

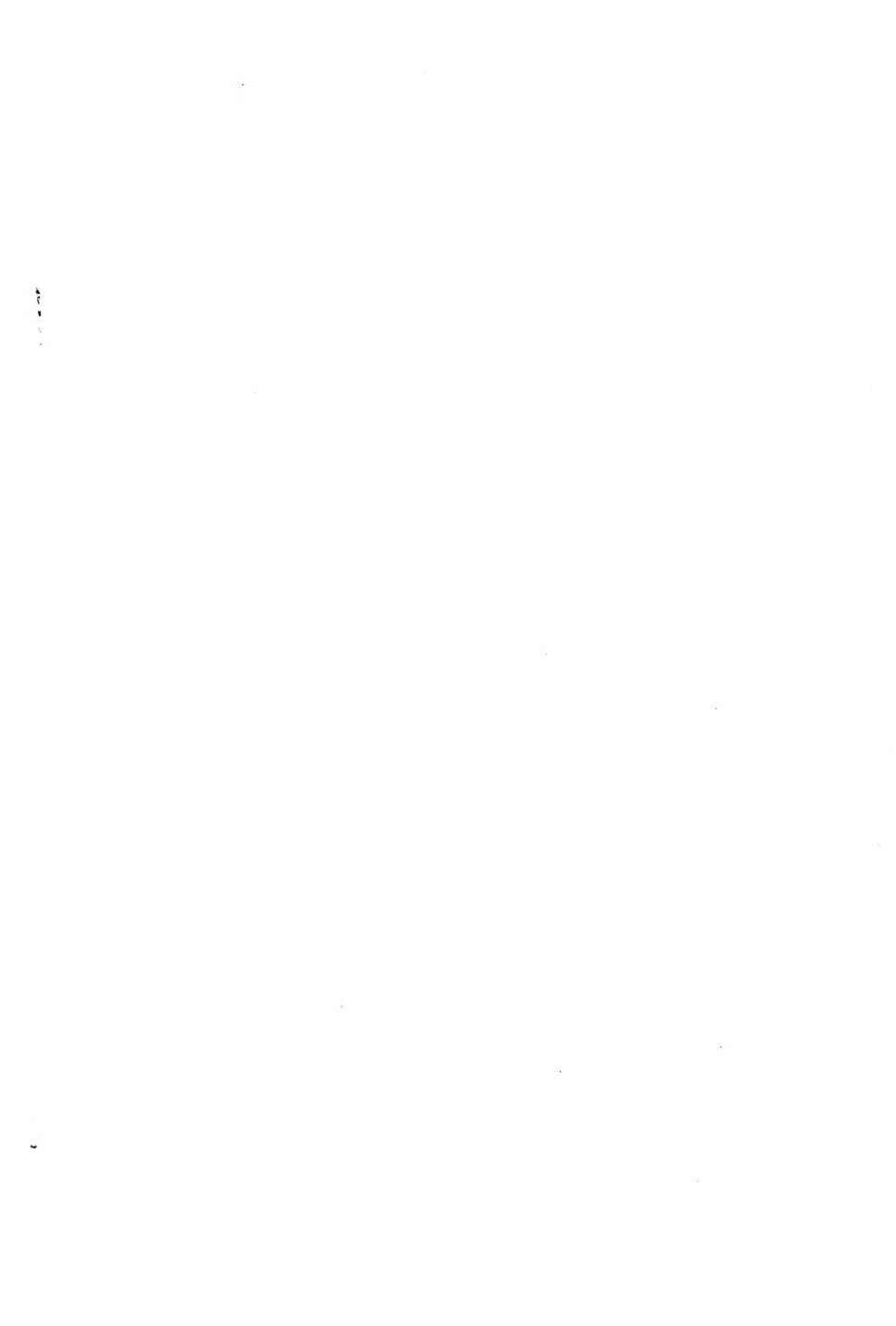


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Author of the book

156



The "Arundel Poets"

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ARRANGED IN THEIR CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

EDITED BY

W. G. CLARK AND W. ALDIS WRIGHT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY, ADAPTED FROM THE SHAKESPEAREAN PRIMER OF

PROFESSOR DOWDEN

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KING HENRY IV. PART I.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597-98.)

INTRODUCTION.

The two parts of *King Henry IV.* may be considered as one play in ten acts. It is probable that Shakespeare went on with little or no delay from the first part to its continuation in the second. Both were written before the entry of the first in the Stationers' register, Feb. 25, 1597-98; for the entry shows that the name of the fat knight, who originally appeared in both parts under the name of Oldcastle, had been already altered to Falstaff. Meres makes mention of *Henry IV.*; and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599), alludes to Justice Silence, one of the characters of the Second Part of Shakespeare's play. The materials upon which Shakespeare worked in *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* were obtained from Holinshed, and from an old play, full of vulgar mirth, and acted before 1588, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* Both parts of *Henry IV.* consist of a comedy and a history fused together. The hero of the one is the royal Bolingbroke, the hero of the other is Falstaff, while Prince Henry passes to and fro between the history and the comedy, serving as the bond which unites the two. Henry IV. is the same Bolingbroke who had been so greatly conceived in *Richard II.*: only he is no longer in the full force of his manhood. He is worn by care and toil, harassed by revolts and conspiracies, yet still resolved to hold firmly what he has forcibly attained. There is a pathetic power in the figure of this weary ambitious man, who can take no rest until the rest of death comes upon him. Hotspur, who, to bring him into contrast with the Prince, is made much younger than the Harry Percy of history, is as ardent in the pursuit of glory as the Prince seems to be indifferent to it. To his hot temper and quick sense of personal honor small matters are great: he does not see things in their true proportions; he lacks self-control, he has no easiness of nature. Yet he is gallant, chivalrous, not devoid of generosity nor of quick affections, though never in a high sense disinterested. Prince Hal, whom Shakespeare admires and loves more than any other person in English history, afterwards to become Shakespeare's ideal king of England, cares little for mere reputation. He does not think much of himself and of his own honor; and while there is nothing to do, and his great father holds all power in his own right hand, he escapes from the cold proprieties of the court to the boisterous life and mirth of the tavern. He is, however, only waiting for a call to action, and Shakespeare declares that from the first he was conscious of his great destiny, and while seeming to set at naught his force in frivolity, was holding his true self, well-guarded, in reserve. Falstaff is everything in little, or rather everything in *much*: for is he not a *man of flesh*? English literature knows no humorous creation to set beside Falstaff; and to find his equal—yet his opposite—we must turn to the gaunt figure of the romantic knight of La Mancha, in whose person Cervantes smiled away pathetically the chivalry of the Middle Ages from out our modern world. Falstaff exercises upon the reader of these plays much the same fascination which he exercised upon the Prince. We know him to be a gross-bodied, self-indulgent old sinner, devoid of moral sense and of self-respect, and yet we cannot part with him. We cannot live in this world without humor, and Falstaff is humor maintaining its mastery against all antagonisms. We admit, however, the necessity of his utter banishment from Henry, when Henry enters upon the grave responsibilities of kingship. Still we have a tender thought for Sir John in his exile from London taverns. And at the last, when he fumbles with the sheets and plays with flowers, when "a went away, an it had been any christom child," we bid him adieu with a tear that does not forbid a smile. The historical period represented by 1 *Henry IV.* dates from the battle of Holmedon Hill, Sept. 14 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. 2 *Henry IV.* continues the history to the king's death and the accession of Henry V., 1413.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN of Lancaster, }
EARL of WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOSPUR, his son
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOVER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenced in strands afar remote,
[No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;

Nor more shall trenching war channel her fields,

Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred, 11
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,

March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engaged to fight, 21
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;

Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross,

But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :

Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, 31

What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight : when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower. 40

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

A thousand of his people butchered ;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,

Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news 50
Came from the north and thus it did import :

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met.

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,

And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way. 61

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil

Betwix that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty

knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur

took 70

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith ;
And is not this an honorable spoil ?

A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?
West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and

makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son, 80
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue ;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride ;

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90
But let him from my thoughts. What think
you, coz.

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle
up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer
this; 100

And for this cause awhile we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords;

But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the
Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drink-
ing of oild sack and unbuttoning thee after
supper and sleeping upon benches after noon,
that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly
which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil
hast thou to do with the time of the day?
Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes
capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and
dials the signs of leaping-horses and the blessed
sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored
taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be
so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal:
for we that take purses go by the moon and
the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, 'that
wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee,
sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save
thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace
thou wilt have none,— 20

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly,
roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou
art king, let not us that are squires of the
night's body be called thieves of the day's
beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen
of the shade, minions of the moon; and let
men say we be men of good government, being
governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste
mistress the moon, under whose countenance
we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well
too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's
men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being
governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for
proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely
snatched on Monday night and most disso-
lutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with
swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying
'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot
of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow
as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad.
And is not my hostess of the tavern a most
sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad
of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most
sweet robe of durance? 49

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what,
in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a
plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with
my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckon-
ing many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy
part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast
paid all there. 60

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my
coin would stretch; and where it would not, I
have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not
here apparent that thou art heir apparent—
But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gal-
lows standing in England when thou art king?
and resolution thus foisted as it is with the
rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not
thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll
be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I
mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the
thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it
jumps with my humor as well as waiting in
the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits? 80

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof
the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,
I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged
bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire
bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the
melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes
and art indeed the most comparative, rascal-
liest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee,
trouble me no more with vanity. I would to
God thou and I knew where a commodity of
good names were to be bought. An old lord
of the council rated me the other day in the
street about you, sir, but I marked him not;
and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded

him not ; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 130

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal ; God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now an I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over : by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ? 111

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation. Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins ! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse ? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar ? Jack ! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ? 129

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs : he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill ! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have vizards for you all ; you have horses for yourselves ; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester : I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

Prince. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. 160

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone : I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 169

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell : you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring ! farewell, All-hallowen summer ! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow : I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid : yourself and I will not be there ; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves ; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see : I'll tie them in the wood ; our vizards we will change after we leave them : and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humor of your idleness : 220
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for
come.

230

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more
eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-
CESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and
temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me : for accordingly
I tread upon my patience : but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves

10

The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own
hands

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do
see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye ;
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremp-
tory,

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we
need

20

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Wor.*]

You are now able to speak.

[*To North.*]

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength de-
nied

As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, 30
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new
reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came

40

Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and
talk'd,

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wall and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; and took't the rest, de-
manded

My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being
cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd negligently I know not what,
He should or he should not ; for he made me
mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman

Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save
the mark !—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

Answer'd I indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good
my lord,

70

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,

That we at our own charge shall ransom
straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight

Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of
March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend—
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he
took,

When on the gentle Severn's sodgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour—
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy

Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer—
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, hence—
forth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for
them,

I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and
pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!—
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my
soul

want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the
dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your
nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urged the ransom once again—
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he pro-
claim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclama-
tion:

And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set
forth

Upon his Irish expedition:—
From whence he intercepted did return—
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Rich-
ard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,
That wished him on the barren mountains
starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man

And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-
broke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off

By him for whom these shames ye under-
went?

No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Evenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night ! or sink or swim :

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple : O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy
leap,

To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced
moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honor by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corival, all her dignities :

But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures
here,

But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while, 211

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer !'

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but ' Mortimer,' and give it him

To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of
Wales, 230

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and im-
patient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourged with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 241

In Richard's time,—what do you call the
place ?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire :

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Shblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravens-
purgh.

North. At Berkley castle,
Hot. You say true : 250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look, ' when his infant fortune came to age,'
And ' gentle Harry Percy,' and ' kind cousin,'

O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive
me !

Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, I' faith,
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish pris-
oners. 255

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers
reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?
Wor. True ; who bears hard 270

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord
Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it ; upon my life, it will do
well.

North. Before the game is afoot, thou still
let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be : noble
plot ;

And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ? 281

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us
speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head ;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :
And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 200

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him. [this]

Wor. Cousin, farewell : no further go in Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly, I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ; Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet, To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms, Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust. 300

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport ! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho ! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler !

Ost. [Within] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point ; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots : this horse is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench ! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler ! come away and be hanged ! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body ! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler ! A paigne on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged ! hast no fault in thee ?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pray thee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft ; I know a trick worth two of that, I' faith. 41

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when ? canst tell ? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he ? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen : they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt carriers. 51

Gads. What, ho ! chamberlain !

Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-purse. *Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain ; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring ; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It hold : current that I told you yesternight : there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter ; they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshipp'st St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallow's ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and taon knowest he is no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : and yet, 'zounds, I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 91

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath li-quored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-

sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! what a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him. 9

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines. Poins ! Hal ! a plague upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another ! [*They whistle.*] Whew ! A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus ? 40

Prince. Thou liest ; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison : when a jest is so forward, and afoot too ! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice. Bardolph, what news ?

Bard. Case ye, case ye : on with your vizards : there's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all. 60

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Faunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gannet, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal. 71

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I : every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbor : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. Jesus bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them : fleece them. 90

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever !

Fal. Hang ye, gorballed knaves, are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand jurors, are ye ? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves

and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close : I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains! 110

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them : they all run away ; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other ; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along ; Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth castle.*

Enter HOTSPEUR, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;'—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself insorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself ? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower ? is there not besides the Douglas ? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month ? and are they not some of them set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart,

will be to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the king : we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate ! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ? 40

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep ? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit'st alone ?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ;

And given my treasures and my rights of thee To thick-eyed musing and curs'd melancholy ? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars ; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ; Cry 'Courage ! to the field !' And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war 59 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho !

Enter Servant.

Hot. Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ? 70

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall by my throne. Well, I will back him straight : O esperance ! Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord,

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape ! 80

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize; but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer
me

Directly unto this question that I ask;
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry. 90
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you triller! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mummings and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my
horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou
have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not,
indeed? 99

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I care not for myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate:
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout;
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer: for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,
Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [Exeunt. 120

SCENE IV. *The Bear's-Head Tavern,
Eastcheap.*

Enter the PRINCE, and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base-string of humility.
Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of draw-
ers; and can call them all by their christen
names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take
it already upon their salvation, that though I be
but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of
courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud
Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of
mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call
me, and when I am king of England, I shall
command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They
call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when
you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!'

and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so
good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,
that I can drink with any tinker in his own
language during my life. I tell thee, Ned,
thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not
with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—
to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this
pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into
my hand by an under-skinker, one that never
spake other English in his life than 'Eight
shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,'
with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir!
Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or
so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Fal-
staff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some
by-room, while I question my puny drawer to
what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou
never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to
me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside,
and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [Exit Poins. 10

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into
the Pongarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Fran-
cis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much
as to—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. 49

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease
for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis,
darest thou be so valiant as to play the cow-
ard with thy indenture and show it a fair pair
of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all
the books in England, I could find in my
heart,

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next
I shall be— 61

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my
lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for
the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penny-
worth, wast't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand
pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou
shalt have it. 70

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but
to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thurs-
day; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt.
But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin,

crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,— 80

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Exit. 109]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll set netter stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give

me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinks.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguesy to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men imbrag'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what murther you?

149

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 160

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last. 171

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us. 180

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a band-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 191

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us— 200

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them. 210

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bere my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 220

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 230

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose. 239

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? or art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so

dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this? 259

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.—

Fal. 'Shlood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away. 311

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. 319

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithce, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*]

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince: no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 339

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away: what instinct hadst thou for it? 350

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 361

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Ananion the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Prince. Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas,

that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. 380

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 389

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds. 399

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.

But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct. 409

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility. 429

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas,

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Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good

sickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point : why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses ? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also ; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 461

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent : of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare. 481

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand : judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false : nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. 489

Prince. Swearst thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man : a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Mummingtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that greiv' iniquity, that

father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you : whom means your grace ?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know. 510

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it ; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord ; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins ; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company : banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*
[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord ! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue ! Play out the play : I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord !

Prince. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a tiddlestick : what's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. 541

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras the rest walk up above. Now, my master, for a true face and good conscience. 55

Fal. Both which I have had : but that date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter. 560

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man.

For any thing he shall be charged withal;

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred [marks.]

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, 570

He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack

after supper, . . . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, . . . ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. 601

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kiteden, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born. 21

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the

herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. 40

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better

Welsh. I'll to dinner. 50
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
 By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60
 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
 Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right? 70
 According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it into three limits very equally:
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east is to my part assign'd;
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn; 80
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 A business that this night may execute,
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
 Within that space you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends and neighboring gentlemen. 90
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
 From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
 For there will be a world of water shed
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:
 See how this river comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me from the best of all my land
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100
 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
 And here the snug and silver Trent shall run
 In a new channel, fair and evenly;
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much. 110
 As on the other side it takes from you.
Hot. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
 And on this north side win this cape of land;
 And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh. 120
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
 For I was train'd up in the English court;
 Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp
 Many an English ditty lovely well
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
 A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
 And I am glad of it with all my heart:
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd, 131
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give three so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
 I'll haste the writer and withal
 Break with your wives of your departure hence:
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A coaching lion and a ramping cat,
An I such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what :
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys : I cried ' hum, ' and
' well, go to, '

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect 170
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humor ; faith, he
does :

I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof :
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame ;
And since your coming hither have done
enough

To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this
fault : 180

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd : good manners
be your speed ! 190
Here come our wives, and let us take our
leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers
me ;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps : she will not
part with you ;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She is desperate here ; a peevish
self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can
do good upon. [*The lady speaks in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty
Welsh 201
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation ;
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language ; for thy
tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
mad. [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes
lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night 220
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear
her sing :

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here : sit, and at-
tend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down : come, quick, quick, that I may lay my
head in thy lap. 231

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
Welsh ;

And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
musical for you are altogether governed by
humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady
sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,
howl in Irish. 241

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head
broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth. 251

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! Heart !
you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not
you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and

'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Fins-
bury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or
be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be
drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and
so, come in when ye will. [Exit.]

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you
are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. London. The palace.

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but he
near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.
[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, I
could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me won-
der, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputation banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he!
Others would say 'Where, which is Boling-
broke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60
With shallow jesters and rash havin' wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative.
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80
But rather drowzied and hung their eyelids
down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and
full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee
more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. 91

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gra-
cious lord,

Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state
 Than thou the shadow of succession ;
 For of no right, nor color like to right, 100
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honor hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority
 And military title capital 110
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
 Christ :

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
 clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumber-
 land,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
 timer,

Capitulate against us and are up. 120
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
 it so :

And God forgive them that so much have
 sway'd 130

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head
 And in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood
 And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
 with it :

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honor and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honor sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth ex-
 change

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up, 150
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in
 this : 160
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
 herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of
 speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
 speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
 That Douglas and the English rebels met
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
 to-day; 170

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
 For this advertisement is five days old:
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set for-
 ward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march: our
 meeting

Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
 Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business: let's away:
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. 180
 [Exit.

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head
 Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
 since this last action ? do I not late ? do I not
 dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like
 an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like
 an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that
 suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall
 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have
 no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten
 what the inside of a church is made of, I am a
 peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a
 church ! Company, villanous company, hath
 been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you
 cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it : come sing me a
 bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as vir-
 tuously given as a gentleman need to be ; vir-
 tuously enough ; swore little ; dined not above
 seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house
 not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid
 money that I borrowed, three or four times ;
 lived well and in good compass : and now I live
 out of all order, out of all compass,

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori : I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel : ' but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rankest up Gads-bill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting boufire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern ; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years ; God reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen ! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ? 61

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John ? do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess : Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, 20.

Host. Who, I ? no ; I defy thee : God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John ; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them. 81

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drink-

ings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it ; let him pay.

Host. He ? alas, he is poor ; he hath nothing.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face, what call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, wilt you make a younker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked ? I have lost a scolding of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper !

Fal. How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup ; 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. 101

Enter the PRINCE and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his transcheon like a fife.

How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, i' faith ? must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. Mylord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly ? How doth thy husband ? I love him well ; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack ? 111

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked : this house is turned bawdy-house ; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a scolding of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said I heard your grace say so ; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is ; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What ! he did not ?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune ; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox ; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 121

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it ; I am an honest man's wife ; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. 140

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou ?

Fal. What beast ! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John ! why an otter ?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so : thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou !

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess ; and he skanders thee most grossly. 150

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million : thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ? 160

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray Cod my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell : and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket ? 190

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad, how is that answered ?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee : the money is paid back again. 200

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labor.

Prince. I gin good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. 209

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heimously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph !

Bard. My lord ?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ; And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast, come ! 229

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself : Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honor : 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he is grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited :
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

¶ He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us ;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :

And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it : were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; † for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50
The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.
Houg. Faith, and so we should ;

Where now remains a sweet reversion :
† We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : it will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;

For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think

If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

Vern. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd, 90
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass ?
Vern. All furnish'd, all in arms ;

† All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;

Glittering in golden coats, like images, 100
As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus

And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun

in March, 111
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them

come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And so the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my

horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,

Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a course
O that Glendower were come !

Vern. There is more news :
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be : 130

My father and Glendower being both away.

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily :

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear Of death's hand for this one-half year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton Co'fil to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labor ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coining. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end. 10

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banms ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient ; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat ; nay, and the villains march

wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack ! how now, quilt !

Fal. What, Hal ! how now, mad wag ! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy : I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury. 55

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me : I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine. 60

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that ; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste : Percy is already in the field. 81

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, Sir John : I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast 85

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised ; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well :
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my
life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honor bid me on, 10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day
lives :

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
much.

Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-
day ; 21

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low :
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth
ours :

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from
the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and
would to God

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well ; and even those
some

Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should
stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all
speed

You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and well we know
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears ;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;

And when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, 61

To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.

Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him

Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,

Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for ;

Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90

Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March,

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales

There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,

Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;

In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on
wrong, 101

And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the
king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw
awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle 110
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace
and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *York. The ARCHBISHOP'S palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief

With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand, 11
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir
Michael,

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not
fear;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many moe courivals and dear men 31
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well opposed.

Arch. I hope noless, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against
him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.* 41

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's camp near Shewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above you busky hill! the day looks pale

At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknot
This curlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found
it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your
looks 30

Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For your my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother and his son,
That brought you home and boldly outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us, 41
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars

That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60

Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your
sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth 70
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulated.

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation;

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impart his cause; 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many
a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

In praise of Henry Percy: by his hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his;
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield, 110
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.
Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:

And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 120
Exit all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the
battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of
friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and fare-
well.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and
all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.
Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to
pay him before his day. What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me? Well,
'tis no matter: honor pricks me on. Yea, but
how if honor prick me off when I come on?
how then? Can honor set to a leg? no; or an
arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound?
no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no.
What is honor? a word. What is in that word
honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reck-
oning! Who hath it? he that died 'o' Wednes-
day. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it?
no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But
will it not live with the living? no. Why? de-
traction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none
of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so
ends my catechism. *Exit.*

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know,
Sir Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be.
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of
eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd
up, 10

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege.
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head 20

And on his father's: we did train him on,
And, his corruption being taken from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news ? 50

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn ;
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us. 41

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, aid bear it ;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me, 50

How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Wor. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms,
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimn'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you ; 60
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause : but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored 70
On his lollies ; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed ; and, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80
Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace. 90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best ; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy. 101

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

The King enters with his power. Alarm to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me ? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus .
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day

hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him ; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou
proud Scot ;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at
Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless
lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no : I know this face
full well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Seemably furnish'd like the king himself. 21

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes !

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his
coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats ;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away !

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. 29
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt : there's honor for you ! here's no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ? 40

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the boots of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged : I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prin^c. Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ? [*He throws the bottle at him.* *Exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so ; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grunting honor as Sir Walter hath ; give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. *Excursions.* Enter the KING, the PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too
much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help : 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

Lan. We breathe too long ; come, cousin
Westmoreland.

Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me,
Lancaster :

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John ;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the
point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all ! [*Exit.*]

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hy-
dra's heads :

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colors on them : what art
thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

King. The king himself ; who, Douglas,
grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30

And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field :

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king ;

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be ;

And thus I win thee. [*They fight ; the King*

being in danger, re-enters Prince of Wales.]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like

Never to hold it up again ! the spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
arms :

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight ; Douglas, &c.*]

Cheerly, my lord ; how fares your grace ?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,

And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile ;

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

And show'd them too make some tender of my
life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *[Exit.]*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not,
Percy.

To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee; 71

And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. *[They fight.]*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh: 80
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust.
And food for— *[Dies.]*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
fil-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 90
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, 100
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[He spith Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit. 110]*

Fal. *[Rising up]* Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah *[stabbing him]*, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes up Hotspur on his back]

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Jan. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did: I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes: 139
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy *[throwing the body down]*; if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lou. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. 159

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exit Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*
Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace, Pardon and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to:

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exit Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field? [*He saw*

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20 And falling from a hill, he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honorable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free: His valor shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lou. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exit.*

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597-98.)

INTRODUCTION.

[See Introduction to Part I.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.
KING HENRY the Fourth,
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, after-
wards King Henry V., } his
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE, } sons.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, }
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, }
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLEVILE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northum-
berland.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO.
SHALLOW, } country justices.
SILENCE, }
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and
BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and SNAKE, sheriff's officers.
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in
Eastcheap.
DOLL TEARSHEET.
Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers,
Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.
SCENE: *England.*

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you
will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:

(414)

And who but Rumour, who but only I. 11
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swom with some other
grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour
here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury

Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit. 40

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard;

Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[Exit Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him. 11

L. Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, 20
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,

Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrews-
bury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers,
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way; 30

And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd
me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury: 40

He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion 50

Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;

If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point

I'll give my barony; never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that
rode by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?

He was some hiding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
leaf, 60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the strand whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
bury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble
lord;

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy
cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his Troy was
 burnt ;
 But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue.
 And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
 This thou wouldst say, ' Your son did thus and
 thus ;
 Your brother thus : so fought the noble Doug-
 las :

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
 But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
 Ending with ' Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
 yet ;

But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
 See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !

He that but fears the thing he would not know
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton ;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
 said : 91

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
 dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
 Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;
 The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
 is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to be-
 lieve

That which I would to God I had not seen :
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
 breathed.

To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
 down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
 From whence with life he never more sprung
 up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
 Being bruided once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
 lead :

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, 121
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their
 fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was the noble Wor-
 cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious
 Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring
 sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
 king,

'Gan veil his stomach and did grace the
 shame

Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
 flight, 130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,

Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough
 to mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me
 sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
 well :

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
 joints, 140

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
 grief,

Are thrive themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
 nice crutch !

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
 quoin !

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
 hit.

Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
 bring 151

To frown upon the enraged Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's
 hand

Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being
 set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead ! 160

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
 my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
 from your honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give
 o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summi'd the account of chance, before
 you said
 'Let us make head.' It was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might
 drop :

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er ; 171
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars and that his forward
 spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger
 ranged :

Yet did you say 'Go forth ;' and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action : what hath then be-
 fallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
 forth,

More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this
 loss 180
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous
 seas

That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one ;
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most
 noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up
 With well-appointed powers : he is a man 190
 Who with a double surety binds his follow-
 ers.

