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that *shrew* was pronounced *shrow*. See also the finale, where it rhymes to *so*.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? A hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
begun,

Have at you for a bitter¹ jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, seignior
Tranio,

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift² simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself,
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio. Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,³ good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;

¹ The old copy reads *better*. The emendation is Capell's.

² Beside the original sense of speedy in motion, *swift* signified *witty* quick-witted.

³ A *gird* is a cut, a sarcasm, a stroke of satire.

And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content.—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah, Grunio, go to your mistress ;
 Say, I command her come to me. [Exit GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,
 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life
 An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
 And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
 The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;
 Another dowry to another daughter,
 For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;
 And show more sign of her obedience,
 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives
 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not ;
 Off with that bauble ; throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws
 it down.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening, unkind
brow ;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul, contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions¹ and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs,² for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.³

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;⁴

[*To* LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

¹ That is, the gentle qualities of our minds.

² "*Vail your stomachs*," *abate your pride, your spirit; it is no boot*, i. e. it is profitless, it is no advantage.

³ I. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

⁴ The *white* was the central part of the mark or butt in archery. Here is also a play upon the name of *Bianca*, which is *white* in Italian.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [*Exeunt.*¹

¹ The old play continues thus:—

“*Then enter two, bearing Slie in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appears in christall skie,
Now must I haste abroade: but softe! who's this?
What, Slie? O wondrous! hath he laine heere all night!
He wake him: I thinke he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufit with ale:—
What now, Slie? awake for shame.

Slie. [Awaking.] Sim, give's more wine.—What, all the players gone?
—Am I not a lord?

Tap. A lord, with a murrain!—Come, art thou drunk still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Slie. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had, but I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.”

Of this play the two plots are so well united that they can hardly be called two, without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharina and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

JOHNSON.

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