My lord your son had only but the corpse,
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and
 souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's followed both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
 stoues ;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his
 cause :

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to
 speak truth, 210

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge ;
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with
 speed :

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. A street.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his
 sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doc-
 tor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
 good healthy water : but, for the party that
 owed it, he might have more diseases than he
 knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird
 at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded
 clay, man, is not able to invent anything that
 tends to laughter, more than I invent or is in-
 vented on me : I am not only witty in myself,
 but the cause that wit is in other men. I
 do here walk before thee like a sow that hath
 overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the
 prince put thee into my service for any other
 reason than to set me off, why then I have no
 judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou
 art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at
 my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate
 till now ; but I will inset you neither in gold nor
 silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back
 again to your master, for a jewel.—the juve-
 nal, the prince your master, whose chin is not
 yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard
 grow in the palm of my hand than he shall
 get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not
 stick to say his face is a face-royal : God may
 finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair aniss
 yet : he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a
 barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ;
 and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ
 man ever since his father was a bachelor. He
 may keep his own grace, but he's almost out
 of mine, I can assure him. What said Master
 Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak
 and my slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
 better assurance than Bardolph : he would
 not take his band and yours ; he liked not the
 security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton !
 pray God his tongue be hotter ! A whoreson
 Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave !
 to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand
 upon security ! The whoreson smooth-pates
 do now wear nothing but high shoes, and
 lances of keys at their girdles ; and if a
 man is through with them in honest taking
 up, then they must stand upon security. I
 had as lief they would put ratsbane in my
 mouth as offer to stop it with security. I
 looked a' should have sent me two and twenty
 yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he
 sends me security. Well, he may sleep in se-
 curity ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and
 the lightness of his wife shines through it ;
 and yet cannot he see, though he have his own
 lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
 worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy
 me a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me

but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived. 61

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait, close ; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ? 69

Serv. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder ; my master is deaf. 79

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John !

Fal. What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter : hence ! avaunt !

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord ! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say your lordship was sick : I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time ; and I must humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty : you would not come when I sent for you. 121

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is. 130

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain : 't have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well ; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient ; your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty ; but how should I be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infancy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 160

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer. [prince.]

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful

Fal. The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 171

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 181

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord : your ill angel is light ; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go : I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bear-herd : pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapeth them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 200

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him ! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents ; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion !

Fal. God send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry : I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. 230

Fal. Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day : for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it : well, I cannot last ever : but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I

would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is : I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest ; and God bless your expedition !

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ? 251

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well : commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the degrees prevent my cures. Boy ! 260

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster : this to the prince ; this to the Earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it ; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout ! or a gout of this pox ! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt ; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing : I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *York. The Archbishop's palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWERAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes ;

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Morb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present masters grow upon the file 10

To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus ; [said]

Whether our present five and twenty thousand hold up head without Northumberland ?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand ; 21
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for
indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lined him-
self with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his
thoughts : 30

And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did
hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of
war,

Indeed the instant action ; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which to prove
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40
That frosts will bite them. When we mean
to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the
model ;

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great
work,

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half
through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of
fair birth, [sness'd

Should be still-born, and that we now pos-
sessed the utmost man of expectation.

I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What is the king but five and
twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70

Are in three heads : one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels ; never fear that. 80
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his
forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and West-
moreland ;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth ;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own
choice ;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke, [be !

Before he was what thou wouldst have him
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, bestly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit
up,

And how'st to find it. What trust is in these
times ? 100

They that, when Richard lived, would have
him die,

Are now become enamor'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly
head

When through proud London he came sigh-
ing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cries now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this !' O thoughts of men
accursed !

Past and to come seems best ; things present
worst.

Morb. Shall we go draw our numbers and
set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time
bids be gone. [Exeunt. 110

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her,
and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff. 10

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of our our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child. 20

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but tist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an intuitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saying your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indicted to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lambert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that ariant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly. 49

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph. 60

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you fastidious! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me. 70

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fit! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? 80

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whieson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife, canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that the eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous; no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it. 151

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humors, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: if faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still. 170

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [To *Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; look on, look on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her. [Exit *Hostess, Bardolph, Officers and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord? 180

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: 190

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go. 200

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exit.

SCENE II. *London. Another street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out

the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes, faith ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. 41

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick ; albeit I could tell thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency : let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason ?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite. 50

Prince. It would be every man's thought ; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine ; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on ; I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff : a' had him from me Christian ; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace !

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph !

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become ! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead ?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last I

spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited ? 90

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

Page. Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away !

Prince. Instruct us, boy ; what dream, boy ?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation : there 'tis, boy. 100

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers ! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town : there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master ? 110

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place ; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] 'John Falstaff, knight, '— every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself : even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that ?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :

Poins. [*Reads.*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace !

Poins. [*Reads.*] 'I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity : he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest ; and so, farewell. 141

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of

his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ?
must I marry your sister ? 151

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune ! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ? 160

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in East-cheap.

Prince. What company ?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him ?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be ?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 170

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ? [low you.]

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town : there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it. 180

Prince. Fare you well ; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some rood.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 191

Prince. From a God to a bull ? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine ; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :

Put not you on the visage of the times

And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn ;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10

When you were more endeared to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear

Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?

There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it !

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move 20

To do brave acts ; he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :

He had no legs that practised not his gait ;
And speaking thick, which nature made his

blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;

For those that could speak low and tardily

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight.

In military rules, humors of blood, 30

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him !

O miracle of men ! him did you leave,

Second to none, unseconded by you,

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage : to abide a field

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible : so you left him.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong

To hold your honor more precise and nice 40

With others than with him ! let them alone :

The marshal and the archbishop are strong ;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from

me

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go and meet with danger there,

Or it will seek me another place

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, 50
Till that the nobles and the armed commons

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage
of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son ;

He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;

And never shall have length of life enough

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way;
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Bear's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poin's anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. P' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulse beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court,
—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]
[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith, 40
Fal. So is all her sect; and they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that my poor virtue, grant that. 51

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and onches: ' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely: to venture upon the charged chambers bravely.—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself! 59

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one hear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbors: I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now; shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbor Quickly,' says he; 'Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbor Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil: for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name: 'now a' said so, I can tell whereupon: 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on: therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn

back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an' were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swag-gers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! 119

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you. 131

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! When, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, Good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 150

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I; I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold down and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fautors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, if I faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your cholera.

Pist. These be good humors, indeed! Si! all pack-horses

And hollow jauper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with 181

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here? 189

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire;

Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars. 201

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling; nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs. 209

Pist. What! shall we have decision? shall we imbue? [Snatching up his sword.] Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumnit! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant

now. Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you !

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin ? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors ?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder. 231

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweetest ! come, let me wipe thy face ; come on, you whoreson chops ; ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee ; thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies ; ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket. 241

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart : an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foaming o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's-head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor's the prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit. 260

Fal. He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet. [then ?]

Dol. Why does the prince love him so,

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their *avoirdupois*.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ? 279

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot. 281

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 290

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money o' Thursday : shall have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late ; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so ; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return ; well, harken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*]

Poins. }
Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? And art not thou Poins his brother ?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ! 310

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman ; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. 321

Dol. How, you fat fool ! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson caudle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

Host. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you. [abuse.]

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor ; no

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what ?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse ?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him ; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal : none, Ned, none : no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him ; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women ?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money ; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you. 369

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so : what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking within. 380

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now ! what news ?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster :

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north : and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good
night. [Exit Prince Henry, Poins,
Peto and Bardolph.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of

the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [Knocking within.] More knocking at the door !

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now ! what's the matter ? 400

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah Farewell, hostess ; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches : if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak ; if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Exit Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Host. Well, fare thee well ! I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honest and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet !

Host. What's the matter ?

Bard. [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master. 419

Host. O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll : come. [She comes blubbered.] Yea, will you come, Doll ? [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Westminster. The palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them ; make good speed. [Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee 10
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
 With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

King. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all,
 my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?
War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our
 kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow
 And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd ;
 Which to his former strength may be restored
 With good advice and little medicine :

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God ! that one might read the
 book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
 The beaehy girdle of the ocean 50
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances
 mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress
 through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great
 friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
 Were they at wars : it is but eight years since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul, 61
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
 And laid his love and life under my foot,
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
 You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[*To Warwick.*

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now proved a proph-
 ecy ? 69

' Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state

That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :
 'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
 head,

Shall break into corruption : ' so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased ; 81
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of
 time ;

And by the necessary form of this
 King Richard might create a perfect gness
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like necessities :
 And that same word even now cries out on us ;
 They say the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your
 grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily. 101

To comfort you the more, I have received
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel :
 And were these inward wars once out of land,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Gloucestershire. Before JUSTICE
 SHALLOW's house.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ;
 MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-
 CALF, a Servant or two with them.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir ;
 give me your hand, sir, give me your hand,
 sir : an early stirrer, by the food ! And how
 doth my good cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
 fellow ? and your fairest daughter and mine,
 my god-daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow ! 9

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my
 cousin William is become a good scholar : he
 is at Oxford still, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inn o' court
 shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where
 I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,
 cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing ;
 and I would have done any thing indeed too,
 and roundly too. There was I, and little John
 Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes,

and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots-wold man; you had not four such swinge-backlers in all the imms o' court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the bouarobas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hitler anon about soldiers? 31

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin. 39

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot; John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think. 60

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backward man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth? 71

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good; a good phrase. 79

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day,

I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just, 89

Enter FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand; by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome. 100

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy? 111

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a goodlimbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said. 120

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent! 129

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shal. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female

is the shadow of the male. it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart? 150

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fec. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble? 160

Fec. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fec. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor; well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fec. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fec. It shall suffice, sir. 180

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked? 190

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that my friends shall ring for thee. Is here all? 199

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive? 211

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow. 219

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. 229

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner; Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[Exit Falstaff and the Justices.]
Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside. 249.

Fec. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death; I'll ne'er bear a base mind; can't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so; no man is too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fec. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf. 261

Fal. Go too; well. [Have?]

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you. 271

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is; a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 280

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master: he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 311

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you. 320

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] Oh, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street: and every third word a lie, duer

paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutehd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have received New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus: Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality, 11
The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
Touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy : 20
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave
them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts
us here ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmore-
land.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general.

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland,
in peace :

What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord, 30

Unto your grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebel-
lion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanced by boys and beggary,

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fair honors. You, lord arch-
bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
touch'd, tutor'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such

grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war :

Turning your books to † graves, your ink to

blood, 50

Your pens to lances and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ? so the question
stands.

Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,

And we must bleed for it ; of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died,

But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician, 60

Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men ;

But rather show awhile like fearful war,

To diet rank minds sick of happiness

And purge the obstructions which begin to

stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs

we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth
run, 70

And are enforced from our most quiet there

By the rough torrent of occasion :

And have the summary of all our griefs,

When time shall serve, to show in articles ;

Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,

And might by no suit gain our audience :

When we are wrong'd and would unfold our

griefs,

We are denied access unto his person

Even by those men that most have done us

wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80

Whose memory is written on the earth

With yet appearing blood, and the examples

Of every minute's instance, present now,

Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms.

Not to break peace or any branch of it,

But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal

denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king ?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forged rebellion with a seal divine

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. † My brother general, the common-
wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such re-
dress ;

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us

all

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100

And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honors ?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed, it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me

Either from the king or in the present time

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on : were you not restored

To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories, 111

Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honor, had my father

lost,

That need to be revived and breathed in me ?

The king that loved him, as the state stood

then.

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :

And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,

Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers

down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,

Then, then, when there was nothing could
have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw ;
Then threw he down himself and all their
lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
smiled ?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers
and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general 141
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this
offer ;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it
so ;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo ! within a ken our army lies, 151
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason will our heart should be as good :
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no
parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
offence : 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commis-
sion,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's
name :

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmore-
land, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd, 170
All members of our cause, both here and
hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills

To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet ; 179
And either end in peace, which God so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make
our peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action ;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this ; the
king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean

And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance ; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land

As his misdoings present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend :

So that this land, like an offensive wife 210
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :

And therefore be assured, my good lord mar-
shal, 220

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : pleaseth
your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others; from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum, 9
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us the speaker in his parliament ;
To us the imagined voice of God himself ;
The very opener and intelligencer 20
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable ? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30
I am not here against your father's peace ;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court.

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

Last. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt ;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
And so success of mischief shall be born

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow. 50

To sound the bottom of the after-times

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well.

And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mi-stook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,

As we will ours ; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens
home

Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word :

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace : let them have pay, and
part : 70

I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit Officers.*

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland,

West. I pledge your grace ; and, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry ;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd ; hark, how they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest :

For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90

And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our
trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night
together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed al-
ready ;
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school
broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ;
for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :
And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mow-
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honor-
able ? 110

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :
I promised you redress of these same grievan-
ces

Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine
honor,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd
stray : 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of
death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Alarun. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF
and COLEVILLE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condi-
tion are you, and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir, and my name is
Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Coleville is your name, a

knight is your degree, and your place the dale :
Coleville shall bestill your name, a traitor your
degree, and the dungeon your place, a place
deep enough ; so shall you be still Coleville of
the dale. 10

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whose'er I
am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for
you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of
thy lovers, and they weep for thy death :
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do
observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and
in that thought yield me. 19

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in
this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them
all speaks any other word but my name. An I
had but a belly of any indifference, I were
simply the most active fellow in Europe : my
womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me.
Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WEST-
MORELAND, BLUNT, and others.*

Lan. The heat is past ; follow no further
now :

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come : 30

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should
be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and
check was the reward of valor. Do you think
me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I,
in my poor and old motion, the expedition of
thought ? I have speeded hither with the very
extremest inch of possibility ; I have fundered
nine score and odd posts : and here, travel-
tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immacu-
late valor, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale,
a most furious knight and valorous enemy.
But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ;
that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed
fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

Fal. I know not : here he is, and here I
yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be
booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or,
by the Lord, I will have it in a particular bal-
lad else, with mine own picture on the top on't,
Coleville kissing my foot : to the which course
if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt
twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of
fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon
doth the cinders of the element, which show
like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of
the noble : therefore let me have right, and let
desert mount. 61

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord,

that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile ?

Cole. It is, my lord

Lan. A famous rebet art thou, Colevile.

Cole. And a famous true subject took him. 70

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither : had they been ruled by
me,

You should have won them dearer than you
have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves :
but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself
away gratis ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution : 80

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard
him sure.

[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my
lords :

I hear the king my father is sore sick :
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave
to go

Through Gloucestershire : and, when you come
to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my con-
dition, 90

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit : 'twere
better than your dukedom. Good faith, this
same young sober-blooded boy doth not love
me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh : but
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's
never none of these demure boys come to any
proof for thin drink doth so over-cool their
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they
fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and
then, when they marry, they get venches ;
they are generally fools and cowards ; which
some of us should be too, but for inflamma-
tion. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold op-
eration in it. It ascends me into the brain ;
dries me there all the foolish and dull and
curdy vapors which environ it ; makes it ap-
prehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble
fiery and delectable shapes ; which, delivered
o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth,
becomes excellent wit. The second property
of your excellent sherris is the warming of
the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left
the liver white and pale, which is the badge of
pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris
warms it and makes it course from the in-
wards to the parts extreme : it illumineeth the
face, which as a beacon gives warning to all
the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm ;

and then the vital commoners and inland petty
spirit : master me all to their captain, the
heart, who, great and puffed up with this re-
tinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valor
comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon
is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work ;
and learning a mere hoar of gold kept by a
devil, till sack commences it and sets it in
act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry
is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally
inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterner
and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled
with excellent endeavor of drinking good and
good store of fertile sherris, that he is become
very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand
sons, the first humane principle I would teach
them should be, to forswear thin potations
and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucester-
shire ; and there will I visit Master Robert
Shallow, esquire : I have him already temper-
ing between my finger and my thumb, and
shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem
Chamber.*

*Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS OF
CLARENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK, and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give suc-
cessful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested.

And every thing lies level to our wish :

Only, we want a little personal strength :

And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,

Come underneath the yoke of government. 13

War. Both which we doubt not but your
majesty

Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother ?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied ?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clare-
nce, with him ?

Glou. No, my good lord ; he is in presence
here.

Clar. What would my lord and father ?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother ? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas ;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
 And noble offices thou mayst effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
 By seeming cold or careless of his will;
 For he is gracious, if he be observed: 30
 He hath a tear for pity and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
 As humorous as winter and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observed
 'Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn
 this, Thomas, 41
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion—
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do
 shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days
 And rotten time that you shall look upon 60
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 Whea means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affection fly
 Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;

The prince but studies his companions
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the
 language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
 Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, come to no further use
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross
 terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers; and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must meet the lives of
 others.

Turning past evils to advantages.
King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave
 her comb
 In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's
 hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scoop, Hastings and all
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
 The manner how this action hath been borne
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,
 With every course in his particular. 90

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
 bird,

Which ever in the hunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your
 majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they
 fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-
 dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
 The manner and true order of the fight 100
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good
 news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach and no food;
 Such are the poor in health; or else a feast
 And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news; 109
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
 O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
 look up.

War. Be patient, princes: you do know,
 these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
 well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these
 pangs:

The incessant care and labor of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure that should confine **it**
 in

So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles, Say it did so a little time before That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence 131

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

SCENE V. *Another chamber.*

The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favorable hand Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king? 10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but the Prince.* 20

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide!

To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armor worn in heat of day, 30
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not: Did he suspire, that light and weightless down! Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep That from this golden rigol hath divorced So many English kings. Thy due from me Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood, Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plentifully: 40 My due from thee is this imperial crown, Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honor from me: this from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Erit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace? 50

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out. 60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Erit Warwick.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease, And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care.

Their bones with industry; 70

For this they have engrossed and piled up The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me ?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his
knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away
the crown ?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,
Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 91

[Exit Warwick and the rest.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak
again. [thought:]

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my
honors

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few
hours

Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation ;
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an
hour ? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself.
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that which gave thee life unto the
worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form :
Harry the Fifth is crown'd ; up, vanity ! 120
Now, royal state ! all you sage counsellors,
hence !

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your
scum :

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;
England shall double gild his treble guilt, 129
England shall give him office, honor, might ;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for
my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your
majesty, 151

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed !
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it : 'The care on thee de-
pendung

Hath fed upon the body of my father ; 160
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold ;
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most re-
nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most
royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it !
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;



PRINCE HENRY.

*"There is your crown,
And He that wears the crown immortal'y
Long guard it yours!"*

KING HENRY IV. *Act II. sc. 2.*



And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation; go
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
chased, 200

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
green;
And all my friends, which thou must make
thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
out;

By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Least rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence
borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
Prince. My gracious liege, 221

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my
royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and
peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period. 231
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land: 239
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Gloucestershire. SHALLOW's house.

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and
Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not
away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not
be excused; excuses shall not be admitted;
there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not
be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir. 9

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,
Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea,
marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir
John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts can-
not be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow
the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for
William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note
for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John,
you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
must need be had; and, sir, do you mean to
stop any of William's swages, about the sack he
lost the other day at Hincley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons,
Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of
mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,
tell William cook. 30

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,
sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a
friend of the court is better than a penny in
purse. Use his men well, Davy: for they are
arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten,
sir, for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy
business, Davy. 40

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance
William Visor of Wincot against Clement
Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy,
against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant
knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a

knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph; and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the scemblable coherence of his men's spirits and his; they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise hearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill hid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; and to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him;

The service that I truly did his life hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself 10

To welcome the condition of the time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry;

O that the living Harry had the temper of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glon. Good morrow, cousin.

Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glon. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find, 30

You stand in coldest expectation;

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me, I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY the Fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think. Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness. 61

Princes. We hope no other from your
majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and
you most;

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured
rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to
prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this
easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment:

Whereon, as an offender to your father, 81

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person;

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body. 90

Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours;

Be now the father and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely
sighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part

And in your power soft silencing your son:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 101

King. You are right, justice, and you
weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the
sword;

And I do wish your honors may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son, 110

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice.' You did commit

me:

For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have used to
bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the
[same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth:

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
ear.

And I will stoop and humble my intents 120

To your well-practised wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies and to maze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130

Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament:

And let us choose such limbs of noble coun-
sel,

That the great body of our state may go

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us;

In which you, father, shall have foremost
hand. 140

Our coronation done, we will accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state:

And, God consigning to my good intents,

No prince nor peer shall have just cause to
say,

God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Gloucestershire. Shallow's
orchard.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY,
BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard,
where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's
pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of car-
aways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence:
and then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air.
Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said,
Davy. 10

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John : by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper : a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down : come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[Singing.]

And praise God for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20
And lusty lads roan here and there
So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart ! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon ; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface ! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink : but you must bear : the heart's all. [Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph ; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
[Singing.]

For women are shrews, both short and tall ;
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle. 41

Sil. Who, I ? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [To Bardolph.]

Shal. Davy !

Davy. Your worship ! I'll be with you straight [to Bardolph]. A cup of wine, sir ?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
[Singing.]

And drink unto the leman mine ;
And a merry heart lives long-a. 50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come ; [Singing.]
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome : if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy.—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha ! will you not, Master Bardolph ?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee : the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out ; he is true bred. 71

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at your door there, ho ! who knocks ?

[Exit Davy.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me a bumper. [To Silence, seeing him take off a rump.]

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.]
And dub me knight :
Samingo.

Is't not so ?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so ? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court ! let him come in

Enter PISTOL

How now, Pistol !

Pist. Sir John, God save you !

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff !

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base ! Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world. 101

Pist. A foudre for the world and worldlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?

And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir : if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian ? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foudre for thine office ! 120
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :

When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities. 130

Bard. O joyful day !

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt ; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots : we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol ! Away, Bardolph ! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow : I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief-justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

'Where is the life that late I led ?' say they : Why, here it is ; welcome these pleasant days ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in *HOSTESS QUICKLY* and *DOLL TEARSHEET*.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do misery, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb misery !

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy furnished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might ! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice. 30

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones !

Host. Thou atomy, thou !

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace ; I will leer upon him as a' comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 9

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 29

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obscure hoc nihil est : 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. [*Liver.*]

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble and make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison ; Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake, 39

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE among them

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis to speak?

Fal. My king! my love! I speak to thee, my heart! 50

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swoll'n, so old and so profane;

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was; 60

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, 70

That lack of means enforce you not to evil;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [*Exeunt King, &c.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 80

Fal. That can hardly be. Master Shallow, do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a color. 91

Shal. A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-entr PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. 100

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*]

Lon. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are. [my lord.

Lon. The king hath call'd his parliament,

Ch. Just. He hath. 110

Lon. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.

Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my

courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech

now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should

say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be

it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray

your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this:

which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors,

lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate

me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs?

and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will

make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven

me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble

author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine

of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be

killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My

tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before

you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1599.)

INTRODUCTION.

This play is not mentioned by Meres, and the reference in the chorus of Act V. to Essex in Ireland, and in the Prologue to "this wooden O," *i. e.* the Globe Theatre, built in 1599, make it probable that 1599 was the date of its production. A pirated imperfect quarto appeared in the following year. In this play Shakespeare bade farewell in trumpet tones to the history of England. It was a fitting climax to the great series of works which told of the sorrow and the glory of his country, embodying as it did the purest patriotism of the days of Elizabeth. And as the noblest glories of England are presented in this play, so it presents Shakespeare's ideal of active, practical, heroic manhood. If Hamlet exhibits the dangers and weakness of the contemplative nature, and Prospero, its calm and its conquest, Henry exhibits the utmost greatness which the active nature can attain. He is not an astute politician like his father; having put every thing upon a sound substantial basis he need not strain anxious eyes of foresight to discern and provide for contingencies arising out of doubtful deeds; for all that naturally comes within its range he has an unerring eye. A devotion to great objects outside of self fills him with a force of glorious enthusiasm. Hence his religious spirit and his humility or modesty—he feels that the strength he wields comes not from any clever disposition of forces due to his own prudence, but streams into him and through him from his people, his country, his cause, his God. He can be terrible to traitors, and his sternness is, without a touch of personal revenge. In the midst of danger he can feel so free from petty heart-aching cares as to enjoy a piece of honest, soldierly mirth. His wooing is as plain, frank, and true as are his acts of piety. He invites around himself in loyal service, the faring nationalities of his father's time—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, all are at Henry's side at Agincourt. Having presented his ideal of English kinhood, Shakespeare could turn aside from history. In this play to character except Henry greatly interested Shakespeare, unless it be the Welsh Fluellen, whom he loves (as Scott loved the Baron of Bradwardine) for his real simplicity underlying his apparatus of learning, and his touching faith in the theory of warfare.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
LORDS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and
WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLEULLEN,
MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King
Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the
same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOUR-
BON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDIER, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly
Mistress Quickly, and now married to
Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-
sengers, and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE : *England ; afterwards France.*

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword
and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
all,

The flat unrais'd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er
times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[*Exit.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the
KING'S palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and
the BISHOP of ELY.*

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill
is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's
reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it
now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,

We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church 10
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's
honor,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires:
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs
the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair re-
gard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it
not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise. 30
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a
prelate: 40
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his
study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorie:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean
it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are
ceased ;

And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill 70
Urged by the commons ? Both his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my
lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off ? 90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that
instant
Craved audience ; and the hour, I think, is
come

To give him hearing : is it four o'clock ?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy ;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear
it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and*
Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of
Canterbury ?

Exc. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege ?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin : we would be
resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, *and*
the BISHOP of ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your
sacred throne

And make you long become it !

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you,

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 10

Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim ;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth ;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to, 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our per-
son,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war ;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed ;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd 31

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,
and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant :'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land :'

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond 41
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe ;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law ; to wit, no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.

Then doth it well appear that Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France ;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law ;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the
Great 61

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended

Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir
male 70

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,

Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lor-
raine :

By the which marriage the line of Charles the
Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female :
So do the kings of France unto this day : 90

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
make this claim ?

Cont. The sin upon my head, dread sover-
eign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance 99
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back into your mighty ancestors :

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
tomb,
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike
spirit,

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince.

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father or a mill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead

And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage that renown'd them
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant
liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ecc. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath can-
and means and might ;

So hath your highness ; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cont. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege, 130

With blood and sword and fire to win your
right ;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time

Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cont. They of those marches, gracious
sovereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

But fear the main intentment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us ;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbor-
hood.

Cont. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself :
When all her chivalry hath been in France

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended 160

But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots ; whom she did send to
France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying very old and
true,

' If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin :

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170

Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Erc. It follows then the cat must stay at home :

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home ;

For government, though high and low and lower, 180

Put into parts, must keep in one consent,

Congreing in a full and natural close,

Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavor in continual motion ;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts ; 190

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor ;

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey, 200

The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously

As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one

town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;

As many lines close in the dial's centre ; 210

So many a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my

liege.

Divide your happy England into four ;

Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let us be worried and our nation lose

The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from

the Dauphin. [*Ereunt some Attendants.*]

Now are we well resolved ; and, by God's help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces ; or there we'll sit,

Ruling in large and ample empery

O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-

doms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Tombless, with no remembrance over them ;

Either our history shall with full mouth 230

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless

mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleas-

ure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to

give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;

Or shall we sparingly show you far off

The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ? 240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian

king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons ;

Therefore with frank and with uncurbed

plainness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,

Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the

Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our master

Says that you savor too much of your youth,

And bids you be advised there's nought in

France 251

That can be with a nimble galliard won ;

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,

Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin

speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Erc. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so

pleasant with us ;

His present and your pains we thank you for ;

When we have march'd our rackets to these

balls, 261

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a

wrangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd

With chaces. And we understand him well,

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them ;

We never valued this poor seat of England ;

And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from

home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,

Be like a king and show my sail of greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of France ;

For that I have laid by my majesty

And plodded like a man for working-days,

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, 279

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us,

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;

And some are yet ungoten and unborn That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on, To vengeance as I may and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin

His jest will savor but of shallow wit.

When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well. *[Exeunt Ambassadors.]*

Evo. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300 That may give furtherance to our expedition ;

For we have now no thought in us but France, Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars

Be soon collected and all things thought upon That may with reasonable swiftness add

More feathers to our wings ; for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought, That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt. Flourish.]

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies : Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man :

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,

Following the mirror of all Christian kings,

With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,

And hides a sword from hilts unto the point

With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,

Promised to Harry and his followers. 11

The French, advised by good intelligence

Of this most dreadful preparation,

Shake in their fear and with pale policy

Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightest thou do, that honor would thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural !

But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out 20

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills

With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,

Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed !

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;

And by their hands this grace of kings must die,

If hell and treason hold their promises.

Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30

Linger your patience on ; and we'll digest

The abuse of distance ; force a play :

The sun is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;

The king is set from London ; and the scene is now transported, gentles, to Southampton ;

There is the playhouse now, there must you see it :

And thence to France shall we convey you safe,

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may, 39

We'll not offend one stomach with our play. But, till the king come forth, and not till then,

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BAR-DOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and your friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ;

but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will wink and hold out mine iron : it is

a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another

man's sword will : and there's an end. 11

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn

brothers to France : let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot

live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly ; and certainly she

did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her. 21

Nym. I cannot tell : things must be as they

may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife : good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol ! 30

Pist. Base like, call'st thou me host ? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long ; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now ! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

Bard. Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish !

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland !

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off ? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog ? O viper vile !

The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face ; 50
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lngs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms ; if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may ; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight !

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near ;

Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say : he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might ; and fury shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give :
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms ; that is the humor of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge !'
That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?

No ; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her spouse :
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she ; and — pauca, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess ; he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue ! 90

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to France together : why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 100

Nym. That now I will have : that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound : push home. [*They draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ? 111

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brother-
hood :

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;
Is not this just ? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid. 120

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

Re-ent'ring Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight ; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ; His heart is fractured and corroborate. 130

Nym. The king is a good king ; but it must

be as it may; he passes some humors and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins we will live.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exc. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exc. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell to
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of France,

Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded. 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you. 30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness:

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quitance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labor shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and
digested, [man,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. And now to our
French causes: 60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and,
sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthi-
ness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now,
gentlemen! 71

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they
change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you
there

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. To which we all appeal.

Scroop. }
K. Hen. } The mercy that was quick in us
but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cam-
bridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou
cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely
see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them ;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder : 110
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being
fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! Show me dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and
learned ?

Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?

Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ? 130
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem .
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best induced
With some suspicion . I will weep for thee ; 140
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open :
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;

And God acquit them of their practices !

Ere. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;

And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce ;

Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended :

But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

Grey. Never did faithful subject more re-
joice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself.

Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear
your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his
coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter, 170

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touling our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you . Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give 179
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey,
guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings . We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothen'd on our way.

Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190

Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea : the signs of war advance :
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. Before a tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and
Boy.

Host. Prithce, honey-sweet husband, let
me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe : Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins :

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is
dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell !

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell : he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom. A' made a finer end and went away
an it had been any christom child ; a' parted
even just between twelve and one, even at the
turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble
with the sheets and play with flowers and smile
upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but
one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,
and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, sir
John !' quoth I : 'what, man ! be o' good
cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God !'
three or four times. Now I, to comfort him,
bid him a' should not think of God ; I hoped
there was no need to trouble himself with any
such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more
clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the
bed and felt them, and they were as cold as
any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and they
were as cold as any stone, and so upward and
upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did. 30

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did ; and said they were
devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation ; 'twas
a color he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have
him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle
women ; but then he was rheumatic, and
talked of the whore of Babylon. 41

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea
stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was
a black soul burning in hell-fire ?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained
that fire : that's all the riches I got in his ser-
vice.

Nym. Shall we shog ? the king will be
gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me
thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables : 50
Let senses rule ; the word is 'Pitch and Pay :'
Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck :

Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food they
say. 60

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ;
but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear : keep close,
I thee command.

Host. Farewell ; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAU-
PHIN, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE,
the CONSTABLE, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full
power upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-
patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defend-
ant ;

For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf 10

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in
question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and col-
lected,

As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth

To view the sick and feeble parts of France :

And let us do it with no show of fear ;

No, with no more than if we heard that Eng-
land

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !

You are too much mistaken in this king : 30

Question your grace the late ambassadors,

With what great state he heard their em-
bassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception, and withal

How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high con-
stable ;

But though we think it so, it is no matter :

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems :

So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;

Which of a weak or niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet
him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain 51
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales ;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French
fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for
coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem
to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England ?

Exc. From him ; and thus he greets your
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, [days,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you overlook this pedigree ; 90
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exc. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
That, if requiring fail, he will compel :
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my mes-
sage : 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further :

To-morrow shall you hear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : what to him from Eng-
land ?

Exc. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard,
contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king ; and ' if your father's high-
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That eaves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your
mock

In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exc. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now : now he weighs
time

Even to the utmost grain : that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. 140

Exc. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that
our king

Come here himself to question our delay :
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions :

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phebus fanning :
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused ; behold the threaten'd sails, 10
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow :
 Grapple your minds to sterriage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance ;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back ;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not ; and the nimble gunner
 With lustre now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.
 [Exit.]

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scolding-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head 10
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest Eng-lish,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argu-ment : 21

Dishonor not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30

I see you stand like greyhounds in the ships,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry ' God for Harry, England, and Saint George !'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay : the knocks are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives : the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humors do abound :

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,
 In bloody field, 10

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I lie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
 As bird doth sing on boughs. 20

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity,
sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors! your honor wins bad humors. [*Exit all but Boy.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-fac'd; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence, Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. 60

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermine; by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, in the world: I will verify as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines

of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 80

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' nunchicant wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James. 90

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sould the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour; O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! 99

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry. 111

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 121

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— 131

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A ! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley. 149

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war ; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls ; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parole we will admit ;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me
best,

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of
heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, moving like
grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell
feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are
cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-

flleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in your command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of
grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds 30

Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls,

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls con-
fused

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of
Jewry 40

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and this
avoid,

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great
king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft
mercy.

Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible. 50

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle
Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French ;
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish.* *The King and his train enter
the town.*

SCENE IV. *The FRENCH KING'S palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu
parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez : il faut que
j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous
la main en Anglois ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les
doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ?
je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui,
de fingres. 11

Kath. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de
fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ;
j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois viteinent.
Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de
nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je
parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort
bon Anglois. 20

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame,

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès a présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow. 31

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; de menton, de sin. 32

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de nails, —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de elbow. 50

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je : de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh ! le foot et le coun ! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à dîner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France ; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards ! 10

Mont de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frows ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth, 19

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ? O, for honor of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweet drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ! Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honor, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth 20

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach kavalts high and swift corantos ; Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald ? speed him hence :

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honor edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field : 39

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of

Berri, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vandemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-

berg, Foix, Lestrale, Bonciqualt, and Charolois ; High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Hartleur : Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :

Go down upon him, you have power enough, And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march, For I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy.

And let him say to England that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in
Rouen.

Dau. Not so. I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come
you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnani-
mous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love
and honor with my soul, and my heart, and
my duty, and my life, and my living, and
my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised
and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps
the bridge most valiantly, with excellent dis-
cipline. There is an anchient lieutenant there
at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he
is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he
is a man of no estimation in the world; but I
did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Anchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
vors:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound
of heart,

And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind, 30

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Anchient Pistol.
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffer afore
her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is
blind; and she is painted also with a wheel,
to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that
she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability,
and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed
upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls,
and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most
excellent description of it: Fortune is an excel-
lent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns
on him;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a'
be;

A damned death!

Let gullows gape for dog; let man go free

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy
voice:

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee
requite. 51

Flu. Anchient Pistol, I do partly under-
stand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, anchient, it is not a thing
to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my
brother, I would desire the duke to use his
good pleasure, and put him to execution; for
discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy
friendship! 60

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit
rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-
purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave
words at the bridge as you shall see in a sum-
mer's day. But it is very well; what he has
spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when
time is serve. 69

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that
now and then goes to the wars, to grace him-
self at his return into London under the form
of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in
the great commanders' names: and they will
learn you by rote where services were done;
at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at
such a convoy; who came off bravely, who
was shot, who disgraced, what terms the
enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly
in the phrase of war, which they triek up with
new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the
general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will
do among foaming bottles and ale-washed
wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you
must learn to know such slanders of the age,
or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do
perceive he is not the man that he would gladly
make show to the world he is: if I find a hole
in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum
heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I
must speak with him from the pridge. 91

*Drum and colors. Enter KING HENRY,
GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.*

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! earnest thou
from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The
Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained
the pridge: the French is gone off, look you;
and there is gallant and most brave passages;
marry, th' athversary was have possession of
the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and
the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I
can tell you majesty, the duke is a brave
man. 101

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' adversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and wheeks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language: for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 120

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office. [Quality.]

K. Hen. What is thy name?

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais 150 Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessened, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French: Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, 159

That I do brag thus! This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:

If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood 170

Discolor; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle, as we are;

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit.]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge: it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves. 180 And on to-morrow, bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURS, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg. 20

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Persons; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage. 31

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship. 59

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrier;' thou makest use of any thing. 70

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away. 81

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. 100

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still. 111

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him. 119

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valor; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.' 130

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do. 141

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. 149

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into

the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples ! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustions and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives ; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : come, shall we about it ?

Orl. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb

of night

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :

Fire answers fire, and through their paly
flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the
tents

The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation :

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate

The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will be-
hold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent,

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head !'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,

Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and country-
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night,

But freshly looks and over-hears attain
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty .

That every wretch, pining and pale before, '11
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :

A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear, (that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries
be.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in
great danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be,
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Al-
mighty !

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry ;

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head

Were better than a churchly turt of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me
better.

Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king,'
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their
present pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eased : '19
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers
both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :

I and my bosom must debate awhile, 31
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !
[*Exeunt all but King.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?
Or art thou base, common and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy ! a Cornish name : art thou
of Cornish crew ? 50

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about
his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in
your cap that day, lest he knock that about
yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then ! 60

K. Hen. I thank you : God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen !

Flu. So ! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak
lower. It is the greatest admiration of the
universal world, when the true and ancient
prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept :
if you would take the pains but to examine
the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find,
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle
nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp ; I war-
rant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the
wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it,
and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it,
to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear
him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and
a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that
we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool
and a prating coxcomb ? in your own conse-
science, now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you
will. [*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of
fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welsh-
man.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXAN-
DER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be ; but we have no great
cause to desire the approach of day. 90

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the
day, but I think we shall never see the end of
it. Who goes there ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most
kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he
of our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand,
that look to be washed off the next tide. 101

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the
king ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think the
king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells
to him as it doth to me : the element shows to
him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but
human conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in
his nakedness he appears but a man ; and
though his affections are higher mounted than
ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with
the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason
of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be
of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason,
no man should possess him with any appear-
ance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should
dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage
he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,
he could wish himself in Thames by the
neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him,
at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
science of the king : I think he would not wish
himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ;
so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a
many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill,
to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak
this to feel other men's minds : methinks I
could not die any where so contented as in the
king's company : his cause being just and his
quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek
after : for we know enough, if we know we are
the king's subjects : if his cause be wrong,
our obedience to the king wipes the crime of
it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the
king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make,
when all those legs and arms and heads,
chopped off in battle, shall join together at the

latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so; the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those iniquities for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it. 199

Bates. But I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 241

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the
breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-
ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not
too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
261
†What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The fared title running 'fore the king, 280
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lucky, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phebus and all night 290
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with
sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the
peace, 300
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]
K. Hen. O God of battles! steal my soldiers'
hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them
now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed num-
bers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O
Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 310
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred anew;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 320
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Implying pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice?
Ay;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for
me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The French camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES,
and others.

Orl. The sun doth gold our armor; up, my
lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet!
laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et la feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present ser-
vice neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in
their hides, 9

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you
French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their
souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20

To give each naked curtie-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw
out,

And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow
on them,

The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30

Took stand for idle speculation :
But that our honors must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount ;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and
yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field : 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
host

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their
poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead
eyes

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
less ; 50

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and
they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and
fresh suits

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guidon : to the
field ! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ER-
PINGHAM, with all his host : SALISBURY and
WESTMORELAND.*

Glou. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three
score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all
are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fear-
ful odds.

God be w' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good
luck go with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly
to-day :

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is full of valor as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land

That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair
cousin :

If we are mark'd to die, we are now 20
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :

But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
land : 30

God's peace ! I would not lose so great an
honor

As one man more, methinks, would share
from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart : his passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse ;
We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian : 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say ' To-morrow is Saint Crispian : '

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his
scars.

And say ' These wounds I had on Crispian's
day.'

Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50

What feats he did that day : then shall our
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remember'd ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not
 here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
 speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself
 with speed :
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us. 70
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds
 be so,
West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
 ward now !
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz ?
West. God's will ! my liege, would you and
 I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal battle !
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men :
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
 King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
 Before thy most assured overthrow :
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thy needs must be engulfted. Besides, in
 mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their
 poor bodies
 Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former an-
 swer back : 90
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus ?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast lived, was killed with hunting
 him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
 And those that leave their valiant bones in
 France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
 hills,
 They shall be famed ; for there the sun shall
 greet them, 100
 and draw their honors reeking up to heaven ;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your
 clime.

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
 France.

Mark then abounding valor in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly : tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
 heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
 labor ; 121
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my
 joints ;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare
 thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come
 again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I
 beg
 The leading of the vaward. 130

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, sol-
 diers, march away :
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French
 Soldier, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur !
Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme
 de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualité calmie custure me ! Art
 thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu !

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentle-
 man ;
 Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and
 mark ;

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié
 de moi !

Pist. Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty
 moys ;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
 In drops of erimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la
 force de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of
moys ?

Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him,
and ferret him : discuss the same in French
unto him. 31

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare : for I will cut his
throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous
faites vous prêt : car ce soldat ici est disposé
tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns ; 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour
de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme
de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous
donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a
gentleman of a good house : and for his
ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take. 51

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jugement
de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins,
pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est
content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-
ment.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne
mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que
je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier,
je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distin-
gué seigneur d'Angleterre. 61

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thou-
sand thanks ; and he esteems himself happy
that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as
he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-
worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy
show.

Follow me ! 69

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Execut
Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know
so full a voice issue from so empty a heart :
but the saying is true. The empty vessel
makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym
had ten times more valor than this roaring
devil ! the old play, that every one may pare
his nails with a wooden dagger : and they are
both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst
steal any thing adventurously. I must stay

with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp :
the French might have a good prey of us, if he
knew of it : for there is none to guard it but
boys. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
DAUPHIN, and RAMBURS.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est
perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded,
all !

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante for-
tune !

Do not run away. [*A short alarm.*]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let's stab our-
selves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice
for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his
ransom ?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing
but shame ! 10

Let us die in honor : once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend
us now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs, 20
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the
throng :

Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. *Enter* KING HENRY and forces,
EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant
countrymen :

But all's not done ; yet keep the French the
field.

Ere. The Duke of York commends him to
your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within
this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Ere. In which array, brave soldier, doth he
lie.

Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud ' Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
 As in this glorious an ' well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry ! ' 19
 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up :
 He smiled me in the face, rought me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says ' Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.
 So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love,
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me which I would have
 stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me, 30
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*
 But, hark ! what new alarm is this same ?
 The French have reinforced their scatter'd
 men :

Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't ; in your conscience, now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter ; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king ! 11

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born !

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 19

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river in Monmouth : it is called Wye at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers

is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus. 41

Gow. Our king is not like him in that : he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he : I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. *Enter KING HENRY, and forces, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald : Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill : 60
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French,
 my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used
 to be. 70

K. Hen. How now ! what means this
 herald ? know'st thou not

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom ?

Comest thou again for ransom ?
Mont. No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable license,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field
 To look our dead, and then to bury them ;
 To sort our nobles from our common men.
 For many of our princes—wee the while !—
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 80
 In blood of princes ; and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead mas-
 ters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
 king,

To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our
strength, for it! 90

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of
Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave
pattle here in France,

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen, 100

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen
did good service in a garden where leeks did
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
which, your majesty know, to this hour is an
honorable badge of the service; and I do be-
lieve your majesty takes no scorn to wear the
leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash
your majesty's Welsh blood out of your body,
I can tell you that: God bless it and preserve
it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty
too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's country-
man, I care not who know it; I will confess
it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed
of your majesty, praised be God, so long as
your majesty is an honest man. 120

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go
with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to Williams. Execut Herald*
with Montjoy.]

Ere. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that
glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the
gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be
alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman? 129

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal
that swaggered with me last night; who, if
alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I
have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if
I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore,
as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I
will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen?
is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't
please your majesty, in my conscience. 140

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman

of great sort, quite from the answer of his
degre.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as
the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself,
it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep
his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see
you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain
and a Jacksaunce, as ever his black shoe trod
upon God's ground and his earth, in my con-
science, la! 150

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when
thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good
knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this
favor for me and stick it in thy cap: when
Alençon and myself were down together, I
plucked this glove from his helm: if any man
challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and
an enemy to our person; if thou encounter
any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me
love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honors
as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects:
I would fain see the man, that has but two
legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this
glove; that is all; but I would fain see it
once, an please God of his grace that I might
see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring
him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my
brother Gloucester.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favor
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear; 181
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin War-
wick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between
them. 196

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Execut.*]

SCENE VIII. Before KING HENRY'S pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain,
I beseech you now, come apace to the king:
there is more good toward you peradventure
than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this ; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblood ! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England ! 11

Gom. How now, sir ! you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him : he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's. 19

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now ! what's the matter ?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it !—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now ! what's the matter ?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it in to in exchange promised to wear it in his cap : I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me ; in your conscience, now ? 40

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. 51

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. 60

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ; And wear it for an honor in thy cap Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns : And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you ; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prables, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you. 71

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so good : 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

Hec. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ? 80

Exc. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt ; Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty six : added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, 89 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead : Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France ; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ; Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin, 100

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother of the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls, Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death ! Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald shows him another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketyl, Davy Gam, esquire : None else of name ; and of all other men 110

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here ;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God ! O
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,

That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung ' Non nobis ' and ' Te Deum ; '
The dead with charity enclosed in clay ;
And then to Calais ; and to England then : 1:30
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy
men. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,

Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach

Pales in the flood with men, with wives and
 boys, 10

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
 mouth'd sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath :

Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword

Before him through the city : he forbids it. 19
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious
 pride ;

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of
 thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,

Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 29

Were now the general of our gracious empress,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,

To welcome him ! much more, and much more
 cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place
 him ;

As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home ;

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them ; and omit 40

All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France :

There must we bring him ; and myself have
 play'd

The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes ad-
 vance,

After your thoughts, straight back again to
 France. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *France. The English camp.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you
 your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
 wherefore in all things : I will tell you, asse

my friend, Captain Gower : the rascally, scald,
 beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol, which

you and yourself and all the world know to be
 no better than a fellow, look you now, of no

merits, he is come to me and prings me pread
 and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat

my leek : it was in a place where I could not
 breed no contention with him ; but I will be

so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him
 once again, and then I will tell him a little

piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
 turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor
 his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Aunchient
 Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy knave, God bless

you !
Pist. Ha ! art thou bedlam ? dost thou
 thirst, base Trojan, 20

To have me fold up Paree's fatal web ?
 Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy
 knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my
 petitions, to eat, look you, this leek : because,

look you, you do not love it, nor your affec-
 tions and your appetites and your disgestions

doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to
 eat it.

Pist. Not for a wallader and all his goats.
Flu. There is one goat for you. 30

[*Strikes him.*]
 Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals : come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to : if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. [him. 41

Gow. Enough, captain : you have astonished *Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you ; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge : I eat and eat, I swear— 50

Flu. Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

Pist. Good. 60

Flu. Ay, leeks is good : hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels : you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wif' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. 71

[*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeing and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now ?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France ; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, 90 And something lean to outpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal : And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *France. A royal palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies ; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contrived, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ; And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met : 10 So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes ; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks : The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear. 21

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England ! That I have labor'd,

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavors, To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30 You have congregated, let it not disgrace me, If I demand, before this royal view, What rub or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births, Should not in this best garden of the world Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ? Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleach'd, Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery ;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clo-
ver,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and
hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and chil-
dren

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will

That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favor
You are assembled : and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfec-
tions

Which you have cited, you must buy that
peace 70

With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenors and particular effects

You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the
which as yet

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his an-
swer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er glanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently

To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Ex-
eter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glou-
cester,

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king ;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sis-
ter, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them :

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine
here with us :

She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine,
and Alice.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I
cannot speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is
'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and
you are like an angel. 111

Kath. Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à
les anges ?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace,
ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I
must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits ? 121

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues de de mans is be
full of deceits : dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for
thy understanding : I am glad thou canst
speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst,

thou wouldst find me such a plain king that
thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to
buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it
in love, but directly to say 'I love you : ' then
if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in
faith ? ' I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer ; I' faith, do : and so clap hands and
a bargain : how say you, lady ?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand
vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to
verses or to dance for my sake, Kate, why
you undid me : for the one, I have neither
words nor measure, and for the other, I have
no strength in measure, yet a reasonable
measure in strength. If I could win a lady at
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with
my armor on my back, under the correction
of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my
love, or bound my horse for her favors, I
could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-
an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I
cannot look greenly nor gasp out my elo-
quence, nor I have no cunning in protesta-
tion ; only downright oaths, which I never
use till urged, nor never break for urging. If
thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate,
whose face is not worth sun-burning, that
never looks in his glass for love of any thing
he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I

Speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or rather the sun and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should love de enemy of France ? 179

K. Hen. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is that.

K. Hen. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then ? Saint Denis be my speed !—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle. 301

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me : and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart : but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good sol-

dier-breeder : shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard ? shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy ; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très-cher et devin déesse ?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French ! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untampering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me : therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better : and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say ' Harry of England, I am thine : ' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud ' England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Harry Plantagenet is thine ; ' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English ; wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me. 370

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France. 381

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baisier en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendee bettere que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oûi, vraitment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY, and other Lords.

Bar. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bar. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bar. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bar. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 430

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bar. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the

fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bar. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered. 459

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, 461 According to their firm proposed natures.

Ecc. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition in French, Notre trescher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Heritier de France; and thus in Latin, Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Anglie, et Hæres Francie.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunc-
tion 480

Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in
one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a

spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles off the bed of blessed mar-
riage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other. God speak this Amen !
All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage—on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 500
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous
be ! [*Sennit. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable
pen,

Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their
glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly
lived

This star of England : Fortune made his
sword ;

By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king suc-

ceed ; 10

Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England

bleed :

Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for
their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[*Exit.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597.)

INTRODUCTION.

This comedy first appeared in the folio of 1623, but it is in some way closely connected with a play published in 1594, and bearing the almost identical title, *The Taming of A Shrew*. Pope was of the opinion that Shakespeare wrote both plays, but this is hardly plausible. The play in the folio is certainly an enlargement and alteration of the earlier play, and it only remains to ask, was Shakespeare the sole reviser and adapter, or did his task consist of adding and altering certain scenes, so as to render yet more amusing and successful an enlarged version of the play of 1594, already made by some unknown hand? The last seems upon the whole the opinion best supported by the internal evidence. In *The Taming of the Shrew* three parts may be distinguished: (1) The humorous Induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) A comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer, Petruchio, being the hero and heroine; (3) A comedy of intrigue—the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of *A Shrew* contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the Induction and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katharina (named by the original writer Fernando and Kate) appear; but nothing in the old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca's disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes concerned with these intrigues that Shakespeare's hand is least apparent. It may be said that Shakespeare's genius goes in and out with the person of Katharina. We would therefore conjecturally assign the intrigue-comedy to the adapter of the old play, reserving for Shakespeare a title to those scenes—in the main enlarged from the play of *A Shrew*—in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are speakers. Turning this statement into figures we find that Shakespeare's part in *The Taming of the Shrew* is comprised in the following portions: Induction; Act II., Se. 1., L. 169-326; Act III., Se. II., L. 1—125, and 151-241; Act IV., Se. 1. II. and III.; Act V., Se. II., L. 1-180. Such a division, it must be borne in mind, is no more than a conjecture, but it seems to be suggested and fairly indicated by the style of the several parts of the comedy. However this may be, it is clear that Shakespeare cared little for the other characters in comparison with Sly, Katharina, and Petruchio. The play is full of energy and bustling movement; and the characters of Katharina and Petruchio in particular, are finely and busily drawn, the scenes in which they appear, though infinitely amusing, never quite passing into downright farce. Widely separated dates have been assigned for *The Taming of the Shrew*, from 1594 to 1606. The best portions are in the manner of Shakespeare's comedies of the second period; and attributing the Bianca intrigue-comedy to a writer intermediate between the author of the play of *A Shrew* and Shakespeare, there is no difficulty in supposing that the Shakespeare scenes were written about 1597. Fletcher wrote a humorous continuation of Shakespeare's play, entitled *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, in which Petruchio reappears.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.
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.
GRUMIO, } suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
A Pedant.
KATHARINA, the shrew, } daughters to Bap-
BIANCA, } tista.
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasha, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.
SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's country house.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an almshouse on a heath.**Enter HOSTESS and SLY.**Sly.* I'll pheeze you, in faith.*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!*Sly.* Ye are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore pauces pallabris; let the world slide; sessa!*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*]*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*]*Horns winded.* *Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.**Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

† Braeh Merriman, the poor cur is embos'd; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd braeh.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hon. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hon. I will, my lord. 30*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?*Sec. Hon.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! [*Image!*]

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine Sins, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40

Would not the beggar then forget himself? *First Hon.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.*Sec. Hon.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters And burn sweet wool to make the lodging sweet;

Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50 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 bestrew'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60

Another tell him of his humors and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease;

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic; † And when he says he is, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:

It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hon. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,

As he shall think by our true diligence 70 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;And each one to his office when he wakes. [*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*]Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds: [*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, Travelling some noble journey, to repose him here.

R.-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honor, players That offer service to your lordship.*Lord.* Bid them come near.*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honor. 80*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?*A Player.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well;

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.*Lord.* 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90 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-eying 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.

A Player. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves. 100

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the battery,
And give them friendly welcome every one ;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady ;
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber ;

And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance,
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action, 110
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplish'd ;
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 ?'

[*Kisses.*]
And then with kind embracements, tempting
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar ;
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of command'd tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou
canst ;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a 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 ; hereby my rescue
May well abate the over-merry sicken
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

*Enter a Lord, SIX, with Attendants ; some with
apparel, others with basin and ewer and
other appurtenances ; and Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pet of small ale,
First Serv. Will't please your lordship
drink a cup of sack ?

Sec. Serv. Will't please your honor taste of
these conserves ?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honor
wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly ; call not me
'honor' nor 'lordship' ; I never drunk sack
in my life ; and if you give me any conserves,
give me oranges, or lemons ; never ask me what
raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more dainties
than on asses, no more stockings than on legs,
nor no more spurs than on feet ; my sons and times
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes
look through the over-leather.

Lord. He is in such a idle humor in your
honor !

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be mistak'd by all so for a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath, by litanipodung, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and
now by present profession a tinker ? Ask
Marion Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if
she know me not ; if she say I am not to be
pence on the score, for sheer idleness, score me up
for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What !
I am not bestraught ; here's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your
lady weep !

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your ser-
vants droop !

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
shuns your house, 30

As beaten hence by your strange humors.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
ment

And banish hence thy subjects lowly dreams,
Look how thy servants do it and on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck,

Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays 40

And twenty or three nightingales do sing ;
Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a
couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 50
On purpose t' hum'd up for Sardanides.

Say thou wilt walk ; we will bestow the
ground ;

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be ready,
Their harness ready for thee, drawn up, 60

Do thou love hawking ? thou hast twelve
will soar

Above the morning hawk ; or wilt thou hunt ?
Thy hounds shall make thee well an answer
then

And to the shrill echoes from the hollow earth,
First Serv. Say thou wilt course ; thy grey-
hounds shall be ready

As breath'd springs of water than the rock, 70

Sec. Serv. Do you love to picture ? we will
fetch thee a painter

Adonis, a model of his handiwork,
An Ugly swain, a French boy, a child,

Which seem to move and wanton with her
eyes

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee to as she was a
maid,

And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Scrv. Or Daphne roaming through
a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
bleeds, 60

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.
First Scrv. And till the tears that she hath
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none. 69

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet 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.

Sec. Scrv. Will't please your mightiness to
wash your hands ?

O, how we joy to see your wit restored !
O, that once more you knew but what you
are ! 80

These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept
Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?
First Scrv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle
words : [over,

For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
ber, 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,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts : 90

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Hackett.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Third Scrv. Why, sir, you know no house
nor no such maid.

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph 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. 100
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. 111

Sly. Al'ee madam, or Joan madam ?
Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else : so
lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, the time seems thirty unto
me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and
her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of
you 120

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. 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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 congeal'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not
a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-
trick ? 141

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleas-
ing 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.

Flourish.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I
had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts

I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies. 10
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincenzio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincenzio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds ;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness 20
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 plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tru. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured ;
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;
Music and poesy use to quicken you ;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you ;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40
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 a while ; what company is this ?

Tru. Master, some show to welcome us to
town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder : 51
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. [*Aside*] To cart her rather : she's
too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, 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 60
Kath. Faith, sir, you shall never need to
fear :

I wis it is not half way to her heart ;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !
Tru. Hush, master ! here's some good pas-
time toward :

That wench is stark mad or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio !

Tru. 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 ! it is best
Put finger in the eye, as she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discon-
tent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my com-
pany.

On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear
Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so
strange ?

Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her
tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am re-
solved : 90

Go in, Bianca : [*Exit Bianca.*]
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry.

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither : for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up :
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay :
For I have more to commune with Bianca. 101

[*Exit.*]
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too,
may I not ? What, shall I be appointed hours ;
as though, belike, I knew not what to take,
and what to leave, ha ? [*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam : your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly

out : our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell : yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio : but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labor and effect one thing specially. 121

Gre. What's that, I pray ? [sister.]

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca ! Happy may be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. I am agreed ; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her ! Come on, [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*] 150

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely ; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness : And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 160 If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;

Affection is not rated from the heart : If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,

'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward ; this contents :

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move And with her breath she did perfume the air : Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 181

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 eldest sister is so curst and shrewd That till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home ; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he ! But art thou not advised, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster And undertake the teaching of the maid : That's your device.

Luc. It is ; may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces For man or master ; then it follows thus ; Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house and port and servants, as I should ; I will some other be, some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so : Tranio, at once Unease thee : take my color'd hat and cloak : When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient :

For so your father charged me at our parting, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,

Although I think 'twas in another sense ; 220 I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Here comes the rogue.

Enter BRONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how
now! where are you? Master, has my fellow
Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen
his? or both? pray, what's the news? 230

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the
time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my
life:

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

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 could 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 mas-
ter's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind
of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more
rests, that thyself execute, to make one among
these wooers: if thou ask me why, suffice it,
my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.]

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not
mind the play.

Sir. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good
matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Pup. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sir. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady: would 'twere done! 259

[They sit and mark.]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S
house.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man 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.

Gr. Knock, sir! whom should I knock?
Is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gr. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
gate.

Gr. My master is grown quarrelsome. I
should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the
worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol. fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.]

Gr. Help, masters, help! my master is
mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My
old friend Grumio! and my good friend
Petruccio!

How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part
the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto
onorato signor mio Petruccio!'

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this
quarrel.

Gr. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he
sajes in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause
for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he
bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir:
well, was it fit for a servant to use his master
so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and
thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at
first.

Then had not 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.

Gr. Knock at the gate! O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah,
knock me here, rap me here, knock me well,
and knock me soundly?' And come you now
with, 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise
you.

Hor. Petruccio, patience: I am Grumio's
pledge:

Why, this's 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. 56

To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father is deceased;

And I have thrust myself into this 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. Petruccio, shall I then come roundly
to thee 59

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife ?
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel :

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich : but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends
as we

Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruccio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd 70
As Socrates' Xanthippe, 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.

Gre. 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 azlet-baby ;
or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,
though she have as many diseases as two and
fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

Hor. Petruccio, since we are stepp'd thus
far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruccio, help thee to a wive
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure

That, were my state far worse than it is, 91
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not
gold's effect :

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
her ; 101

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.

Gre. 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 per-

haps call him half a score knaves or so : why,
that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'd rail in
his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she
stand him but a little, he will throw a figure
in her face and so disfigure her with it that she
shall have no more eyes to see withal than a
cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruccio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd ;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gre. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruccio do me
grace,

And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gre. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile
the old folks, how the young folks lay their
heads together ! 140

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you : who goes
there, ha ?

Hor. Peace, Gremio ! it is the rival of my
love.

Petruccio, stand by a while.

Gre. A proper stripling and an amorous !

Gre. O, very well ; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir : I'll have them very fairly
bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her :
You understand me : over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper
too.

And let me have them very well perfum'd :
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to
her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for
you

As for my patron, stand you so 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 ! 160

Gre. O this woodcock, what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

Hor. Gremio, mum ! God save you, Sig-
nior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hor-
tensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista
Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the 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 170
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentle-
man

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.

Gre. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our
love :

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
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 coun-
tryman? 190

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 i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 201
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
Tush, tush! I fear boys with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark :
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win
her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good din-
ner.

Enter TRANIO *hears*, and BIONDELLO.

Tru. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may
be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest
way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 221
Bon. He that has the two fair daughters:
is't he you mean?

Tru. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

Tru. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have
you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,
I pray.

Tru. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's
away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
or no? 230

Tru. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you wil,
get you hence.

Tru. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets
as free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tru. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-
tensio.

Tru. Softly, my masters! if you be gentle-
men,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have;

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk
us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove
a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these
words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tru. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath
two.

The one as famous for a scolding tongue

As is the other for beautons modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her
go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Her-
cules;

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, 261

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 stand us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall he to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive ;

And since you do profess to be a snitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* O excellent motion ! Fellows,
let's be gone. 280

Hor. The motion's good indeed and he it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venito. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua.* 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 lovest best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10

I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for myself, but you shall leave him. [more]

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches
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 : 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl ! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle : meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding 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, 30]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband :
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me : I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?
But who comes here ?

Enter GREMIO, 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 ! 41

Pet. And you, good sir ! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio : give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and be- hful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, 50
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. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for you 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 knew him well : you are welcome for his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :

Beware ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir, rethinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tran. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the prelerment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome amongst 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, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tran. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both, 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Bianca following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo. You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decreased: Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever: Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her and so she yields to me; For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds, 140
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll lunge 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 millory, looking through the lute;

While she did call me rascal fiddler And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exit all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here, 169

And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale; Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew; Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week : 180
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
hard of hearing :

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd
plain Kate,

And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ; 191

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved ! in good time : let him that
moved you hither

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A join'd-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 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-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard
take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buz-
zard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; I' faith, you
are too angry. 210

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 does
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. [*She strikes him.* 220

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.

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. 231

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240

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 cour-
teous,

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. 250

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 260
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.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine,
in thy bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath cou-
sented.



KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

TAKING OF THE SHIRAZ, p. 492

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me ;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates. 280
Here comes your father ; never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruccio, 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 ? [*Sees you*]

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise you have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus : yourself and all the

word,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruccio ; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself :

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, 311
That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest

shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands ; 320

God send you joy, Petruccio ! '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 Petruccio and Katharine severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play wenchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you : 330

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :
Now is the day we long have looked for :

I am your 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. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry. 340

Skipper, stand back : 'tis age that nourisheth

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen : I will compound this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ; 351

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

In eypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl.

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass and all things that belong

To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me :

I am my father's heir and only son :

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua : 370

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of
~ Land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have ; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marsailles' road.

What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath
no less

Than three great argosies ; besides two gal-
liases, 380

And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure
her,

And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st
next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no
more ;

And she can have no more than all I have :

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all
the world,

By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.

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 ? 391

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 Signior Gremio :

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor. 400

[*Exit Baptista.*]

Now I fear thee not :

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
hide !

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good :

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

Must get a tither, call'd 'supposed Vincentio ;'

And that's a wonder : fathers commonly 411
Do get their children ; but in this case of woo-

ing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cun-
ning. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palua.* BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too for-
ward, sir :

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. Bat, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so
far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd !

Was it not to refresh the mind of man 11

Alter 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. 20

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 ?

Luc. That will be never : tune your instru-
ment.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :

'Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Sim-
ois,' I am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vin-

centio 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 panta-
loon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it :

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est

Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not ; 'Hic steterat

Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,'
presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave
that jars.

[*Aside.*] How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my
love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not : for, sure, Æacides

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I
promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave
a while :

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

[*Aside*] And watch withal: for but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amon us.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art; I must

To teach you gamut in a brifer sort,

More pleasant, pithy and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "' Gamut' I am, the ground

of all accord,

'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;

'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,

'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection;

'D sol re,' one clef, 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 old inventions. 81

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, 90

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants.

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

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. 100

Who would in haste and means to wed it leis-
 ure

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Putting his better jests in blunt behavior;

And, to be true, 'tis a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the bans;

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife;

If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tran. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too. 21

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 BONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of! 31

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. 41

Tran. 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 taken out of the town-armory,

with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two

broken points; his horse hipped with an old

mothly saddle and stirrups of no kindred; be-

sides, possessed with the glanders and like to

mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass,

infected with the fashions, full of windgalls,

sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,

past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the

staggers, beznawn with the bots, swayed in

the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged

before and with a half-checked bit and a head-

stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained

to keep him from stumbling, hath been often

burst and now repaired with knots; one girth

six times pieced and a woman's crupper of vel-

ure, 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 blue list; an old hat and 'the humor of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

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's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; 100

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tells us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110
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 ha' done with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Grumio, and attendants.*]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-school-
master 140

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say
no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look
into,

And watch our vantage in this business:

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Grumio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Lleio;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter GRUMIO.

Signior Grumio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore sc
loud,

That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

'hat 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 rose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine : 'A health !' quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm ; quaff'd off the muscadell

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack 180

That at the parting all the church did echo :

And I seeing this came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before :

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, 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 prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, 189

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. 201

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 horse.

Grn. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ; 210
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry : what hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure. 219

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,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ; 230

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 lawn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;

And here she stands, touch her whoe'er dare ;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ; 240

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exit* Petruccio, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruccio is kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though ord'rd and bridegroom wants

For to supply the place at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast. 250

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. [*Exit* men.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Hollo, 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 a 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. 21

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. [no beast.]

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am *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 prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gr. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gr. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Inprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.— 70

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale; but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemolled, how she left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. [than she.]

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew

Gr. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sagarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy 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.

Gr. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101

Gr. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gr. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gr. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio! 110

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gr. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? 119

Gr. Even at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence ! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse ! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

All Serv. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms ! What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ? Where is the foolish knave I sent before ? 130

Gr. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain ! you whoreson mait-horse drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Gr. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel ;

There was no link 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 ; 140 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *[Exit Servants.]*

[Singing.] Where is the life that late I led— Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues ! you villains, when ?

[Sings.] It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way :—

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry : 150 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 :

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave ! 160

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?

What's this ? mutton ?

First Serv. Ay.

Who brought it ?

Pet.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these ! Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser.

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all ;

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight. 170

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 cholier, planteth anger ;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended.

And, for this night, we'll fast for company : 180 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servants scurrilously.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gr. 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. 200 *[Exit.]*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politely 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.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's call.

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites That bite and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bol-
 ster.

This way the coverlet, another way the
 sheets :

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night :
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
 And with the clamor keep her still awake. 220
 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 Mis-
 tress 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 teach-
 ing.

Enter BLANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
 read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first re-
 solve 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 ! 10

Hor. Quick preceders, marry ! Now, tell
 me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress
 Bianca

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love ! unconstant woman-
 kind !

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion ; 20
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
 And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
 ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court ! Signior
 Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favors 30
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned
 oath,

Never to marry with her though she would
 entreat :

Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court
 him !

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
 forsworn !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved
 me

As I have loved this proud disdainful hag-
 gard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous
 looks,

Shall win my love ; and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
 grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed ease !

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest : but have you both
 forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. 51

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 Petruccio is the
 master ;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering
 tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
 long

That I am dog-weary : but at last I spied 60
 † An ancient angel coming down the hill,
 Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
 I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
 In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
 I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
 And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
 As if he were the right Vincentio. 70

Take in your love, and then let me alone.
 [Exit Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
 Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two :
 But then up farther, and as far as Rome ;

And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
Tra. And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
 To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
 Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
 'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
 You might have heard it else proclaim'd
 about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
 For I have bills for money by exchange
 From Florence and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
 This will I do, and this I will advise you:
 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
 Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say, 99

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth
 an oyster, and all one.

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. 111

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120
 [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,
 Nor never need'd that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
 With oaths kept waking and with brawling
 fed: 10
 And that which spites me more than all these
 wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
 I prithee go and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20
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. 30

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou fad 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'st thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amost?

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. 39
 To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sort'd to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruccio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. 50

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 fardingales and
things ;
With scarfs and fans and double change of
bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this
knavery.
What, hast thou dined ? The tailor stays thy
leisure, 59
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did
bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porrin-
ger :

A velvet dish : fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :
Away with it ! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
one too,

And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak ;

And I 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, 81

A custard-coffin, a bangle, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou liest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the
cap ;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay : come, tailor,
let us see't.

O mercy, God ! what masquing 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, 90

Like to a censor in a barber's shop :

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
this ?

Hor. [*Aside*] I see she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remem-
ber'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir : 93
I'll none of it : hence ! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable :

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a pup-
pet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make
a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest,
thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail !

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou !
Braved in mine own house with a skein of
thread ?

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
livest !

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd 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.

Gr. I gave him no order ; I gave him the
stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be
made ? 120

Gr. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it
cut ?

Gr. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gr. Face not me : thou hast braved many
men ; brave not me ; I will neither be faced
nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master
cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it
to pieces : ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion
to testify. 131

Pet. Read it.

Gr. The note lies in's throat, if he say I
said so. [*gown :*]

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied
Gr. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied
gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me
to death with a bottom of brown thread : I
said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed
cape.' 140

Gr. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve :

Gr. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gr. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill,
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tal. This is true that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. [mistress.

Gru. You are f' the right, sir : 'tis for my *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 ! 161

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for : [use !

'Take up my mistress' gown to his master's O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :

'Take no unkindness of his hasty words : Away ! I say ; commend me to thy master. 170

[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments ; Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So 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 ? 180 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 fluther 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. [Exit.

Hor. [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S HOUSE. Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and but I be deceived Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter BIONDELLO. But, sir, here comes your boy ; 'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him, Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you : I imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO. Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Pedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of : 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son ! Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself ; And, for the good report I hear of you

And for the love he beareth to your daughter And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30

I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd ; and if you please to

like No worse than I, upon some agreement Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd ; For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say : Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;

And therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done :

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affil'd and such assurance ta'en As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know, 51

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this
night,

We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here:
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender
pittance. 61

Bap. It likes me well. Biondello, hie 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.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone. [*Exit Bion.*]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa. 71

Bap. I follow you,
[*Re-enter Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of
his signs and tokens. 80

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 of Saint Luke's church
is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? 90

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance: take you
assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimen-
dum solum:' to the church; take the priest,
clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Harest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench mar-
ried 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 ap-
pointed 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.*]

SCENE V. *A public road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO,
and Servants.

Pet. Come on, if 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 moon-
light now. [*bright.*]

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright. [*myself.*]

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd! 10

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:

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed
sun. [*sun:*]

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruccio, go thy ways; the field is
won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress:
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such
beauty. 31

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's
sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make
a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars 40

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking
eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green :
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and withal
make known 50

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz-
ed me,

My name is call'd Vincentio ; my dwelling
Pisa ;

And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
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 besecm

The sponse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

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 jeal-
ous. [*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in
heart.

Have to my widow ! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be un-
toward. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before LUCCENTIO'S house.*

GREMIO *discovered.* Enter behind BIONDELLO,
LUCCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ! but they may chance
to need thee at home ; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back ; and then come back to my master's as
soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house :

My father's bears more toward the market-
place : 10

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go :

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]
Gre. They're busy within ; you were best
knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would
beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's witam, 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 your-
self : he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well be-
loved in Padua. Do you hear, sir ? To leave
frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Sig-
nior Lucentio that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with
him. 20

Ped. Thou liest : his father is come from
Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio.*] Why, how now, gen-
tleman ! 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. 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether : God send 'em good shipping ! But
who is here ? mine old master Vincentio !
now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello.*] Come hither, crack-
lemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have
you forgot me ? 50

Bion. Forgot you ! no, sir ; I could not for-
get 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 mas-
ter ? yes, marry, sir ; see where he looks out
of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed. [*Beats Biondello.* 60

Bion. Help, help, help ! here's a madman
will murder me. [*Exit.*]

Pet. Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista !
[*Exit from above.*]

Pet. Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside and
see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, 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 coplain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 79

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 89

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison. 100

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio. [Exit.] 100

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lu-Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him! 110

Vin. Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O! we are spoiled and--yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eyne
Gre. Here's packing, 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 Cambio?

Bion. 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 the last 130
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 gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.] 140

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exit Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

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? 150

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. [Kate:]

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Better once than never, for never too late. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Padua, Lucentio's house.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,

To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit
down; 10

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and
eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son
Petruccio. {kind.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true. [widow.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you
miss my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world
turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me ! How likes Hor-
tensio 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 :

And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting
you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put
her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer ; ha' to thee, lad !
[Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted
folks ? {well.

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together

Bian. Head, and butt ! an hasty-witted
body

Would say your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd
you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me ; therefore
I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not : since you
have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two !

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shut
my bush ;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her
not ; 50

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio sipp'd me like his
greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something
currish. {self :

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
'Tis thought your deer does hold you not : say,

Bap. O ho, Petruccio ! Tranio hit you
now.

Luc. I thank thee for that girl, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here ?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess ; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no ; and therefore for as-
surance

Let's each one send unto his wife :

And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns. 70

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biandello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bian. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all
myself.

Re-enter BIANDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bian. 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. [wife

Hor. Sirrah Biandello, go and entreat my
To come to me forthwith. [Exit *Bian.*

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 BIANDELLO.

Now, where's my wife ? 90

Bian. 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 Gramio, go to your mistress ;

Say, I command her to 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.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

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. [bands:]

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husband, 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,

And awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy? 110

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.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BLANCA and Widow.

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not: Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, till I be brought to such a silly pass!

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 an hundred crowns since supper-time. [duty.]

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130

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, 140

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,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and

safe; 151

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 is 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? 160

I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms.

My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170

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 veil your stomachs, for it is no boot,

And place your hands below your husband's

foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a vench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate. 180

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't. [toward.]

Wid. 'Tis a good hearing when children are

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.

[To *Luc*.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night

[Exit *Petruchio* and *Katharina*.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [Exit.]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1598.)

INTRODUCTION.

This is an offshoot from the comedy of *King Henry IV.*, while *King Henry V.* is the direct continuation of the history. Dennis, in 1702, reports a tradition that this play was written in fourteen days, by order of the Queen; and Rowe adds: "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." This may have been the cause why Shakespeare does not fulfill the promise made in the Epilogue of *Henry IV.*, that Falstaff should re-appear with Henry V. in France; but, indeed, among the great deeds of the victor of Agincourt there would be small room for a Falstaff. The choice of Windsor as the scene, and the compliments to the owner of Windsor Castle, and to the wearers of the Order of the Garter, suggest that the play was meant especially for Elizabeth and her courtiers. An early sketch of *The Merry Wives* was published in quarto, 1602; some touches in the play, as given in the folio, were evidently made after the accession of James I. (1603); the word "council is altered to "king" (Act I., Sc. 1., L. 113): "these knights will back," exclaims Mrs. Page (Act II., Sc. 1., L. 52), and the allusion to James's too liberal creation of knights in 1604 was probably appreciated. Some critics have held that the first sketch of *The Merry Wives* was written as early as 1592. A German duke is spoken of by Bardolph as about to visit Windsor, and his gentlemen ride off with nine host of the Garter's horses unpaid for. In the early sketch (Act IV., Sc. v., of the revised play), instead of "cousin-germans," where Evans puns upon the words *cousin* and *Germans*, occurs the strange "cosen garmombles." Now, Count Frederick of Mompelgard had visited England and accompanied the Queen to Windsor, Aug. 1592; and in the passport which he received for his journey back to the Continent, we read that he shall be furnished with post-horses, and shall pay nothing for the same. Next year the Count became Duke of Wirtemberg, and in 1595 he craved that, in accordance with a promise given, Elizabeth would confer upon him the Order of the Garter, which Elizabeth, on various pretexts, declined. "Garmombles" obviously reverses the true name "Mompelgard;" but the inference that the date of the play is 1592, because it refers to the visit of the Germans, is unwarrantable, for such an event would be remembered, and the more so because of the Duke's subsequent unavailing attempt to obtain the honor of the Garter. If we try to make out exact relations between the characters of *The Merry Wives* and the same characters as they appear in the historical plays, we shall fail. The comedy has a certain independence of the histories, and cannot be pieced out to them in any way; the persons are the same and not the same. Mrs. Quickly, servant of Dr. Caius, has a different history from the Mrs. Quickly of the Bear's Head Tavern. Nor is Falstaff conceived in quite the same manner as the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* Here the knight is fatuous, his genius deserts him; the never-defeated hangs his head before two country dames; the buck-basket, the drench of Thames water, the blows of Ford's cudgel, are reprisals too coarse upon the most inimitable of jesters. Yet the play is indeed a merry one, with well-contrived incidents and abundance of broad mirth. A country air breathes over the whole; nowhere else has Shakespeare represented English middle-class life in the country, and he has here done it with a vigorous, healthy pleasure. It is not, however, a poetical play, unless comely English maidenhood, in the person of pretty Anne Page, lend it something of poetry. There is a propriety in the fact that this comedy is written almost wholly in prose. The merry wives are a delightful pair, with "their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows the lines whereon look more like the work of mirth than of years;" and Slender, most brainless of youths, most incapable of lovers, is dear for sake of the laugh at him which pretty Anne Page must have when alone. Altogether, if we can accept Falstaff's discomfitures, it is a merry play to laugh at if not to love.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
FENTON, a gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARBOLPHE,
PISTOL, } sharpers attending on Falstaff
NYM,
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her daughter.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE : Windsor, and the neighborhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before PAGE's house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quit-tance, or obligation, 'Armigero.' 11

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white lutes in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. 21

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish, is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. 41

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings got discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which

is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the old, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pibbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.]

What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who's there?

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. 90

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redress'd: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged. 110

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this. 120

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coay-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese! 130

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humor.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Very goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreety as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears. 150

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affections

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeal Miller, by these gloves. 161

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and Master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labors here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou best!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and jass good humors: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences. 180

Evans. It is his five senses; fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. 190

Evans. So God udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*]

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anno Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.* 200

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot y-mouson party to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exit all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*]
Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Slen. Book of Riddles! why, did you not

lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallow-mas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the woman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid? [Love her? 240]

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies I you must speak scissible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company. 271

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. F' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 291

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. 301

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on. 321

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there

dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sir. Well, sir.

Eros. Nay, it is better yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. 20

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor concocted?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept no time.

Nym. The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest. 31

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' fool! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good. 41

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy

entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels. 60

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious ceillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor. 71

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter: I will keep the havior of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin.*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones,

go;

Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humor of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

Pist. Let vultures grip thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor: Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge? 100

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humor shall not cool : I will in-
cense Page to deal with poison ; I will possess
† him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine
is dangerous : that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents : I
second thee ; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in DOCTOR CAIUS'S house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and
RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby ! I pray shée,
go to the casement, and see if you can see my
master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he
do, I' faith, and find any body in the house,
here will be an old abusing of God's patience
and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go ; and we'll have a posset for't
soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a
sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, wil-
ling, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come
in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tel-
tale nor no breed-bate : his worst fault is,
that he is given to prayer ; he is something
peevish that way : but nobody but has his
fault ; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you
say your name is ?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round
beard, like a glover's paring-knife ? 21

Sim. No, forsooth : he hath but a little wee
face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colored
beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth : but he is as tall a man
of his hands as any is between this and his
head ; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you ? O, I should remem-
ber him : does he not hold up his head, as it
were, and strut in his gait ? 31

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no
worse fortune ! Tell Master Parson Evans I
will do what I can for your master : Anne is a
good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas ! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be silent. Run in here,
good young man ; go into this closet : he will
not stay long. [Shuts Simple in the closet.]
What, John Rugby ! John ! what, John, I say !
Go, John, go inquire for my master ; I doubt
he be not well, that he comes not home. 43
[Singing.] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing ? I do not like des
toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet
un boitier vert, a box, a green-a box : do
intend vat I speak ? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; I'll fetch it you.

[Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself : if
he had found the young man, he would have
been horn-mad. 52

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe ! ma foi, il fait fort
chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour—la grande
affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir ?

Caius. Oui ; mette le au mon pocket : de-
peche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby ?

Quick. What, John Rugby ! John !

Rug. Here, sir !

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are
Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and
c'me after my heel to the court. 62

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's
me ! Qu'ai-j'oublic ! dere is some simples in
my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall
leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man
there, and be mad !

Caius. O diable, diable ! vat is in my closet ?
Villain ! larron ! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby,
my rapier !

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a ?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my
closet ? dere is no honest man dat shall come
in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.
Hear the truth of it : he came of an errand to
me from Parson Hugh. 81

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you. [tale.]

Caius. Perce-a your tongue. Speak-a you

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman,
your mail, to speak a good word to Mistress
Anne Page for my master in the way of mar-
riage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la ! but I'll ne'er
put my finger in the fire, and need not. 91

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you ? Rugby, baillie
me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[Writes.]

Quick. [Aside to Simple.] I am glad he is
so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved,
you should have heard him so loud and so
melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll
do you your master what good I can : and the
very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my
master.—I may call him my master, look you,
for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew,
bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the
beds, and do all myself.—

Sim. [Aside to Quickly.] 'Tis a great charge
to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [Aside to Simple.] Are you avised
o' that ? you shall find it a great charge : and
to be up early and down late ; but notwith-
standing,—to tell you in your ear ; I would
have no words of it,—my master himself is in
love with Mistress Anne Page : but notwith-
standing that, I know Anne's mind,—that's
neither here nor there.



"O diable, diable! Fat is in my closet? Kugly my rights!"
—*From "Wives of Windsor" D. S. M.*

Cains. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Cains. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-per!

Cains. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Cains and Rugby.*]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you. 141

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it. 151

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? p' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.* 186

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before PAGE's house.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[*Reads.*]

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee, I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honor. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. 50

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 70

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition; he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-haired delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter. 100

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. 110

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife! 120

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Acteon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit.]

Ford. [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this. 131

Nym. [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese, and there's the humor of it. Adieu. [Exit.] 141

Page. 'The humor of it,' quoth a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.]

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne? 170

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

Enter HOST.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rogue! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say! 201

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page: Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rogue.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor. 210

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. *[Drawing him aside.]*

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rogue?

Shal. *[To Page.]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[They converse apart.]

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire? 221

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to

him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress:—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, I An-heries?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. 231

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats. *[Wag?]*

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shail we

Page. Have with you. I would rather hear them scold than fight. 240

[Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster. Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons. I am dammed in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Picket-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfined baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you! 30

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me ?

[word or two ?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a *Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman : and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir :—I pray, come a little nearer this ways :—I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on : Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true : I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears ; mine own people, mine own people. 51

Quick. Are they so ? God bless them and make them his servants !

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford ; what of her ?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord ! your worship's a wanton ! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray !

Fal. Mistress Ford ; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it ; you have brought her into such a canary as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift ; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold ; and in such alligant terms ; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart ; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her : I had myself twenty angels given me this morning ; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty : and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all : and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners ; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 80

Fal. But what says she to me ? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven ?

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of : Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas ! the sweet woman leads an ill

life with him : he's a very jealousy man : she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too : and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartious a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home ; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man : surely I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee : setting the attractions of my good parts aside I have no other charms. 111

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quick. That were a jest indeed ! they have not so little grace, I hope : that were a trick indeed ! but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves : her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page ; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does : do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will : and truly she deserves it : for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then : and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness : old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well : commend me to them both : there's my purse ; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me !

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers : Clap on more sails ; pursue ; up with your fights :

Give fire : she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all ! [*Exit.*]

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook

below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir! 160

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I'm a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlerwoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. 200

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me;

which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose? 221

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously. 250

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John? 20'

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 280

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and when they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY

Caius. Jack Rugby

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir: that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; y he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. 11

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; there's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor! 20

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead? 31

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page. 51

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater. 60

Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush moek-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 70

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Sten. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Sten.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said. 100

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physie?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the parkward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

[*Erit.* 10

Evans. 'Pless my soul, how full of ebollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urnalms about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork. 'Pless my soul!

[*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When as I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagran posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome. [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Sten. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. 'Pless you from his mery sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson. 50

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hilocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 71

Sten. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder : here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question : let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 80

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience : in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humors ; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Around*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscumb for missing your meetings and appointments. 92

Caius. Diable ! Jack Rugby, — mine host de Jarteer, — have I not stay for him to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed : I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer ! 100

Caius. Ay dat is very good ; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say ! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh ? no ; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so. Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both ; I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slou. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page !

[*Recount* *Shal.*, *Slou.*, *Page*, and *Host.*]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat ? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha ?

Evans. This is well ; he has made us his vomiting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends ; and let us knog our brains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggling companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page ; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow [Exit.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gal-

lant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy : now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you ? 10

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home ?

Ford. Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ? 21

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff !

Mrs. Page. He, he ; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he ! Is your wife at home indeed ?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir : I am sick till I see her. [*Exit Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? Sure, they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her ! Good plots, they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acteon ; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search : there I shall find Falstaff : I shall be rather praised for this than mocked ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there : I will go. 50

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot : I have good cheer at home ; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slou. And so must I, sir : we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match be-

tween Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 60

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Cains. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't. 71

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild prince and Poinis; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*]

Cains. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Ford's house.*

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames-side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come

when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.* 20

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.* 41

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pum-pion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arch beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. 61

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute countier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it. 71

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there is no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these hisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it. 81

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I need not be in that mind. 91

Rob. [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*]

R—enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now! 100

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! 111

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather': your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never— 150

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!
[*Exit Robin.*]

Re—enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exit servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkenmel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen: you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.* 150]

Evans. This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exit Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband bath some

special suspicion of Falstaff's being here ; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that ; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff : his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water ; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

Mrs. Page. We will do it : let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him : may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Heard you that ?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you ?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts !

Ford. Amen ! 220

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay ; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment !

Caus. By gar, nor I too : there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford ! are you not ashamed ? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination ? I would not ha' your discontenter in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page : I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caus. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park ; I pray you, pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me ; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen ; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast : after, we'll a-birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so ?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. 251

Caus. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host

Caus. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart !

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries ! [*Exeunt.* 260

SCENE IV. *A room in PAGE'S house.*

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love : Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan

Anne. Alas, how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself He doth object I am too great of birth ; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth : Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies ; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. 10

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne : Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags ; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir : If opportunity and humblest suit 20 Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither ! [*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly ; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't : 'slid, 'tis but venturing

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye ; Master Slender would speak a word with you. 30

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year !

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father !

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne ; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. 41

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you, *Slen.* Ay, that I do ; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentleman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. 50

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise. 62

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his **dole**! They can tell you how things go better **than** I can; you may ask your father; here he comes. 70

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colors of my love

And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth 90

And bow'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell,

Nan. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Quick. This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton: ' this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but specially for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you. 21

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy; give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely. 30

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperin in my browage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford

enough ; I was thrown into the ford ; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection. 41

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine : I must carry her word quickly ; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her : tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 52

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou ?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well. O, here he comes. 60

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir !

Fal. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you : I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir ?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir ? Did she change her determination ? 70

Fal. No, master Brook ; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there ? 80

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page ; gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket !

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket ! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins ; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook,

what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knives, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane ; they took me on their shoulders ; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket ; I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it ; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well ; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook ; I suffered the pangs of three several deaths ; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether ; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head ; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease : think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that, — that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding ; I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have me, Master Brook ; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? Master Ford, awake ! awake, Master Ford ! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets ! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am : I will now take the lecher ; he is at my house ; he cannot scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box ; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame ; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me : I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10
Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident. [head; come.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis:' I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoe.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark; genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hine.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 51

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, hofum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jemmy's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words; he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum:' fie upon you! 70

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatic? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some deceptions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, que, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæ,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go. [thought he was.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

[Exit Sir Hugh.]

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exit

SCENE II. *A room in FORD'S house.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth: not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? 20

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets him

self on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 30

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon. 41

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs. Ford. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it? 60

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised— 69

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. 81

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ah, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it: as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

First Serr. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serr. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serr. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! 131

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous look to her husband! I suspect without cause mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

[*Putting clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why? 150

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help me search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity; let me forever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; and once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that? [Breutford.]

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you. 200

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little further: come, gentlemen. 211

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A room in FORD'S house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: I O
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old woman; methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes.

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, 30
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle [a chain

And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes in a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed old
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this? 41

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device:
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress

Like urchins, oophes and fairies, green and white. 49

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, 60
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dishorn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practiced well to this, or they'll never do it.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards. 70

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:

He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. 81

[Exit Page, Ford, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.]
I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will.

And none but he, to marry with Nan Page,
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her.

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [Exit.] 90

SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis

painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginan unto thee: knock, I say. 11

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed; I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host! 20

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her? 30

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him. 42

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune. 50

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me

off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain! do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarkeer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany; by my trov, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill; adieu. [*Exit.* 91

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[Exeunt Host and Bard.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me in the stocks, if the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your

chamber : you shall hear how things go ; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt* 130

SCENE VI. *Another room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy : I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton ; and I will at the least keep your counsel. [*Yo*

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page ; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, 10 So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish : I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at :

The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both ; fat Falstaff Hath a great scene : the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine 15 host.

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, 19

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen ; The purpose why, is here ; in which disguise. While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender and with him at Eton Immediately to marry : she hath consented : Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Cains, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away. 29

While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests :

Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him : her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40 The quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head ; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithce, no more prattling ; go. I'll hold this. This is the third time ; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away ! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away !

Quick. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook ! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man ; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you : he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman ; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste ; go along with me : I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me : I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook ! Follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come ; we'll couch 'in the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth ; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another ; I come to her in white, and cry 'mum ;' she cries 'budget ;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 11

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. 21

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery

those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts; be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the

love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black sent! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [They run off.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus. 40

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before; PISTOL, as Hobgoblin; MISTRESS QUICKLY, ANNE PAGE, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

You moonshine revellers and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricketer, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unranked and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery. 50

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face.

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy:

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders,
sides and shins.

Quick. About, about ;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out ;
Strew good luck, omphes, on every sacred
room : 61

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower ;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest.
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring : 70
The expresse that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
And ' *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ' write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and
white ;

Let sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
knee :

Fairies use flowers for their character.
Away ; disperse : but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 80

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; your-
selves in order set ;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay ; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh
fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of
cheese !

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even
in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-
end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start, 90
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire ?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh !

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in
desire !

About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire, 100
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and
higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;

Pinch him for his villany ;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be
out.

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOC-
TOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away
a boy in green ; SLENDER another way,
and takes off a boy in white ; and FENTON
comes and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE.
A noise of hunting is heard within. All
the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls
off his buck's head, and rises.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and
MISTRESS FORD.*

Page. Nay, do not fly ; I think we have
watch'd you now :
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the
jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives ? [*Yokes*]

† See you these, husband ? do not these fairies
become the forest better than the town ?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ?
Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly
knave ; here are his horns, Master Brook ; and,
Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of
Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and
twenty pounds of money, which must be paid
to Master Brook ; his horses are arrested for
it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck ;
we could never meet. I will never take you
for my love again ; but I will always count
you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too : both the proofs
are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three
or four times in the thought they were not
fairies ; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
sudden surprise of my powers, drove the
grossness of the popery into a received belief,
in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,
that they were fairies. See now how wit may
be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill em-
ployment !

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and
leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse
you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I
pray you, 140

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and
dried it, that it wants pucker to prevent so
gross o'erreaching as this ? Am I ridden with
a Welsh goat too ? shall I have a coxcomb of
frize ? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece
of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter ;
your belly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter' ! have I lived
to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters
of English ? This is enough to be the decay
of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man? 160

Page. Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 201

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 220

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? 231

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or audacious title, 240

Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! 250

What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Reverend.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1598.)

INTRODUCTION.

Much Ado About Nothing was entered on the Stationer's register, August 23, 1600, and a well-printed quarto edition appeared in the same year. The play is not mentioned by Meres, who wrote in 1598, and it is probable therefore that it was written at some time in the interval between 1598 and 1600. For the graver portion of the play—the Claudio and Hero story—Shakespeare had an original, perhaps Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. The story of Ariodante and Genevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (canto v.) is substantially the same. This episode had been translated twice into English before Harrington's complete translation of the *Orlando Furioso* appeared in 1591; and it had formed the subject of a play acted before the Queen in 1582-83; the story was also told, in a somewhat altered form, by Spenser (*Fairie Queen*, II., 4). No original has been found for the merrier portion of the play, and Benedick and Beatrice were probably creations of Shakespeare. *Much Ado About Nothing* was popular on the stage in Shakespeare's day, and has sustained its reputation. Its variety, ranging from almost burlesque to almost tragedy, and from the euphemistic speech of courtiers to the blundering verbosity of clowns, has contributed to the success of the play. The chief persons, Hero and Claudio, Beatrice and Benedick, are contrasted pairs. Hero's character is kept subdued and quiet in tone, to throw out the force and color of the character of Beatrice; she is gentle, affectionate, tender, and if playful, playful in a gentle way. If our interest in Hero were made very strong, the pain of her unmerited shame and suffering would be too keen. And Claudio is far from being a lover like Romeo; his wooing is done by proxy, and he does not sink under the anguish of Hero's disgrace and supposed death. Don John, the villain of the piece, is a melancholy egoist, who looks sourly on all the world, and has a special grudge against his brother's young favorite Claudio. The chief force of Shakespeare in the play comes out in the characters of Benedick and Beatrice. They have not a touch of misanthropy, nor of sentimentality, but are thoroughly healthy and hearty human creatures; at first a little too much self-pleased, but framed by and-by to be entirely pleased with one another. The thoughts of each from the first are pre-occupied with the other, but neither will put self-esteem to the hazard of a rebuke of making the first advances in love; it only needs, however, that this danger should be removed for the pair to admit the fact that nature has made them over against one another—as their significant names suggest—for man and wife. Dogberry and Verges, as well as Beatrice and Benedick, are creations of Shakespeare. The blundering watchmen of the time are a source of fun with several Elizabethan playwrights; but Dogberry and Goodman Verges are the princes of blundering and incapable officials. It is a charming incongruity to find, while Leonato rages and Benedick offers his challenge, that the solemn ass Dogberry is the one to unravel the tangled threads of their fate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
BORACCHIO, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGGERY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } gentlewoman attending o
URSULA, } Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: Messina.

(537)

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this : he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro : he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping !

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no ? 31

Mess. I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight ; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencherman ; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady : but what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man : but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal. 60

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her : they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas ! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. His is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured. 90

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady ; for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she

would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? 120

Bat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Bat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Bat. Scratching could not make it worse, 'an I were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, if God's name; I have done.

Bat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato, Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on? 160

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exit all except Benedick and Claudio.*
Claud. Benedick, dost thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, if' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other

than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. 180

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on. 190

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would love my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again? Go to, if' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man: I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.' 220

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought. 230

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel. 230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wost ever an obstinate neretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love : prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam. 261

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead ; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.' 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's ; commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper ; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy ; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God : From my house, if I had it.—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July : Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience : and so I leave you. [Exit.] 291

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach : teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero ; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300 That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love : But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently

And tire the hearer with a book of words, If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310 And I will break with her and with her father And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion ! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have saved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity, Look, what will serve is fit : 'tis once, thou lovest, 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night :

I will assume thy part in some disguise

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale ;

Then after to her father will I break ;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. 330

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A room in LEONATO's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother ! Where is my cousin, your son ? hath he provided this music ?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good ?

Ant. As the event stamps them : but they have a good cover ; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine : the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and if he found

her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 20

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. 10

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a lerge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent? 40

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness? 50

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. Tha, young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 71

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 11

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a

man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 21

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way ; for it is said, ' God sends a curst cow short horns ; ' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face : I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man ; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him ; therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the beardward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell ?

Beat. No, but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say ' Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids : ' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To *Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say ' Father, as it please you. ' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say ' Father, as it please me. '

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 61

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust ? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 71

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time ; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero* : wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anticuity ; and then comes

repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother ; make good room. [All put on their masks.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ? 90

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company ?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favor ; for God defend the lute should be like the ease !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove. 100

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Mary. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill-qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

Mary. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better : the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

Mary. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Mary. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done ! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words : the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough ; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head. 120

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 131

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales : '—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 140

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy: for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

B. at. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Mus.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[*Dance.* Then *exunt* all except *Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in the name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 180

'Tis certain so: the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore,
Hero!

Re-entr BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? 190

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whether?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 200

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovixer: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-entr DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; luddling jest

upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her : you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. 270

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. 291

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count ! wherefore are you sad ?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. 300

D. Pedro. How then ? sick ?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true : though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won : I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange. 320

Beat. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. [*Heart.*]

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry

Beat. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance ! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt ; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband !

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days : your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy !

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*]

P. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord : she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. C. by no means : she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church ? 371

Claud. To-morrow, my lord : time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin. That she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how. 11

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavor any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to

draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me tell Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown. 51

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the tabor; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned oratorography: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall

be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

[Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets
that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.]

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul
ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's
guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?
Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe 70
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthasar.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor. 101

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counter-

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she? [Bite.]

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment. 130

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I

remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.' 151

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeared she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness. 191

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems: not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first. 210

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

Bene. [*Coming forward.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks

than you take pains to thank me : if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior : fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha ! ' Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner ; ' there's a double meaning in that. ' I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me. ' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor ;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio :
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride 10
Against that power that bred it : there will she
hide her,

To listen our purpose. This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. *[Exit.]*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Now begin ;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the
fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we to Beatrice ; who even now
Is conched in the woodbine coverture. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear
lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-
trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it ; 40

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentle-
man

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O god of love ! I know he doth de-
serve

As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ; 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;

And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet
saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
tured, 60

But she would spell him backward : if fair-
faced,

She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister ;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;

If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all

winds ;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out

And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all
fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air ; O, she would

laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will
say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion. And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with : one doth not know How much an ill word may empouison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment—

Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is prized to have—as to refuse 90 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument and valor, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam ? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in :

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lined, I warrant you : we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?

Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such. 110

And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand :

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band ;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is

the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I : methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it !

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What ! sigh for the toothache ?

Leon. Where is but a humor or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. 30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : a brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ? 42

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ? 51

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too : I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards 71

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 81

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 90

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage:—surely suit ill spent and labor ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. Pedro. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
D. John. O plague right well prevented!
so will you say when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable? 10

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 51

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you

meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us? 71

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 81

Verg. Nay, by'r our lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbor.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.* 101

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

Bora. What Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats. [Be so dear?

Con. Is it possible that any villany should

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seeest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seeest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, —I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; a' wears a lock,

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed
North, I warrant you.

Con. Masters.—

First Watch. Never speak : we charge you
let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly com-
modity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant
you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. HERO'S apartment.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Bea-
trice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato
were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear
this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good ; and I
warrant your cousin will say so. 10

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art
another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently,
if the hair were a thought browner ; and your
gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith, I saw
the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise
so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in
respect of yours ; cloth o' gold, and cuts, and
laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves,
side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with
a bluish tinsel ; but for a fine, quaint, graceful
and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it ! for my
heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight
of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honor-
ably ? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar ?
Is not your lord honorable without marriage ?
I think you would have me say, 'saving your
reverence, a husband : ' and bad thinking do
not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody : is
there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband' ?
None, I think, and it be the right husband and
the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not
heavy : ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she
comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

Hero. Why, how now ? do you speak in the
sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love ;' that
goes without a burden : do you sing it, and
I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels ! then,

if your husband have stables enough, you'll
see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn
that with my heels. 51

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis
time you were ready. By my troth, I am ex-
ceeding ill : heigh-ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.
Marg. Well, and you be not turned Turk,
there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?

Marg. Nothing I ; but God send every one
their heart's desire ! 61

Hero. These gloves the count sent me ;
they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin ; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly
catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me ! God help me ! how
long have you professed apprehension ?

Marg. Even since you left it. Doth not my
wit become me rarely ? 76

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should
wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Car-
dus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart : it
is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you
have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral ! no, by my troth, I have no
moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle.
You may think perchance that I think you are
in love : nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to
think what I list, nor I list not to think what I
can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think
my heart out of thinking, that you are in love
or that you will be in love or that you can be
in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and
now is he become a man : he swore he would
never marry, and yet now, in despite of his
heart, he eats his meat without grudging ; and
how you may be converted I know not, but
methinks you look with your eyes as other
women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue
keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw : the prince, the
count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the
gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to
church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good
Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Another room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest
neighbor ?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confi-
dence with you that decearns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; for you see it is a
busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends ?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were ; but in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no ho-nester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous : palabras, neighbor Verges.

Leon. Neighbors, you are tedious. 20

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers ; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah ?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out ; God help us ! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges : well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread ; but God is to be worshipped ; all men are not alike ; alas, good neighbor !

Leon. Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir : our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspiring persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me : I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

Leon. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant

you ; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. A church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her : friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count. 10

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero ?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not knowing what they do ! 21

Bene. How now ! interjections ! Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he !

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave :

Will you with free and unconstrained soul

Give me this maid, your daughter ?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again. 30

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again :

Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor. Behold how like a maid she blushes here !

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, 40

By these exterior shows ? But she is none :

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed,

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: 51
No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

'Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 61

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Benc. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here? 70

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of entechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. 80

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour,

my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor,

Myself, my brother and this griev'd count 90

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,
my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed

About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-
well.

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me? [*Hero swoons.* 110

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore
sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things,
come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Escort Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Benc. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar! [hand.]

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up? 120

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames.

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?

Child I for that at frugal nature's frame? 130

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever was thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirch'd thus and mix'd with infamy,

I might have said: No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?

But mine and mine I lov'd and mine I praised

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine, 140

Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again

And salt too little which may season give

To her foul-tainted flesh!

Benc. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?
Beat. No, truly not ; although, until last night, 150
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
 Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little ; for I have only been
 Silent so long and given way unto
 This course of fortune. . . .
 By noting of the lady I have mark'd 160
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness ?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus-
 ed of ?
Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I
 know none :
 If I know more of any man alive 180
 Than that which maiden modesty doth war-
 rant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-
 ture,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death !
Friar. There is some strange misprision in
 the princes. [honor :
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard, 190
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
 of her,
 These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
 honor,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my
 means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
 Ability in means and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Pause awhile,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
 Maintain a mourning ostentation
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial. 210
Leon. What shall become of this ? what
 will this do ?
Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her
 behalf
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some
 good :
 But not for that dream I on this strange
 course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must so be maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
 Of every hearer : for it so falls out 219
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with
 Claudio :
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life, 230
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed ; then shall he
 mourn.
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accus'd her,
 No, though he thought his accusation true,
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood,
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death, 240
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
 you : [love
 And though you know my inwardness and
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly as your soul 250
 Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented : presently
 away :

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day
Perhaps is not prolong'd : have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged. 261

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you : is not that strange ? 270

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ? 280

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it : I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio. 291

Bene. Ha ! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here : there is no love in you : nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice.—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 301

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman ? O that I were a man ! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands ; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— 310

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window ! A proper saying !

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero ! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Confect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 330

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged ; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead : and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns ; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors ?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend ? 11

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God ?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.

Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God : and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains ! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him. Come

you hither, sirrah : a word in your ear : sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none ?

Ser. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efast way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace : I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Ser. What heard you him say else ?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Ser. What else, fellow ?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Ser. What else ? 60

Watch. This is all.

Ser. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's : I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. †Let them be in the hands— 70

Con. Off, coxcomb !

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton ? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet ! [*Ass.*]

Con. Away ! you are an ass, you are an

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place ? dost thou not suspect my years ? O that he were here to write me down an ass ! But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass ! [*Exeunt.* 90]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself :

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience ; 10 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine

And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form ; If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, †Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem !' when he should groan, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. 19 But there is no such man : for, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air and agony with words ; No, no : 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure 30 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself :

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40
Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ; And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince And all of them that thus dishonor her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, heshrew my hand,

If it should give you age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never flier and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool, As under privilege of age to brag 60

What I have done being young, or what would do

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am forced to lay my reverence by And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days, Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child; Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors; O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70

Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare, Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lusthood, *Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: 80

But that's no matter; let him kill one first; Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whi you from your foining here; Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,— [my niece;

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue; 90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I

know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antiely, show outward hideousness, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter: 100 Do not you meddle; let me deal in this,

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing

But what was true and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard. [for it.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both. 121

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 141

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [Aside to Claudio.] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you are. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 151

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit;' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one!' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit;' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise;' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues!;' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all. 180

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!'

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as bruggarts do their blades, which God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [Exit.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee. 200

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. Boy, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was dead?

Enter DOMBIVY, VIOLINS, and the Watch, with CONRAD and BONAPIO.

Dog. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: may, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Bonaño one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Murry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division: and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bona. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light: who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it. [To this?

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on?

Bona. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first. 260

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him, 270
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger,
look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy
breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thy-
self:

Here stand a pair of honorable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your pa-
tience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge your-
self;

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter
live;

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here 290
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labor ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daugh-
ter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin, 300
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to
me, 310

But always hath been just and virtuous

In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not

under white and black, this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it
be remembered in his punishment. And also,
the watch heard them talk of one Deformed:
they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock
hanging by it, and borrows money in God's
name, the which he hath used so long and
never paid that now men grow hard-hearted
and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray
you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise
God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your
worship; which I beseech your worship to
correct yourself, for the example of others.
God keep your worship! I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health! I humbly
give you leave to depart; and if a merry meet-
ing may be wished, God prohibit it! Come,
neighbor. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well. [to-morrow.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you
D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these
fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd
fellow. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands by helping me to
the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no
man living shall come over it; for, in most
comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why,
shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's
foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will
not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call
Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have buck-
lers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must
put in the pikes with a vice; and they are
dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you,
who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

[Sings] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve, —

I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to ' lady ' but ' baby,' an innocent rhyme ; for ' scorn,' ' horn,' a hard rhyme ; for ' school,' ' fool,' a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 41

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. ' Then ' is spoken ; fare you well now ; and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came ; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 51

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noise ; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ? 61

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ! a good epithet ! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart. I think ; alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

B. At. It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question : why, an hour in clamor and a quarter in rheum ; therefore is it most

expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy ; and now tell me, how doth your cousin ? 91

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home : it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes ; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies ;

Death, in garden of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies,

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn. 10

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight ;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan ;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily :

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered, 20

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out : [The day,

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gen-
Bene. Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his
several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds ; 30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speed's

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A room in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who
accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated :

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so
well

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith en-
forced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentle-
women all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother :

You must be father to your brother's daugh-
ter,

And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd coun-
tenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me ; one of
them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite
her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had
from me,

From Claudio and the prince : but what's your
will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honorable marriage :

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or
three others.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair as-
sembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,
Claudio :

We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother ; here's the
friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why,
what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage
bull.

Tush, fear not, man ; we'll tip thy horns with
gold

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your
father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you : here comes
other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you
her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let
me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand : before this
holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other
wife :

And when you loved, you were my other hus-
band.

Claud. Another Hero !

Hero. Nothing certainer :
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is
dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her
slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Bea-
trice ?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name.
What is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince
and Claudio

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and
Ursula

Are much deceived : for they did swear you

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands
against our hearts. Come, I will have thee;
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and
partly to save your life, for I was told you
were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.
[*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the
married man? 100

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college
or wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my
humor. Dost thou think I care for a satire or
an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten
with brains he shall wear nothing handsome

about him. In brief, since I do purpose to
marry, I will think nothing to any purpose
that the world can say against it; and there-
fore never flout at me for what I have said
against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this
is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did
think to have beaten thee; but in that thou
art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and
love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled
thee out of thy single life, to make thee a
double-dealer; which, out of question, thou
wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly
narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's
have a dance ere we are married, that we may
lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play,
music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife,
get thee a wife: there is no staff more reve-
rend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en
in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Mes-
sina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow:
I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.
Strike up, pipers. [Dance. 131

[*Exit.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1599.)

INTRODUCTION.

As You Like It was entered on the Stationers' register together with *Henry V.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, "to be staied," i. e. not printed; the date is August 4, but the year is not mentioned. The previous entry is dated May 27, 1600, and as the other plays were printed in 1600 and 1601, we infer that the August was that of the year 1600. The comedy is not mentioned by Meres. A line, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" is quoted (Act III., Sc. v., l. 82) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598. We may set down the following year, 1599, as the probable date of the creation of this charming comedy. The story is taken from Thomas Lodge's prose tale, *Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie*, first printed in 1590, and a passage in Lodge's dedication probably suggested to Shakespeare the name of his play. Lodge, who wrote this tale on his voyage to the Canaries, founded it in part on the Cook's Tale of Gameyn, wrongly ascribed to Chaucer, and inserted in some editions as one of the *Canterbury Tales*. In parts of his work the dramatist follows the story-teller closely, but there are some important differences. The heroic names Orlando, Oliver, and Sir Rowland are due to Shakespeare. It was a thought of Shakespeare to make the rightful and usurping dukes, as in *The Tempest*, brothers. In Lodge's novel the girl-friends pass in the forest for lady and page, in Shakespeare for brother and sister. Shakespeare omits the incident of Aliena's rescue from robbers by her future husband; love at first sight was natural in Arden, but a band of robbers would have marred the tranquillity of the scene. To Shakespeare we owe the creation of the characters of Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Written perhaps immediately after *Henry V.*, the play presents a striking contrast with that high-pitched historical drama. It is as if Shakespeare's imagination craved repose and refreshment after the life of courts and camps. We are still on French soil, but instead of the sound of the shock of battle at Agincourt, we hear the waving forest boughs, and the forest streams of Arden, where "they fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World." There is an open-air feeling about this play, as there is about *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but in *The Merry Wives* all the surroundings are English and real, here they belong to a land of romance. For the Renaissance, that age of vast energy, national enterprise, religious strife, and court intrigue, pastoral or idyllic poetry possessed a peculiar charm; the quiet and innocence of a poetical Arcadia was a solace to a life of highly-wrought ambition and aspiration. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," moralizes the banished Duke, and external, material adversity has come to him, to Rosalind, and to Orlando; but if fortune is harsh, nature—both external nature and human character—is sound and sweet, and of real suffering there is none in the play. All that is evil remains in the society which the denizens of the forest have left behind; and both seriously, in the characters of the usurping Duke and Oliver, and playfully, through Touchstone's mockery of court follies, a criticism on what is evil and artificial in society is suggested in contrast with the woodland life. Yet Shakespeare never falls into the conventional, pastoral manner. Orlando is an ideal of youthful strength, beauty, and noble innocence of heart; and Rosalind's bright, tender womanhood seems but to grow more exquisitely feminine in the male attire which she has assumed in self-defence. Her feelings are almost as quick and fine as those of Imogen (she has not, like Imogen, known fear and sorrow), and she uses her wit and bright play of intellect as a protection against her own eager and vivid emotions. Possessed of a delighted consciousness of power to confer happiness, she can dally with disguises, and make what is most serious to her at the same time possess the charm of an exquisite frolic. The melancholy Jacques is a sentimentalist and in some degree a superficial cynic, but he is not a bad-hearted egoist, like Don John; he is a perfectly idle seeker for new sensations and an observer of his own feelings; he is weary of all he has found, and especially professes to despise the artificial society, which yet he never really escapes from as the others do. His wisdom is half foolery, as Touchstone's foolery is half wisdom. Touchstone is the daintiest fool of the comedies, and in comparing him with the clowns of *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we perceive how Shakespeare's humor has grown in refinement.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, an usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick,
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
 DENNIS, }
 TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
 SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
 CORIN, } shepherds.
 SILVIUS, }
 WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with
 Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
 CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
 PHEBE, a shepherdess.
 AUDREY a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Oliver's house ; Duke Frederick's court,
 and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. †AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his daughthils are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother; and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Enter OLIVER.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

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

Orl. What mar you then, sir?

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

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 39

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

Orl. Know you where your are, sir?

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

Orl. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Orl. What, boy!

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

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father beget 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 rail'd on thyself.

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

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

Orl. Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Orl. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls you worship?

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

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

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

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

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, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own 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 intentment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

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

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

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.* 180

SCENE II. *Lawn before the DUKE'S palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?



ROSALIND AND CELIA.

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 benefi- cits 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 fount at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this answer to cut off the argument? 50

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

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. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

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

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him; enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 91

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

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.
Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 100

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.
Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

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

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

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will. 110

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 losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. You 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. 130

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. 140

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? 160

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

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 179

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. 190

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was 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! 210

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Orl. 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.

Orl. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Shout. Charles is thrown.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed. 230

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed, 240

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? [son.]

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's His youngest son; and would not change that calling.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured. 251

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

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 261

Are all thrown down, and that which here
stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with
my fortunes ;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown ! 271
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-ent' Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ; what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell
me this ; 280

Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
by manners ;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath taken displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument 291

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 : 300
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.

Cel. But is all this for your father ? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briers is this working-day world !
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown
upon thee in 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. 20

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affec-
tions.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wres-
tler 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. 31

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I
should hate him, for my father hated his father
dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve
well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you
love him because I do. Look, here comes the
duke. 41

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your
safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with
me :

If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic. — 51
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. 60

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom ;

So was I when your highness banish'd him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor;
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along. 70

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat to-
gether,

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 80
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, pro-
vide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor. 90
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Fredrick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt
thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I
am.

Ros. I have more cause

Cel. Than hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet
girl? 100

No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon
you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

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

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
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 umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assalants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
will— 121

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art
a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or
three Lords, like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say

'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

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.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
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?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes,
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testa-
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being
there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends. 50
'Tis right:' quoth he 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company;' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth
Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this
contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

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

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man
saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did
see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mis-
tress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that
gallant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you
here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love
you? [*Adant?*]

And wherefore are you gentle, strong and val-
Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny praiser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies? 11
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle mas-
ter,

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 20

O! him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place: this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whether, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown :

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

And 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 50

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, 60

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having : it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry

But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70

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 for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

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

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet

and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore courage, good Aliena !

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn talk. 21

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 a true lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :

But I, thy love were ever like to mine—

As sure I think did never man love so—

How many actions most ridiculous 30
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,

Wear thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy

wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

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 a-might to

Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of

her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty

chopt hands had milked ; and I remember the

wooing of a peacock instead of her, from

whom I took two cuds and, giving her them

again, said with weeping tears ' Wear these for

my sake.' We that are true lovers run into

strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature,

so is all nature in love mortal in folly.
Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art
ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine
own wit till I break my shins against it. 60
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 prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

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

And fainets 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 80
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice 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. 90

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 ransd 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. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

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

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun 40

[*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.

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 50

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he.

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'? 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end; I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can no where find him like a man.

First 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, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First 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? 10

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit; Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large 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? 51

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine. 61

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do. [good?]

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou discharge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

†Till that the weary very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbor?

Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not of my cost, 80

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? *Let me*

see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him

right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die. 101

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible, 110

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days. 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church

And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness

And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while.

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step 130

Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! *[Exit.]*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, 150

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 modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixthage shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160

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 burthen,

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; full to: I will not trouble you 171

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ant. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green

holly: 180

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere

folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly linn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
That loved your father : the residue of your
fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or
living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no
more

To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call
thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
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 extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently 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

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 charac-
ter ;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of it-
self, 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 re-
spect that it is private, it is a very vile life.
Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth
me well ; but in respect it is not in the court,
it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you,
it fits my humor well ; but as there is no more
plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.
Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more but that I know the more
one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that
he that wants money, means and content is
without three good friends : that the property
of rain is to wet and fire to burn : that good
pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great
cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he
that hath learned no wit by nature nor art
may complain of good breeding or comes of a
very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side. 39

Cor. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
thou never sawest good manners ; if thou
never sawest good manners, then thy man-
ners 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 ridicu-
lous 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 un-
cleanly, 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. 60

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 wormsmeat, 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. 71

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.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of rattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 90

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest liued
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind. 100

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank 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. 110
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? 120

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

graft 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. 130

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside

Cel. [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No:

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sun of age; 140

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd 150

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have, 161

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle palpiter! 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. 171

[*Exit 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 mere feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look hers

what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ? 190

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color ?

Ros. I prithee, who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery : I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

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.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando ?

Cel. Orlando. 230

Ros. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes him here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 241

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover ; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good

observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 250

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 259

Ros. O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden : thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft ! comes he not here ?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 270

Orl. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name ? 290

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing y^eu 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 ? 289

Orl. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 300

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 I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you : fare-
well, good Signior Love. 310

Orl. I am glad of your departure ; adieu,
good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him,
like a stoney lackey and under that habit play
the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day ;
there's no clock in the forest. 319

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the
forest ; else sighing every minute and groan-
ing 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 with-
al, who Time gallops withal and who he stands
still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal.

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young
maid between the contract of her marriage and
the day it is solemnized ; if the interim be but
a se'night, Time's pace is so hard that it
seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a
rich man that hath not the gout, for the one
sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the
other lives merrily because he feels no pain,
the one lacking the burden of lean and waste-
ful learning, the other knowing no burden of
eavy 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 him-
self too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for
they sleep between term and term and then
they perceive not how Time moves. 351

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here
in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a
petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place ?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where
she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you
could purchase in so removed a dwelling. 360

Ros. I have been told so of many ; but in-
deed an old religious uncle of mine taught me
to speak, who was in his youth an inland
man ; one that knew courtship too well, for
there he fell in love. I have heard him read
many lectures against it, and I thank God I
am not a woman, to be touched with so many
giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their
whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal
evils that he laid to the charge of wom-
men ? 370

Ros. There were none principal ; they were
all like one another as half-pence are, every
one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow
fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic
but on those that are sick. There is a man
haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants
with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks ; hangs
odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles,
all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosa-
lind ; 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. 390

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a
blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an
unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a
beard neglected, which you have not ; but I
pardon you for that, for simply your having
in beard is a younger brother's revenue ; then
your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet
unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe
untied and every thing about you demonstrat-
ing a careless desolation ; but you are no such
man ; you are rather point-device in your ac-
countments as loving yourself than seeming
the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee
believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ! you may as soon make
her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant,
she is apter to do than to confess she does ;
that is one of the points in the which women
still give the lie to their consciences. But,
in good sooth, are you he that hangs the
verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so
admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white
hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortu-
nate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your
rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express
how much. 419

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell
you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip
as madmen do ; and the reason why they are
not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy
is so ordinary that the whippers are in love
too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was
to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I
set him every day to woo me : at which time
would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve,
be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking,
proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant,
full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion
something and for no passion truly any thing,

as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; 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. 450

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? [*Eccunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

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. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 11

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou were 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. 31

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

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. 39

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. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods;' right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthy 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. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 71

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-you-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? 79

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.

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. 90

Touch. [*Aside*] 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;



TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey : We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver ; not,— 100

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee :

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exe.* 109]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's ; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 10

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 ? 21

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 conceive 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. 30

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is : ' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confinner of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him ; he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover : as a pious tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired 50

After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove : The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 60

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phoebe ;

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 lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner : I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye : 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the fruit'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers ! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ; And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ; Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers ! Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee : 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me : and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? Who might
be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? What 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 ? 40
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on
me ?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too !
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship,
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain ?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman : 'tis such looks as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd chil-
dren :

'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, [love :

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together :

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be
so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why
look you so upon me ? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsèr 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. 80

Come, to our flock,

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,

'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sil-
vius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neigh-
borly ? 90

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 hear 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 em-
ploy'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

That I shall think it a most piteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st now 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 carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask
for him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ; 110
But what care I for words ? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride be-
comes 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, 120
A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the
difference

Between the constant red and mingled
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love
him :

For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair
black : 130

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;

The matter 's in my head and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELLA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy
fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than
laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either
are abominable fellows and betray themselves
to every modern censure worse than drunk-
ards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say
nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post. 9

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melan-
choly, which is emulation, nor the musician's,
which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which
is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious,
nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the
lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is
all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own,
compounded of many simples, extracted from
many objects, and indeed the sundry's con-
templation of my travels, in which my often
ruminati^on wraps me in a most humorous sad-
ness. 20

Ros. A traveller ! By my faith, you have
great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold
your own lands to see other men's ; then, to
have seen much and to have nothing, is to
have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad :
I had rather have a fool to make me merry
than experience to make me sad ; and to
travel for it too !

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosa-
lind !

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you
talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look
you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the
benefits of your own country, be out of love
with your nativity and almost chide God for
making you that countenance you are, or I
will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.
Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you
been all this while ? You a lover ! An you
serve me such another trick, never come in my
sight more. 41

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an
hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ! He
that will divide a minute into a thousand parts
and break but a part of the thousandth part of
a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said
of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the
shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

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 make a wo-
man : besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that ?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are
fain to be beholding to your wives for : but he
comes armed in his fortune and prevents the
slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosa-
lind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so ; but he
hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am
in a holiday humor and like enough to consent.
What would you say to me now, an I were
your very very Rosalind ? 71

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. 81

Orl. Who could be out, being before his be-
loved 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. 91

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have
you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor
world is almost six thousand years old, and in

all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 120

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.

Orl. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'
Orl. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 131

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when? [us.

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry

Ros. They you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband; there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder; make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that cheek for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed. 171

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 200

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.

Orl. 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.

Orl. 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 ras-

ally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, for-ester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10 It bears an angry tenor: pardon me: I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: She says I am not fair, that I lack manners; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of you own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents: Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool

And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-color'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter;

I say she never did invent this letter; This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me. Like Turk to Christian; women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiopie 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. [*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me,

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect!

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move!

He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;

Whether that thy youth and kind

Will the faithful offer take 60

Of me and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,

And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 81

But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments and such years : ' The boy is fair,

Of female favor, and bestows himself
† Like a ripe sister : the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again 100

Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd 110

The opening of his mouth : but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with adders 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 120
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother :

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness, 131
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurting

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am,
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two 140

Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

As how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he

fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind, 150

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede ! 160

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth : you a man !
you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited ! I

pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho ! 169

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, if faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cl. Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Ol. That will I, for I must bear answer back 180

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 forest*

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 Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean. 10

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.

Enter WILLIAM.

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, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend ? 20

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 ? 31

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest 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 ? 40

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 ? 50

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'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

Touch. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing you should love her ? and loving woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persever to enjoy her ?

Ol. 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.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother. 20

Ol. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ? 30

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are : nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame : ' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very writh of love and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than my in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not dumable. 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 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, out you in your best array : bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. 81

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have doue 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 despightful 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. 9.

Phe. And I for Ganymede,

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, 100

All made of passion and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance ;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? 110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Who do you speak to, ' Why blame you me to love you ?' [hear.

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not
Ros. Pray you, no more of this : 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

[*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can : [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet : [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well : I have left you commands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

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. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come it, sit, and a song. 9

Sec. Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

First 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 ?

See, Page. I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding : 21
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c. 30

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.

First 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 wi' you ; and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;

† As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience, once more, whiles our compact is urged :

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?

Ph. 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 ?

Ph. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing,

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ; 19

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.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter ;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome : this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; 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 ? 50

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. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear : according as marriage binds and blood breaks : a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will : rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dialect diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ? 70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed :--

bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment : this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome. and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

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 ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so ;' and they shook hands and swore brotherly. 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. 110

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou might'st join her hand with
his

Whose heart within his bosom is. 121

Ros. [To duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Or.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phc. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu !

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he :
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :

You and you are heart in heart :

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord : 140

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock then be honored : 150

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.

Phc. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two :

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on
foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding ;
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest let us do those ends

That here were well begun and well begot :

And after, every of this happy number

That have endured shrewd days and nights
with us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states. 181
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bride-
grooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these conver-
tites 190

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To duke*] You to your former honor I be-
queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves
it:

[*To Ori.*] You to a love that your true faith
doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and
great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved
bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights,

[*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady
the epilogue; but it is no more unhand-
some than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true
that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a
good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine
they do use good bushes, and good plays prove
the better by the help of good epilogues. What
a case am I in then, that am neither a good
epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the
behalf of a good play! I am not furnished
like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become
me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin
with the women. I charge you, O women, for
the love you bear to men, to like as much of
this play as please you: and I charge you, O
men, for the love you bear to women—as I
perceive by your simpering, none of you hates
them—that between you and the women the
play may please. If I were a woman I would
kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleased me, complexions that liked me and
breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as
many as have good beards or good faces or
sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I
make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

TWELFTH NIGHT.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1600-1601.)

INTRODUCTION.

We learn from Manningham's *Diary* that *Twelfth Night* was acted at the Middle Temple, February 2, 1601-1602. Its date is probably 1600-1601. Manningham writes of the play: "Much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menecchus* in Plautus, but most like and neerer to that in Italian called *Ingramm*." There are two Italian plays of an earlier date than *Twelfth Night*, entitled *GI' Innamati* (*The Cheats*), containing incidents in some degree resembling those of Shakespeare's comedy, and in that by Gonzaga, the sister who assumes male attire, producing thereby confusion of identity with her brother, is named Cesare (Shakespeare's Cesario). But a third Italian play, *GI' Innamati*, presents a still closer resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, and in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio*, occurs the name Malevoli (Malvolio). The story is told in Bandello's novel (ii. 36), and was translated by Belleforest into French, in *Histoires Tragiques*. Whether Shakespeare consulted any Italian source or not, he had doubtless before him the version of the story (from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*) by Barnabe Rich—the *Historie of Apolonius and Silla* in *Rich His Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581)—and this, in the main, he followed. The characters of Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, the clown Feste, and Maria, with the part they play in the comedy, are creations of Shakespeare. No comedy of Shakespeare's unites such abounding mirth and fine satire, with the charm of a poetical romance. It is the summing up of the several admirable qualities which appear in the joyous comedies, of which it forms the last. An edge is put on the roystering humor of Sir Toby by the sharp waiting-maid wit of Maria, which saves it from becoming an aimless rollicking. Sir Andrew is a slender grown adult in brainlessness, and who has forgotten that he is not as richly endowed by nature as by fortune. Feste, the clown, is less quaint than Touchstone, but more versatile, less a contemplative fool, and more actively a lover of jest and waggersy. Among this abandoned crew of toppers and drolls stalks the solemn "yellow-legged stork" Malvolio. His sense of self-importance has diffused itself over all the details of his life, so that the whole of human existence, as he would have it, must become as pompous and as exemplary as the manners of my lady's steward. The cruelty of his deception and disillusion is in proportion to the greatness of his distempered self-esteem. The Duke Orsino is infected with the lover's melancholy, which is fantastical and nice. He nurses his love and dallies with it, and tries to yield up all his consciousness to it, as to a delicious sensation, and therefore his love is not quite earnest or deep. Olivia has not the love-languor of the Duke, but her resolved sorrow for her lost brother, so soon forgotten in a stronger feeling, shows a little of the same unreality of self-conscious emotion which we perceive in the Duke's love; she is of a nature harmonious and refined, but is too much a child of wealth and ease to win away our chief interest from the heroine of the play. Viola is like a heightened portrait of the Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, enriched with lovely color and placed among more poetical surroundings. She has not the pretty sauciness of Rosalind in her disguise, but owns a heart as tender sweet-natured, and sound-natured as even Rosalind's.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentleman attending on the
CURIO, } Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN,
FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.
OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.
SCENE: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast
near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords ; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on ;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That scann again ! it had a dying fall :
O, that came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor ! Enough ; no more :
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have ;

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
M'though she purged the air of pestilence !
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;

But from her handmaid do return this answer :

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king !
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailor.

Vi. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vi. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd : what think you,
sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vi. O my poor brother ! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;
Where, like *ARION* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vi. For saying so, there's gold :

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vi. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vi. What is the name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vi. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :

For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vi. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vi. O that I served that lady

And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vi. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain ;

And though that nature with a beauteous wail
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee, and I'll pay thee boundedly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke :

They shall present me as an eunuch to him :
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit ; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
be :

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
see.

Vio. I thank thee : lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus ? I am sure
rare's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o' nights ; your cousin, my lady,
takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before ex-
pected.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine ! I'll confine myself no
finer than I am ; these clothes are good enough
to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an
they be not, let them hang themselves in their
own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ;
and of a foolish knight that you brought in one
night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illy-
ria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose ?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o'
the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature. 29

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural : for
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller :
and but that he hath the gift of a coward to
allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis
thought among the prudent he would quickly
have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels
and subtractors that say so of him. Who are
they ?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company. 39

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece :
I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage
in my throat and drink in Illyria : he's a
coward and a coystroll that will not drink to
my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a
parish-top. What, wench ! Castiliano vulgo !
for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir
Toby Belch !

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew !

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. 50

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that ?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight ; 'accost' is
from her, board her, woo her, assail her. 60

Sir And. By my troth, I would not under-
take her in this company. Is that the meaning
of 'accost' ?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would
I might never draw sword again. Fair lady,
do you think you have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand. 70

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and
here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free' : I pray
you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and
let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart ? what's
your metaphor ?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so : I am not such
an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But
what's your jest ? 80

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them ?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers'
ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am
barren. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. O knight thou lackest a cup of
canary : when did I see thee so put down ?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless
you see canary put me down. Methinks some-
times I have no more wit than a Christian or
an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater
of beef and I believe that does harm to my
wit. 91

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear
it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight ?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi' ? do or not
do ? I would I had bestowed that time in the
tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and
bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the arts !

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent
head of hair. 101

Sir And. Why, would that have mended
my hair ?

Sir To. Past question ; for thou seest it will
not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough,
does't not ?

Sir To. Excellent : it hangs like flax on a

distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off. 110

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself here hard by wooks her.

Sir To. She'll none of the count; she'll not touch above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 130

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gaiters a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper; ha! higher; ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt. 151

SCENE IV. The Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIQ, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof, Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofitable return

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth

Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30

That say thou art a man; Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair. Some four or five attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best.

When least in company. Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best. 40

To woo your lady; [Aside] yet, a bartol strife!

Whoe'er I see, myself would be his wife.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWNS.

Mar. Nay, either tell me when thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clow. Let her hang me; he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer; I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colors.' 10

Clow. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clow. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 19

Clow. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Cl. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Cl. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.' 40

Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Cl. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cunctus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Cl. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Cl. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 71

Cl. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Cl. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Cl. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Cl. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby

will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crowd so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury endure thee with leasings, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. 111

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Cl. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague on these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Cl. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lechery?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Cl. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let

him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned : go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he ?

Mal. Why, of mankind. 160

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewdly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.

Viola. The honorable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ? 180

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well-penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinuiter usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ? 189

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Viola. No, my profound heart ; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not the less I play. Are you the lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned : I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber ; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind : I am a messenger. 220

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage : I hold the olive in my hand ; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ? 229

Viola. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead ; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone ; we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]

Now, sir, what is your text ?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ? 240

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom ! In what chapter of his bosom ?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it : it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? You are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : is't not well done ?

[*Uncovering.*]

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather. [white]

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the cream'tst she alive. If you will lead these graces to the grave 260

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will : as, item, two lips, indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud :

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270
My lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and
valiant :

And in dimension and the shape of nature 280
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills. 291
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia !' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me !

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is
well ;
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him ; let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well ;
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your
purse :

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall
love ;

And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. 'What is your parentage ?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well ;
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art ; 310
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and
spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast ;
soft, soft

Unless the master were the man. How now !
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio !

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind
him,

Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it. 321
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for
him :

If that the youth will come this way to-mor-
row,

I'll give him reasons for't : hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not
owe ;

What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you
not that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine
darkly over me : the malignancy of my fate
might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I
shall crave of you your leave that I may bear
my evils alone : it were a bad recompense for
your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you
are bound. 10

Seb. No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you
so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will
not extort from me what I am willing to keep
in ; therefore it charges me in manners the
rather to express myself. You must know of
me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,
which I called Roderigo. My father was that
Sebastian of Messulino, whom I know you
have heard of. He left behind him myself and
a sister, both born in an hour : if the heavens
had been pleased, would we had so ended !
but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour be-
fore you took me from the breach of the sea
was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she
much resembled me, was yet of many account-
ed beautiful ; but, though I could not with
such estimable wonder overfar believe that,
yet thus far I will boldly publish her ; she bore

a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. *[Exit.]*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. A street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vi. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vi. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly throw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vi. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false 30
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;—

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluenculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I' faith.

Cl. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, I' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Cl. I did impeticoes thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 31

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you! let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Cl. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Cl. *[Sings]* 32

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming.

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure ; 50
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight. 70

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a cateringing do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 79

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady!

[*Sings*]
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'— 91

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up! 101

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' 110

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.' 121

Sir To. Out o' time, sir; ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a wayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us some thing of him. 150

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that



*"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
There shall be no more cakes and ale?"*

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all that look on him love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in ins way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece : on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.]

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable !

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you : I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter : observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthésilæa.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a fool way out. 201

Sir To. Send for money, knight : if thou hast her not i' the end, call me out.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now : come, knight ; come, knight. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night : Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times : Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lad, Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio. *Music plays.*

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me ; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like this time ? 20

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly : My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves : Hath it not, boy ?

Viola. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith ?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven : let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart : For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are,

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;

For women are as roses, whose fair flower

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 40

Viola. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;

To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Cur. Are you ready, sir ? 50

Duke. Ay ; prithee, sing. [Music.

SONG.

Clow. Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid

Fly away, fly away, breath ;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it !

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60

On my black coffin let there be strown ;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall
be thrown ;
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there !

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clot. No pains, sir : I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clot. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clot. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit 81

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lauds ;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Clot. But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Clot. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much : they lack retention

As, their love may be call'd appetite, 100

No motion of the liver, but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much : make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me

And that I owe Olivia.

Clot. Ay, but I know--

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Clot. Too well what love women to men may owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man, 110

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Clot. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove 120

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Clot. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here 10

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue : shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India !

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue !

Sir To. Peace, I say

Mal. To be Count Malvolio 70
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,— 50
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,— 61
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me.—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with curs, yet peace. 71
Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—
Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow of the lips then?
Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech;'
Sir To. What, what? 80
Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'
Sir To. Out, scab!
Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.
Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;'
Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.
Mal. 'Oue Sir Andrew;'
Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool. 90
Mal. What employment have we here?
 [Taking up the letter.
Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gm.
Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!
Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.
Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that? 100
Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes;'
 —her very phrases! By your leave wax. Soft! and the impre-

sure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?
Fab. This wins him, liver and all.
Mal. [Reads]
 Jove knows I love;
 But who?
 Lips, do not move;
 No man must know. 110
 'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know;' if this should be thee, Malvolio?
Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!
Mal. [Reads]
 I may command where I adore;
 But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
 With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
 M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.
Fab. A fustian riddle!
Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120
Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this; and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—
Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold sweat.
Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.
Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults. 140
Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.
Fab. And O shall end, I hope.
Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
Mal. And then I comes behind.
Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 150
Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.
 [Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity; she thus

advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champagne discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her likin'. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised ! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well ; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee : I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this
Sir And. So could I too. 200

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I' futh, or I either ? 209

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vi. Save thee, friend, and thy music : dost thou live by thy tabor ?

Cl. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vi. Art thou a churchman ?

Cl. No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vi. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 11

Cl. You have said, sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit : how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vi. Nay, that's certain ; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Cl. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

Vi. Why, man ?

Cl. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vi. Thy reason, man ?

Cl. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vi. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. 31

Cl. Not so, sir, I do care for something ; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you : if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vi. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool ?

Cl. No, indeed, sir ; the Lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings ; the husband's the bigger : I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vi. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Cl. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vi. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Cl. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard ! 51

Vi. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one ; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Cl. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vi. Yes, being kept together and put to

Cl. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin. I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit; He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time. 70

And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labor as a wise man's art:

For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 81

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 91

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odors;' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. [*World*]

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts.

On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,

I had you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres. 120

Vio.

Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 131

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom.

Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

[*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is alike to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, dew west.

Vio. Then westward—ho! Grace and good disposition.

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am. [*He!*]

Oli. I would you were as I would have you

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,

But rather reason thus with reason fetter.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth, 49
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam : never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps
mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass of me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oath of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked : the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy. 31

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valor ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it ; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor. 41

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curt and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention : taunt him with the license of ink ; if thou thou'st

him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down : go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo : go.
[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver't ? 61

Sir To. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anat my.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes. 71

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered ? 79

Mar. Most villainously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us, where he is.
[*Exeunt.* 90]

SCENE III. A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you ;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you : my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and inhospitable : my willing love,



TWELFTH NIGHT.

The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever... oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your
lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renoun this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gal-
leys

I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be
answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his
people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody
nature: 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument,
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them: which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's
my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet. 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse? [toy

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exit.

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll
come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very
etrange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but
smile: your ladyship were best to have some
guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the
man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] I
am as mad as he.

If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-*enter* MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering; but what of that? if it please the
eye of one, it is with me as the very true son-
net is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is
the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs. It did come to his hands, and com-
mands shall be executed: I think we do know
the sweet Roman hand. 31

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll
come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou
smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales
answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous
boldness before my lady? 41

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas
well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon
them.' 50

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yel-
low stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gar-
tered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest
to be so;'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant
still.' 66

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the
Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly
entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's
pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.]
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.
Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my

people have a special care of him : I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.* 70

Mal. O, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ! This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him : for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she ; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity ;' and consequently sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to :' follow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said ? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How isn't with you, sir ? how isn't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you : let me enjoy my private ; go off. 100

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace ; we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how isn't with you ? What, man ! defy the devil ; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ? 110

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched !

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress !

Mar. O Lord !

Sir To. Prithce, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him. 122

Fab. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock ! how dost thou, chuck ?

Mal. Sir !

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier ! 130

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx !

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element ; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him ; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it : a warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy ?

Sir And. Ay, is't. I warrant him : do but read. 161

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note ; that keeps you from the blow of the law. 163

Sir To. [*Reads.*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and' in my sight she uses thee kindly ; but thou liest in thy throat ; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] 'I will waylay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —'

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.' 180

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law ; good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] 'Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHECK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't. he is now in some commiee with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him

at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bail; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 200

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will apply receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honor too unchary out;
There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same havior that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 230
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor saved may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir. 239

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends

thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful and deadly.

Viola. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 256

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Viola. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor; belike this is a man of that kind.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 289

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for't; I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.* 300

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it

is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 310

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't : this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 319

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests he will not hurt you. 330

Vio. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furions.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't. 340

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath !

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir ! why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more than you have heard him brag to he will. *Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*They draw.* 350]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word : he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man ; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Comt Orsino. 361

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot ; I know your favor well,

Though now you have no sea-cup on your head.

Take him away : he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 370
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, [*trouble,*]

And, part, being prompted by your present Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;

I'll make division of my present with you :

Hold, there's half my coffer. 381

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsond a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood. 391

Ant.

O heavens themselves !

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us ? The time goes by : away !

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 400

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad : away with him ! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself : so do not I.
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, 409
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !
Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither,
 Fabian : we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
 most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother
 know

Yet living in my glass ; even such and so
 In favor was my brother, and he went
 Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
 For him I imitate : O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
 [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
 more a coward than a hare : his dishonesty
 appears in leaving his friend here in necessity
 and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask
 Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, reli-
 gious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat
 him.

Sir To. Do ; cuff him soundly, but never
 draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not.— [Exit, 430

Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be noth-
 ing yet. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am
 not sent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not
 know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my
 lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor
 your name is not Master Cesario ; nor this is
 not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere
 else ; 11

Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! he has heard that
 word of some great man and now applies it to
 a fool. Vent my folly ! I am afraid this great
 lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I
 prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell
 me what I shall vent to my lady : shall I vent
 to her that thou art coming ?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from
 me :

There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,
 I shall give worse payment. 21

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.
 These wise men that give fools money get
 themselves a good report—after fourteen years'
 purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ?
 there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
 there.

Are all the people mad ?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
 o'er the house. 31

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I
 would not be in some of your coats for two
 pence. [Exit.]

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone : I'll go an-
 other way to work with him ; I'll have an ac-
 tion of battery against him, if there be any law
 in Illyria ; though I struck him first, yet it's
 no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.
 Come, my young soldier, put up your iron :
 you are well fleshed ; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst
 thou now ?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy
 sword.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must
 have an ounce or two of this malapert blood
 from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life I charge thee,
 hold !

Sir To. Madam ! 50

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious
 wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
 Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of
 my sight !

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone !

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless
 pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose not
 go ; 61

Do not deny. Bestrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this ? how runs the
 stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee ; would thou 'dst
 be ruled by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be ! [Exit.]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and
 this beard : make him believe thou art Sir
 Topas the curate : do it quickly ; I'll call Sir
 Toby the whilst. [Exit.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Joye bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorbodue, 'That that is is;' so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeites well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas. 39

Clo. Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt *Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clo. [Singing] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool! 80

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio? 90

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 120

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [Singing] I am gone, sir, 130
And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,
 In a trice.
 Like to the old Vice,
 Your need to sustain ;
 Who, with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad ; 140
 † Adieu, good man devil. [Exit.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't ;
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant ;
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service ;
 For though my soul disputes well with my
 sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades
 me

To any other trust but that I am mad
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her
 followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing 19
 As I perceive she does : there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
 mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by : there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note.
 What time we will our celebration keep 30
 According to my birth. What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
 you ;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and
 heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine !

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA'S house.

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see
 his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another
 request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recom-
 pense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKI, VIOLA, CURIU, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia,
 friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.
 Duke. I know thee well ; how dost thou,
 my good fellow ? 11

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and
 the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy
 friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make
 an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I
 am an ass ; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in
 the knowledge of myself, and by my friends
 I am abused ; so that conclusions to be as
 kisses, if your four negatives make your two
 affirmatives, why then, the worse for my
 friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please
 you to be one of my friends

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me ;
 there's gold. 31

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing,
 sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for
 this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner,
 to be a double-dealer : there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ;
 and the old saying is, the third pays for all ;
 the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ;
 or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you
 in mind ; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of
 me at this throw ; if you will let your lady
 know I am here to speak with her, and bring
 her along with you, it may awake my bounty
 further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till
 I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have
 you to think that my desire of having is the
 sin of covetousness ; but, as you say, sir, let
 your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.
 [Exit.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did
 rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
 Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war ;
 A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 60

That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. What's the
matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from
Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my
side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me :
I know not what 'twas but distraction. 71

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you
give me :

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate.
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,

From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem : a wreck past hope he was :

His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication ; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing

While one would wink ; denied me mine own
purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
N't half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three
months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess : now
heaven walks on earth. 100
But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are
madness :

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia,— [lord,—

Ol. What do you say, Cesario ? Good my

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes
me. 110

Ol. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Ol. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you unceiv-
lady,

To whose ingrate and unassuming altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed
out

That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?
Ol. Even what it please my lord, that
shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart
to do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love ?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me
this :

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favor,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender
dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Ol. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my
life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above 140
Punish my life for tainting of my love !

Ol. Ay me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do
you wrong ?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thyself ? is it so long ?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away !

Ol. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband !

Ol. Ay, husband ; can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah !

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strange thy propriety : 150
Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father !

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Pries. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips, 161
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your
rings.

And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy ease?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, 169
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oh. O, do not swear.
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send me presently to Sir Toby.

Oh. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too;
for the love of God, your help! I had rather
than forty pound I were at home. 181

Oh. who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario;
we took him for a coward, but he's the
very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. O! his lifelings, here he is! You
broke my head for nothing: and that that I
did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never
hurt you: 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me: I think you set nothing
by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he
would have tickled you othertates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't
you? 200

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and
there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick sur-
geon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour
agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morn-
ing.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy
measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oh. Away with him! Who hath made this
havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dressed together. 211

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a
coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave,
a gull!

Oh. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be
look'd to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby,
and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
that

I do perceive it hath offended you: 220

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

W made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your-
self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebas-
tian?

Oh. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a bro-
ther;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
vour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parent-
age?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my
father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, 240

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow

Seb. And s had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from
her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm, 260

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To *Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, 269
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To *Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vi. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vi. The captain that did bring me first on shore

Hath my maid's garments . he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Ol. He shall enlarge him . fetch Malvolio hither :

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah ? 290

Cl. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as well as a man in his case may do : has here writ a letter to you ; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Ol. Open 't, and read it.

Cl. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, — 300

Ol. How now ! art thou mad ?

Cl. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Ol. Prithee, read 't thy right wits.

Cl. So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.

Fab. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with

the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

'THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'
Ol. Did he write this ? 320

Cl. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.
Ol. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither. [Exit *Fabian*.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[To *Viola*] Your master quits you ; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 330
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand : you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Ol. A sister ! you are she,

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?
Ol. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio !
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I, Malvolio ? ño.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand : 339
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase ;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :
You can say none of this : well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people ;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Ol. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; then camest in smiling.

And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content :

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ; 360

But when we know the grounds and authors
Of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him: Maria writ
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance; 371
 In recompense whereof he hath married her
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some
 achieve greatness, and some have greatness
 thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this
 interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.
 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do
 you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at
 such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's
 gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings
 in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of
 you. *[Exit.]*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a
 peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet: 300
 When that is known and golden time conveys,
 A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exit all, except Clown.]

Clo. [Sings]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy, 400
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
 gate,
 For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, &c. 410
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world began,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day. *Exit.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1601.)

INTRODUCTION.

This tragedy was produced as early as 1601; so we infer from a passage in Weaver's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) in which reference is made to the speeches of Brutus and Antony. The style of the versification, the diction, the characterization, all bear out the opinion that 1600 or 1601 is the date of *Julius Cæsar*. The historical materials of the play were found by the dramatist in the lives of Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Antony, as given in North's translation of Plutarch. Hints for the speeches of Brutus and Antony seem to have been obtained from Appian's *Civil Wars* (B. II., ch. 137-147) translated into English in 1578. Every thing is wrought out in the play with great care and completeness; it is well planned and well proportioned; there is no tempestuousness of passion, and no artistic mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery; this is one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, perhaps for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes. In *King Henry V.* Shakespeare had represented a great and heroic man of action. In the serious plays, which come next in chronological order, *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, the poet represents two men who were forced to act—in public affairs, and affairs of life and death—yet who were singularly disqualified for playing the part of men of action. *Hamlet* cannot act because his moral energy is sapped by a kind of skepticism and sterile despair about life, because his own ideas are more to him than deeds, because his will is diseased. Brutus does act, but he acts as an idealist and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual loctrines and moral ideas rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. In his wife—Cato's daughter, Portia—Brutus has found one who is equal to and worthy of himself. Shakespeare has shown her as perfectly a woman—sensitive, finely-tempered, tender—yet a woman who by her devotion to moral ideas might stand beside such a father and such a husband. And Brutus, with all his Stoicism, is gentle and tender; he can strike down Cæsar if Cæsar be a tyrant, but he cannot roughly rouse a sleeping boy (Act IV., Sc. iii., l. 270). Antony is a man of genius, with many splendid and some generous qualities, but self-indulgent, pleasure-loving, and a daring adventurer rather than a great leader of the State. The character of Cæsar is conceived in a curious and almost irritating manner. Shakespeare (as passages in other plays show) was certainly not ignorant of the greatness of one of the world's greatest men. But here it is his weaknesses that are insisted on. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action. Yet the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} triumvirs after death of Julius Cæsar.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	
CICERO,	} senators
PUBLIUS,	
POPILIUS LENA,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,	
CASSIUS,	} conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
CASCA,	
TREBONIUS,	
LIGARIUS,	
DECIUS BRUTUS,	
METELLUS CIMBER,	
CINNA,	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes,	
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric.	
A Soothsayer.	

CINNA, a poet.	Another Poet.
LUCILIUS,	} friends to Brutus and Cassius
TITINIUS,	
MESSALA,	
YOUNG CATO,	
VOLUMINIUS,	
VARRO,	} servants to Brutus.
CLITUS,	
CLAUDIUS,	
STRATO,	
DARDANIUS,	
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.	
CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.	
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.	

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.
SCENE: *Rome: the neighborhood of Sardinia:
the neighborhood of Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commons.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome; And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, 50
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exit all the Commons.]
See whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick,
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORCIA, DECIVS, CECERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCIA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cæsca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Flourish.]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cæsca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him : pass. [*Scenet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires : 30
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behav-
iours ; [*grieved—*]

But let not therefore my good friends be
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried 49

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not it-
self,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have
heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me ?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared
to hear :

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus : 71
Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear,
the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it ? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him
well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death ' the other

And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Bru-
tus, 93

As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he : 100
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me ' Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110

Cæsar cried ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! ' 110

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120

How he did shake : ' tis true, this god did
shake :

His coward lips did from his color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world 130
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art 150
shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
food,

But it was fained with more than with one
man?

When could they say till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome.
As easily as a king. 161

L. Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous:

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time 169
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus. [*turning.*]

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is re-
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve:

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cæsius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Cæsar will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. Let me hear men about me that are
fat;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cæsius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not danger-
ous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fear
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cæsius. He reads much,
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit Cæsar and all his
Train, but Casca.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced
to-day.

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were
you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanced. 219

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered
him; and being offered him, he put it by with
the back of his hand, thus; and then the
people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice, every time gentler than other, and at
every putting-by mine honest neighbors
shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Caeca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caeca*.

Caeca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because *Cæsar* refused the crown that it had almost choked *Cæsar*; for he swoounded and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swoond?

Caeca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I And honest *Caeca*, we have the falling sickness.

Caeca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Caeca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, 'If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Caeca. Ay. 280

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Caeca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Caeca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too;

Marullus and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 291

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Caeca*?

Caeca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caeca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Caeca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution. 301

Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. [Exit *Brutus*. 311

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduced? *Cæsar* doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*:

If I were *Brutus* now and he were *Cassius*, He should not humor me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, 321 Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And after this let *Cæsar* seat him sure: For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, *Caeca*: brought you *Cæsar* home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Caeca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 1C

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cæsa. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cæsa. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besi' s—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore

they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things 31

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their

fashion, [selves.
Clean from the purpose of the things them-

Come Cesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæsa. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-mor-

row.
Cic. Good night then, *Cæsa*: this dis-

turbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cæsa. Farewell, *Cicero*. [*Exit Cicero.* 40

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Cæsa. A Roman,
Cas. *Cæsa*, by your voice.

Cæsa. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what
night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæsa. Who ever knew the heavens men-

ace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so

full of faults,
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perils night,
And, thus unbraced, *Cæsa*, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to

open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæsa. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Cæsa*, and those span'd
of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding

ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordi-

nance
Their natures and preformed faculties

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these

spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warn-

ing 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Cæsa*, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæsa. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

79
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spir-
its;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Cæsa. Indeed, they say the senators to-
morrow

Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*; 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most

strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

100
Cæsa. So can I: So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws; what trash is
Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak
this

Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæsa. You speak to Casca, and to such a
man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factions for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Cæsa. Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his
gait ;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that ? Metel-
lus Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night
is this ! [sighs.]

There's two or three of us have seen strange
Cas. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content : good Cinna, take
this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw
this

In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall
find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's
gone 149

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Cæsa. O, he sits high in all the people's
hearts :

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need
of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what,
Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]
Bru. It must be by his death : and for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him, 11
But for the general. He would be crown'd :
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?

—that :—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of
Cæsar, 19

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities : 31
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,

And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them,

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

'Brutus, thou sleepest ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleepest ; awake !

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ?

What, Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress !' Am I entreated

To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee

promise :

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody

knocks. [*Exit Lucius.* 60

Since Cassius first did what me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ? 71

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free ? O, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80

To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none,

conspiracy ;

Hide it in smiles and affability :

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCIA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :

Good-morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here 90

But honors you ; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this,

Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Between your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? 100

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east ; doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and you gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 111

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath ; it not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed ;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women, then, country-men,

What need we any spur but our own cause,

To prick us to redress ? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter ? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engaged,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound
him ? 111

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break
with him ; 150

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged : I think it is not
meet.

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his
means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him ;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of
him :

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :

And that were much he should ; for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not
die ; 190

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,

I can o'er sway him ; for he loves to hear

That unicorn may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils and men with flatterers ;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;

For I can give him humor the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the utter-
most ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not
then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :

I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :

He loves me well, and I have given him rea-
sons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220
Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we'll
leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans. [Exit.]

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and mer-
let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :

And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !
Bru. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore
rise you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've un-
gently, Brutus,



BRUTUS AND PORTIA

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, 230
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every
man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is
all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in
health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to
bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em;
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with pa-
tience,

And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows;
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius,
who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. He is a sick man that would speak
with you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of,
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not
sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Li-
garius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow be-
fore, 320

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's with-
in?

Enter a Servant.

S. sr. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

S. sr. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that
threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle hurried in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,

Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

S. sr. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of coward-
ice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible;

And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not your
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:

And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy

Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy
time,

To hear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and

portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well ex-
pounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a

mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say

'Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better

dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ? 101

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Ces. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METEL-
LUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Ces. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, 111
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Ces. I thank you for your pains and
courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Ces. Bid them prepare within ;

I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius !
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will : [*Aside*] and so near
will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Ces. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me ; [*gether*].

And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !
[*Exeunt*].

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed
of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye
to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius : mark well
Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee
not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal,
look about you : security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy
lover,

'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit*].

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street,
before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again.

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and
tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ? 10

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth : and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well ;

I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooths, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hitlier, fellow : which way hast
thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet : I go to take my
stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's in-
tended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance. [*row* :]

Good morrow to you. Here the street is nar-

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit*].

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a
thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus, 40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !

Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly,

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 21
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant;

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crook'd courtesies and base spaniel-fawning

Tay brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother? 51

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70

Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators, and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted; fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Cassia. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person, nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius

Cas. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief. Do so: and let no man abide this deed.

But we the doers.

Re-enter TRERONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fleed to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures: that we shall die, we know: 'tis but the time and drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged his time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood; Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords; Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Through the hazards of this untrod state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him, come unto this place, He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor, I'll depart unnotch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well, I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank; If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act, You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony :

For arms, in strength of malice, and our
hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-
ence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause. 181
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours : now yours, Me-
tellus ;

Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebinius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit
me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy
blood,

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters
stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was,
indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar. 219

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do :
do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be
moved

By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it
not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame
us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
in the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us,
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butch-
ers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they be-
hold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of
war ;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar! — [*Seems the body.* 281

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, Seeing those heads of sorrow stand in thine, Begun to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 280

He hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile; Thou shalt not back till I have borne this course

into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered, 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar

were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, where-in he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 61

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.* 70

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony
can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend
me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them; 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 90

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:
Whose cause withholds you then, to mourn for
him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with
me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 110
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason
in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He
would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping. 120

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in
Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins
again to speak. [might]

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar
Have stood against the world; now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose 130

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it,
Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad: 149

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, that would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will: we'll hear it,
Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear
it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable
men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers:
the will! read the will. 160

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the
will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down.]

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand
from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble An-
tony. 170

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far
off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii ;
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty
heart ; 190

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but be-
hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you
here, 200

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle !

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !

Third Cit. O woful day !

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !

First Cit. O most bloody sight !

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn !
Fire ! Kill ! Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

Ant. Stay, countrymen, 210

First Cit. Peace there ! hear the noble An-
tony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable :
What private griefs they have, alas, I know
not,

That made them do it : they are wise and
honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ; 221

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Bru-
tus, 230

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then ! come, seek the con-
spirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear
me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble
Antony !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what : 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's
seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge
his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience, 250

All. Peace, ho ! [walks,

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses,
Take up the body. 261

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows,
any thing. [Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
afoot.

Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome,

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 271

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of
Rome. [people.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octa-
vius. [Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A street.

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name ?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going ?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell ?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man or a bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly : wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry : you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly. 21

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy ?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling.—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna

First Cit. Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator. 31

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him ! Come, brands, ho ! fire-brands : to Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all : some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius' : away, go !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die : their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands : is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honors on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way ; And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that

I do appoint him store of provender : 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;

He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds

On objects, orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,

Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40

Listen great things :—Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers : we must straight make head :

Therefore let our alliance be combined,

For our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;

And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclosed,

And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies ;

And some that smile have in their hearts, I

fear, 50

Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers ; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Lucil. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect
enough ;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd :

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark ! he is arrived. 30
[*Low march within.*

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand !

Sec. Sol. Stand !

Third Sol. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done
me wrong. [enemies ?

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I name
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs ; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content :

Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here, [us,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no
man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our confer-
ence.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth ap-
pear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in
such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold 11
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm !

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this
corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head,

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;

I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I, 30

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
self ;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash
choler ?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure
all this ?

Bru. All this ! ay, more : fret till your
proud heart break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day
forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so : make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own
part.

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong
me, Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say ' better ' ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus
have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my
love :

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me : 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to
wring [trash

From the hard hands of peasants their vile
By any indirection : I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like
Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Cains Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 79

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool that
brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on
me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults. 90

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults ob-
served,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by
rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my
dagger, 100

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst
him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb 110

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me
your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus ! 120

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear
with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the
generals ;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not
meet

They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to
them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall
stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TRINIUS,
and LUCIUS.*

Cas. How now ! what's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do
you mean ? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be ;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow,
hence !

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his
fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows
his time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring
Messala with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been
so angry

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia
is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd
you so? 150

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark
Antony

Have made themselves so strong:—for with
her death

That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a
bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge. 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame
tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription. 180

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of
her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me
true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I
tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange man-

Bru. Why, fare-well, Portia. We must die,
Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do
you think?

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his sol-
diers, 200

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give
place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection:

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour-
aged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there, 211

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of our life 200

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius ! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown.
[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala :
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?
Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men :
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and
sleep ;

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and
watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good
sirs ; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt
sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good
night ; 269

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes
here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to
stare ? 280

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !
Claudius ! 291

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake !

Luc. My lord ?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so criest out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see
any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Clau-
dius ! 300

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake !

Var. My lord ?

Clau. My lord ?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep ?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay : saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother
Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. 309
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered

You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-
age ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their blood ; sign o' battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Up in the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?
Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.* 20

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
other.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some
words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, country-
men ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you
do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad
strokes. Octavius,

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words : 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying ' Long live ! hail, Cæsar !'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when you
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar : 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And how'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank your-
self.

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause ; if arguing
make us sweat.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ; 50

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors,
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors'

hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope,
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy
strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-
able. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller !
Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony, away !
D'fiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth ;

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exit Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow
and swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord ?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala !
Mess. [*Standing forth*] What says my gen-
eral ? 70

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-
sala :

Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion ; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and gone ;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ; 90
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ? 100
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life : arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ; 121
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man
might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further
off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?
Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a
thought. [*Exit.* 19

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]
This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what
news ?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round
about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on
him. 30

Now, Titinius ! Now some light. O, he lights
too. [for joy.

He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark ! they shout
Cas. Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath ; 40
Now be a freeman : and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the
hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 50
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octa-
vius

is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort
Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill,

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala. But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds
are done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
men

The things that are not ? O error, soon con-
Tou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee !

Tit. What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pin-
darus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to
meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not
hear their shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing !
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods :—this is a Roman's part ;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius'
heart. [Kills himself. 90

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LU-
CILIVS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his
body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty
yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarms.

Cato. Brave Titinius !
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cas-
sius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !
It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body :
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come ;
And come, young Cato, let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on ;
'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere
night

We shall try fortune in a second fight

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both
armies ; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LU-
CILIVS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up
your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will
go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for
Brutus ! [Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou
down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son. 11
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me
straight ; [Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner !

Sec. Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus
is ta'en. [The general.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee that no enemy 21
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead.

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I
assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead ; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLIVS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest
on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but,
my lord,
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the
word :

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace then ! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cl. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus ! 10

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he
meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list
a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields :
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

[*Low alarms.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-
nius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether :

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my
lord. [*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying
here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you ; and you ; and you,
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once : for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history : 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones
would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !'*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ! I will follow

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius*]
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first. Fare you
well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his
sword.*] Cæsar, now be still : 50
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is
thy master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?
Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master Strato ?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on
it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow
thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them
all :

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man !'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.

So call the field to rest ; and let's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

H A M L E T.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1602.)

INTRODUCTION.

Hamlet represents the mid period of the growth of Shakespeare's genius, when comedy and history ceased to be adequate for the expression of his deeper thoughts and sadder feelings about life, and when he was just entering upon his great series of tragic writings. In July, 1602, the printer Roberts entered in the Stationers' register, "The Reveinge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmark, as ye latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes," and in the next year the play was printed. The true relation of this first quarto of *Hamlet* to the second quarto, published in 1604—"newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was"—is a matter in dispute. It is believed by some critics that the quarto of 1603 is merely an imperfect report of the play as we find it in the edition of the year after; but there are some material differences which cannot thus be explained. In the earlier quarto, instead of Polonius and Reynaldo, we find the names Corambis and Montano; the order of certain scenes varies from that of the later quarto; "the madness of Hamlet is much more pronounced, and the Queen's innocence of her husband's murder much more explicitly stated." We are forced to believe either that the earlier quarto contains portions of an old play by some other writer than Shakespeare—an opinion adopted on apparently insufficient grounds by some recent editor—or that it represents imperfectly Shakespeare's first draught of the play, and that the difference between it and the second quarto is due to Shakespeare's revision of his own work. This last opinion seems to be the true one, but the value of any comparison between the two quartos, with a view to understand Shakespeare's manner of re-handling his work, is greatly diminished by the fact that numerous gaps of the imperfect report given in the earlier quarto seem to have been filled in by a stupid stage hack. That an old play on the subject of Hamlet existed there can be no doubt; it is referred to in 1589 (perhaps in 1587) by Nash, in his *Epicure* prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, and again in 1596 by Lodge (*Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse*), where he alludes to "the vizard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theater, like an oyster wife, 'Hamlet, revenge'." A German play on the subject of Hamlet exists which is supposed to have been acted by English players in Germany in 1603; the name Corambis appears in it; and it is possible that portions of the old pre-Shakespearean drama are contained in the German *Hamlet*. The old play may have been one of the bloody tragedies of revenge among which we find *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, and it would be characteristic of Shakespeare that he should refine the motives and spirit of the drama, so as to make the duty of vengeance laid upon Hamlet a painful burden which he is hardly able to support. Besides the old play of Hamlet, Shakespeare had probably before him the prose *Historie of Hamblet* (though no edition exists earlier than 1608, translated from Belleforest's *Historie Tragique*). The story had been told some hundreds of years previously in the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (about 1150-1208). The Hamlet of the *Historie*, after a fierce revenge, becomes King of Denmark, marries two wives, and finally dies in battle.

No play of Shakespeare's has had a higher power of interesting spectators and readers, and none has given rise to a greater variety of conflicting interpretations. It has been variously named a tragedy of thought, and in this respect, as well as others, takes its place beside *Julius Caesar*. Neither Brutus nor Hamlet is the victim of an overmastering passion as are the chief persons of the later tragedies—e.g. Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus. The burden of a terrible duty is laid upon each of them, and neither is fitted for bearing such a burden. Brutus is disqualified for action by his moral idealism, his student-like habits, his capacity for dealing with abstractions rather than with men and things. Hamlet is disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective tendency, and by his unstable will, which alternates between complete inactivity and fits of excited energy. Naturally sensitive, he receives a painful shock from the hasty second marriage of his mother; already the springs of faith and joy in his nature are embittered; then follows the terrible discovery of his father's murder, with the injunction laid upon him to revenge the crime; upon this again follow the repulses which he receives from Ophelia. A deep melancholy lays hold of his spirit, and all of life grows dark and sad to his vision. Although hating his father's murderer, he has little heart to push on his revenge. He is aware that he is suspected and surrounded by spies. Partly to baffle them, partly to create a veil behind which to seclude his true self, partly because his whole moral nature is indeed deeply disordered, he assumes the part of one whose wits have gone astray. Except for one loyal friend, he is alone among enemies or supposed traitors. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal or honest to him than his mother had been to her dead husband. The ascertainment of Claudius's guilt by means of the play still leaves him incapable of the last decisive act of vengeance. Not so, however, with the king, who now recognizing his foe in Hamlet, does not delay to despatch him to a bloody death in England. But there is in Hamlet a terrible power of sudden and desperate action. From the melancholy which broods over him after the burial of Ophelia he rouses himself to the play of swords with Laertes, and at the last, with strength which leaps up before its final extinction, he accomplishes the punishment of the malefactor. Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity is a contrast to the Prince. And Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge his father's murder, is in another way a contrast; but Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now on the brink of dotage; he sees, but cannot see through Hamlet's ironical mockery of him. Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but the reverse of heroic; she fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under the pressure of her afflictions. We do not honor, we only commiserate her.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
 HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.
 POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
 HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
 LAERTES, son to Polonius.
 VOLTIMAND, }
 CORNELIUS, } courtiers.
 ROSENCRANTZ, }
 GUILDENSTERN, }
 OSRIC, }
 A Gentleman, }
 A Priest, }
 MARCELLUS, } officers.
 BERNARDO, }
 FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
 Players.
 Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
 FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
 A Captain.
 English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
 OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE : Denmark.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.*

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. (Not a mouse stirring) 10

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho ! Who's there ?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath relieved you ?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio : welcome, good

Marcellus. 20

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again

to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing,

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us : Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night ; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ; 30

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story

What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes again ! 40

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar ; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like : it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak !

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away ! 50

Hor. Stay ! speak, speak ! I charge thee, speak ! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and
look pale :

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this be-
lieve

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this
dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I
know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with the
day:

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us, 81

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dared to the combat; in which our valiant
Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd com-
pact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same
covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortin-
bras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state— 101

But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the
king 110

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted

dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

†As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse: 120

And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done, 130

That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [*Cock crows.*]

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!
Or if thou hast unhearded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in

death,
Speak of it; stay, and speak! Stop it, Mar-
cellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand, 141

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock
crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, 159
The bird of dawn singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.

(But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill):
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room of state in the castle.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords,
and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 10
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole.—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks,

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Conlegu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30
His further gait herein; in that the Levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. In that and all things will we show
Vol. our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dame,
And loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord, 50
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and
pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
slow leave

By laborious petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and
less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang
on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i'
the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 70
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 't 'tis common; all that lives must
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay it is; I know
not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of
grief,

That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet.

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor
bound 90

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of insipid stabbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd : whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenburg,
It is most retrograde to our desire :
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son,

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you,
madam

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;
'This gentle and enforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No joyous health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew ! 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! ah fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead ; nay, not so much, not
two :

So excellent a king ; that was, to this, 139

Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother
That he might not between the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is
woman !—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she—
O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of rea-
son, 150

Would have mourn'd longer—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules : within a month :

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not nor it cannot come to good :

But break, my heart ; for I must hold my
tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO,

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well : 160
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor
servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that
name with you : [*Hamlet* ?

And what make you from Wittenberg, Hora-
Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. Good
even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171
To make it trustor of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student ;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* ! the funeral
baked meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio* !
My father !—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly
king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who? 190

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did:

And I with them the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good, 210

The apparition comes: I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought it lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange. 220

Hor. As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.

Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up. 230

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.

Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no? 240

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [Exit all but Hamlet.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night

Were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will

rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to

men's eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his

favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more: 10

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you

now,

And now no soil nor cantel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will: but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth :
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The safety and health of this whole state ; 21
 And therefore must his choice be circum-
 scribed

Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he
 loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed ; which is no fur-
 ther

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honor may sus-
 tain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure
 open

To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, 40
 And in the moru and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
 keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my
 brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heav-
 en ;

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own rede. 51

Laer. O, fear me not.
 I stay too long : but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard,
 for shame !
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing
 with thee !

And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
 tongue,

Nor any disproportioned thought his act. 60
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
 tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Be-
 ware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
 judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,

And they in France of the best rank and sta-
 tion
 †Are of a most select and generous chief in
 that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend.
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all : to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80

Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my
 lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go ; your serv-
 ants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember
 well

What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Erit.*
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to
 you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching
 the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought : 90
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and
 bounteous :

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter and your honor.

What is between you ? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
 tenders

Of his affection to me. 100
Pol. Affection ! pooh ! you speak like a
 green girl,

Unsettled in such perilous circumstance.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
 think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself
 a baby ;
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true
 pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself
 more dearly ;
 Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me
 with love 110

In honorable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go
 to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
 speech, my lord,
 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scaunter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Ham-
let,

Believe so much in him, that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you : in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all :
I would not, in plain terms, from this time
forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Ham-
let.

Look to 't, I charge you : come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Ham. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : then it draws
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and
takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels ;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish
down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observ-
ance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
phrase

Soil our addition ; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not
guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of rea-
son,

Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these
men,

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of feale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace de-
fend us !

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Ham-
let,

King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepul-
chre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws, 50
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls ?

Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should
we do ? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow
it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again : I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea, 70

And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. My fate cries out.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands. 80

Ham. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me!

I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark. 90

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Another part of the platform.

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak;
I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires, 11
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: 20
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it
is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt:
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! 40
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon, 60

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 71
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanell'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible ! 80
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother's ought : leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
 once !

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire : 90
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth !
 what else ?

And shall I couple hell ? O, fie ! Hold, hold,
 my heart ;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee !
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
 seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there ; 101
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !
 O most pernicious woman !

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-
 lain ;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark :
 [*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;
 It is ' Adieu, adieu ! remember me.' 111
 I have sworn 't.

Mar. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord,—

Hor. } [*Within*] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. } [*Within*] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Ham. [*Within*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120

Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of
 man once think it ?

But you'll be secret ?

Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. } There's ne'er a villain dwelling in
 all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come
 from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are i' the right ;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part ;
 You, as your business and desire shall point you ;
 For every man has business and desire, 130
 Such as it is ; and for mine own poor part,
 Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
 my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
 Yes, 'faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
 Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision
 here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good
 friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have
 seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Ham. } Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. } In faith,
 My lord, not I.

Hor. } Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. } Upon my sword.

Mar. } We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. } Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art
 thou there, truepenny ? 150

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
 seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique ? then we'll shift our
 ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword :

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
 Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole ! canst work i'
 the earth so fast ?

A worthy pioner ! Once more remove, good
 friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
 strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
 welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, 170
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an
if we would,'

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if
they might,'

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help
you, 180

Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They
swear.*] So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to
you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.* 190

ACT II.

SCENE I. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said.
Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer 11

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him:' do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may say
'not well;

But, it 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so:' and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank 20

As may dishonor him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wauton, wild and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
quarrelling,

Drabbing; you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in
the charge

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency; 30
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults
so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, 41

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;

'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—
what was I about to say? By the mass, I was
about to say something; where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at
'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,
marry;

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as
you say,

There was 'a gaming; there o'ertook in's
rouse;

There falling out at tennis;' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you
not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord! 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell. [*Exit Reynaldo.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle: 80
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
other;

And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been poised out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 90
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me. 100

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

What, have you given him any hard words of late? [command,

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but tri-
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath
put him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and ha-
vior,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please
you 21

To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet, 31
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle
Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle
Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and
some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord, 40
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of
good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear. 50

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found the head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main; His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness; whereat grieved,

That so his sickness, age and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine

Makes vow before his uncle never more 70

To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack;

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set down. 80

King. It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-took

labor;

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together;

Most welcome home!

[*Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief: your noble son is mad;

Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect, 101

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect defective comes by cause;

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*]

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most

beautified Ophelia.'— 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified'

is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:

[*Reads.*]

'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be

faithful. 115

[*Reads.*]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love, 119

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;

I have not art to reckon my groans; but that

I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst

this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown

me,

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might

you think, 121

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—

As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me—what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? No, I went round to

work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star: 141

This must not be: and then I precepts gave

her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repuls'd—a short tale to make—

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—

That I have positively said 'Tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four
hours together 160
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor
wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently.

[Exit *King*, *Queen*, and *Attendants*.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O, give me leave: 170
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a
man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world
goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a
dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—I have
you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception
is a blessing; but not as your daughter
may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

Pol. [Aside] How say you by that? Still
harping on my daughter: yet he knew me
not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he
is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth
I suffered much extremity for love; very near
this. I'll speak to him again. What do you
read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my
lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue
says here that old men have grey beards, that
their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging
thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they

have a plentiful lack of wit, together with
most weak hams: all which, sir, though I
most powerfully and potently believe, yet I
hold it not honesty to have it thus set down,
for yourself, sir, should' be old as I am, if like
a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [Aside] Though this be madness, yet
there is method in 't. Will you walk out of
the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave. 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside]
How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a
happiness that often madness hits on, which
reason and sanity could not so prosperously be
delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly
contrive the means of meeting between him
and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will
most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any
thing that I will more willingly part withal:
except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet;
there he is.

Ros. [To *Polonius*] God save you, sir!

[Exit *Polonius*.

Guil. My honored lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost
thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good
lads, how do ye both? 230

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in
the middle of her favors?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O,
most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's
grown honest. 241

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your
news is not true. Let me question more in
particular: what have you, my good friends,
deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends
you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one. 250

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are
many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark
being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for
there is nothing either good or bad, but think-
ing makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one;
'tis too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-
shell and count myself a king of infinite space,
were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitions is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 291

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you? 300

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave-
o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten-entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. 360

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they crested? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too. 379

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-cloths.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: 'o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome.— 410

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honor.—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass.—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 421

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'
and then, you know.

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to

beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrted gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see— 471
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian

beast,—

it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons,

Baked and impasted with the parching
streets,

That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath
and fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyr-
rhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique
sword,

Rebellions to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes
wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell
sword

The unmoved father falls. Then senseless
Him,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to
stick :

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb be-
low

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' 509
pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armor forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword

Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you
gods,

In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her
wheel,

And bow the round nave down the hill of
heaven,

As low as to the fiends !'

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your
beard. Prithce, say on : he's for a jig or a
tale of bawdry, or he sleeps : say on : cometo
Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O. who had seen the
mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen ?'

Pol. That's good ; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down,
threatening the flames

With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have
pronounced :

But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious
sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's
limbs,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven, 540

And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his
color and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no
more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out
the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed ? Do you hear, let them
be well used ; for they are the abstract and

brief chronicles of the time : after your death
you were better have a bad epitaph than their
ill report while you live. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better :
use every man after his desert, and who
should 'scape whipping ? Use them after your
own honor and dignity : the less they deserve,
the more merit is in your bounty. Take them
in.

Pol. Come, sirs. 559

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a
play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with all
the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear
me, old friend ; can you play the Murder of
Gonzago ?

First Pla. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen
or sixteen lines, which I would set down and
insert in't, could you not ?

First Play. Ay, my lord. 569

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord ; and
look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*]
My good friends, I'll leave you till night : you
are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye : [*Exit
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit

That from her working all his visage wann'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, 581

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !

For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her ? What would

he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have ? He would drown the stage with

tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appal the free, 590

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?

Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?

Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i'

the throat. 600

As deep as to the lungs ? who does me this ?

Ha !

'Swords, I should take it : for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal : bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!

O, vengeance! 610

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620
They have proclaim'd their maledictions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More active than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Erit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of circum-
stance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself dis-
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means
speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confes-
sion

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well? 10

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his dispo-
sition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our de-
mands,

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain
players [him;]

Were o'er-raught on the way: of these we told

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: they are about the court,

And, as I think, they have already order 20

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30

Alfront Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,

Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge,

And gather by him, as he is behaved,

If 't be the affliction of his love or no

That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's williness: so shall I hope your
virtues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Erit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read
on this book;

That show of such an exercise may color

Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—

'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er

The devil himself.

King. [*Aside.*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my
conscience! 50

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it

Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw,
my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the
question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end 61

The heart-ache and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's
the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time, 70
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The stings of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord, 90
How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well,
well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of
yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you know right well
you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
posed

As made the things more rich: their perfume
lost,

Take these again: for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts was poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your
beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
commerce than with honesty? 110

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
will sooner transform honesty from what it is
to a bawd than the force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his likeness: this was some-
time a paradox, but now the time gives it
proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe
so.

Ham. You should not have believed me;
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock
but we shall relish of it: I loved you not. 120

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself
indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me
of such things that it were better my mother
had not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-
ful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagina-
tion to give them shape, or time to act them
in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
between earth and heaven? We are arrant
knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways
to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that
he may play the fool no where but in his own
house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice,
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if
thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise
men know well enough what monsters you
make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly
too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too,
well enough; God has given you one face, and
you make yourselves another: you jig, you
amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's crea-
tures, and make your wantonness your igno-
rance. Go to, I'll no more on't: it hath made
me mad. I say, we will have no more mar-
riages: those that are married already, all but
one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.
To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'er-
thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend; 170

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a
little,

Was not like madness. There's something in
his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger : which for to prevent,
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down : he shall with speed to Eng-
 land.

For the demand of our neglected tribute :
 Haply the seas and countries diffract
 With variable objects shall expel 180
 This something-settled matter in his heart.
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well : but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia !

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all. My lord, do as you please ;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play 189
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his grief : let her be round with him ;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him, or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
 pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ;
 but if you mouth it, as many of your players
 do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.
 Nor do not saw the air too much with your
 hand, thus, but use all gently ; for in the very
 torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirl-
 wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a
 temperance that may give it smoothness. O,
 it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious
 periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,
 to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-
 lings, who for the most part are capable of
 nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and
 noise : I would have such a fellow whipped
 for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod :
 pray you, avoid it.

First Player. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your
 own discretion be your tutor : suit the action
 to the word, the word to the action ; with this
 special observance, that you o'erstep not the
 modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone
 is from the purpose of playing, whose end,
 both at the first and now, was and is, to hold,
 as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show
 virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,
 and the very age and body of the time his form
 and pressure. Now this overdone, or come
 tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh,
 cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the
 censure of the which one must in your allow-
 ance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O,
 there be players that I have seen play, and

heard others praise, and that highly, not to
 speak it profanely, that, neither having the
 accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian,
 pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed
 that I have thought some of nature's journey-
 men had made men and not made them well,
 they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that
 indifferently with us, sir. 41

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let
 those that play your clowns speak no more
 than is set down for them ; for there be of
 them that will themselves laugh, to set on
 some quantity of barren spectators to laugh
 too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary
 question of the play be then to be considered ;
 that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful
 ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make
 you ready. [Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
 ESTERN.

How now, my lord ! will the king hear this
 piece of work ?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make haste. [Exit
Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them ?

Ros. We will, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Ham. What ho ! Horatio !

Enter HORATIO

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation coped withal. 60

Hor. O, my dear lord,—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter ;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the
 poor be flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
 hear ?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
 And could of men distinguish, her election 69
 Hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are
 those

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
 mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that
 man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king ; 80
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death ;
 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle : if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note ;
For I mine eyes will give to his face, 90
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord :
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must
be idle :
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING,
QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's
dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed ; you
cannot feed capons so. 100

King. I have nothing with this answer,
Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*]
My lord, you played once i' the university,
you say ?

Pol. That did I, my lord ; and was ac-
counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cesar : I was killed
i' the Capitol ; Brutus killed me. 110

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there. Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit
by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more
attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho ! do you mark
that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?
[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country mat-
ters ?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I ?

Oph. Ay, my lord. 130

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What
should a man do but be merry ? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father
died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then, let the devil
wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O
heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgot-
ten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's

memory may outlive his life half a year ; but,
by'r lady, he must build churches, then ; or
else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the
hobby-horse, whose epitaph is : For, O, for, O,
the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hamlets play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly ; the
Queen embracing him, and he her. She
kneels, and makes show of protestation unto
him. He takes her up, and declaims his head
upon her neck ; lays him down upon a bank
of flowers ; she, seeing him asleep, leaves
him. anon comes in a fellow, takes off his
crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the
King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns ;
finds the King dead, and makes passionate
action. The Poisoner, with some two or three
Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament
with her. The dead body is carried away.
The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts ;
she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in
the end accepts his love. [Exit.*

Oph. What means this, my lord ?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho ; it
means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argu-
ment of the play. 150

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the
players cannot keep counsel ; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show
him : be not you ashamed to show, he'll not
shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught : I'll
mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency, 160

We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a
ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus'
cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen

About the world have times twelve thirties
been,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our
hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. Queen. So many journeys may the
sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done !
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former
state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :

For women's fear and love holds quantity ;
In neither aught, or in love's plenty

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;

And as my love is sized, my fear is so : 180
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;

My operant powers their functions leave to do :

And thou shalt live in this fair world be- hind.

Honor'd, beloved ; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :

In second husband let me be accurst ! 189
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.
P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak ;

But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ; 200

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves de- stroy :

Where joy most revels, grief doth most la- ment ;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our for- tunes change ;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favorite flies ;

The poor advanced makes friends of ene- mies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I began, 220
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrow'n ;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own :

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !

Sport and repose lock from me day and night !

To desperation turn my trust and hope !
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230
Meet what I would have well and it destroy !
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now !

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would be- guile

The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance between us twain ! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ? 239

Queen. The lady protests too much, me- thinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in 't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon : 'tis a knavish piece of work ; but what o' that ? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not ; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer ; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come : 'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds col- lected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in- fected,

Thy natural magic and dire property, 270
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is ex- tant, and writ in choice Italian : you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gon- zago's wife,

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light ; away ! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights !

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalld play ;

For some must watch, while some
must sleep :

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—
if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—
with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning ? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha ! Come, some music ! come,
the recorders !

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,— 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous dis-
temper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with cholera.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more
richer to signify this to his doctor : for, for
me to put him to his purgation would perhaps
plunge him into far more cholera. 319

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse
into some frame and start not so wildly from
my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir : pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed. If it shall please you
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment : if not, your
pardon and my return shall be the end of my
business. 330

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my
wit's diseas'd ; but, sir, such answer as I can
make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you

say, my mother : therefore no more, but to
the matter : my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says ; your behavior
hath struck her into amazement and admira-
tion. 339

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so aston-
ish a mother ! But is there no sequel at the
heels of this mother's admiration ? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her
closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times
our mother. Have you any further trade with
us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and
stealers. 349

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of
distemper ? you do, surely, bar the door upon
your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to
your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the
voice of the king himself for your succession
in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, but sir, ' While the grass grows, '—
the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders ! let me see one. To with-
draw with you :—why do you go about to re-
cover the wind of me, as if you would drive
me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold,
my love is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will
you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you. 370

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying ; govern these
ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it
breath with your mouth, and it will discourse
most eloquent music. Look you, these are the
stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any
utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy
a thing you make of me ! You would play
upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ;
you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ;
you would sound me from my lowest note to
the top of my compass : and there is much
music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet
cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you
think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ?
Call me what instrument you will, though
you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon
me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir ! 390

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with
you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's al-
most in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. 399

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yaww and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world : now could I drink
hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :

I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites ;

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.*

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with
us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare
you ;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :

Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armor of the mind,

To keep itself from noyance ; but much more
That spirit upon whose weak depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it
falls, 20

Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. } We will haste us,
Guil. }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet :

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax
him home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30
'Tis meet that some more audience than a
mother, [hear

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
liege :

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

A brother's murder. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will : 39

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves

mercy

But to confront the visage of offence ?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49

Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn ? 'Forgive me my foul

murder' ?

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder.

My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence ?

In the corrupted currents of this world

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law ; but 'tis not so above ; 60

There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature ; and we ourselves com-
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

To give in evidence. What then ? what
rests ?

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?

Yet what can it when one can not repent ?

O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,

Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make
assay !

Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings
of steel, 70

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying ;

And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be
scann'd :

A villain kills my father ; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ; 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May ;

And how his audit stands who knows save
heaven ?

But in our circumstance and course of
thought,

'Tis heavy with him : and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,

When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No !

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid
hent :

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed ; 90

At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't ;

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my
thoughts remain below :

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him :

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to
bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between

Much heat and him. I'll sence me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother !
Queen. I'll warrant you,

Fear me not : withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended. 10

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an
idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife ;
And—would it were not so !—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you
that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you
shall not budge ;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not
murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho ! help, help, help !

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now ! a rat ? Dead,
for a ducat, dead !

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain !

[*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
this !

Ham. A bloody deed ! almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. 30

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, fare-
well !

I took thee for thy better : take thy fortune ;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands : peace ! sit
you down,

And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not brass'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-
vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth
glow ;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With trustful visage, as against the doom, 50
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the in-
dex ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;

A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination and a form indeed, 60
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you
eyes ?

You cannot call it love ; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment : and what
judgment 70

Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure,
you have,
Else could you not have motion ; but sure,
that sense

Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil
was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
blind ?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious
hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge.
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct. 91

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making
love

Over the nasty sty, —

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine
ears :

No more, sweet Hamlet !

Ham. A murderer and a villain ;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord ; a vice of kings ;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket ! 101

Queen. No more !

Ham. A king of shreds and patches, —

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards ! What would your
gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad !

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread com-
mand ?

O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : this visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul :
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold dis-
course ?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you
look ?

Ham. On him, on him ! Look you, how
pale he glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon
me ;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects : then what I have to do
Will want true color ; tears perchance for
blood. 130

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it
steals away !

My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal ! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your
brain :

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
time, 140

And makes as healthful music : it is not mad-
ness

That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which mad-
ness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of
grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness
speaks :

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my
virtue ;

For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night ; but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence ; the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
(And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good
night : 170

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.

I do repent ; but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ? 180

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid
you do ;

Let the bloot king tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his
mouse ;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know ;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190
Such dear concernings hide? who would do
so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made
of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England ; you know that ?
Queen. Alack, 200

I had forgot : 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd ; and my two
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,

They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar ; and 't shall go hard
But I will deceive one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon ; O, 'tis most
sweet.

When in one line two crafts directly meet. 210
This man shall set me packing ;

I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

*[Exeunt severally ; Hamlet dragging
in Polonius.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.*

King. There's matter in these sighs, these
profound heaves ;
You must translate : 'tis fit we understand
them.

Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little
while.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Ham-
let ?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when
both contend

Which is the mightier ; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat !'
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills 11
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us, had we been there ;
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of
haunt,

This mad young man ; but so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease, 21
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
kill'd :

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away !
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile
deed 30

We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guilden-
stern !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further
aid :

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him :

Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the
body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest
friends ;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. 40

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away !
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. { [*Within*] Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Guil. {

Ham. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ?
O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with
the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto
'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take
it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ? 10

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and
not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a
sponge ! what replication should be made by
the son of a king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the
end : he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner
of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed ;
when he needs what you have gleaned, it is
but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be
dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the
body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the
king is not with the body. The king is a
thing— 30

Guil. A thing, my lord !

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide
fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find
the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose !
Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their
eyes ;

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is
weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth
and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : discases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved, 10
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now ! what hath befall'n ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my
lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know
your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ! where ? 19

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is
eaten : a certain convocation of politic worms
are e'en at him. Your worm is your only em-
peror for diet : we fat all creatures else to fat
us, and we fat ourselves for maggots : your
fat king and your lean beggar is but variable
service, two dishes, but to one table : that's the
end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that
hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that
hath fed of that worm. 30

King. What dost you mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king
may go a progress through the guts of a
beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send hither to see : if
your messenger find him not there, seek him
i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you
find him not within this month, you shall nose
him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. 40

[*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till we come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

For that which thou hast done,—must send
thee hence

With fiery quickness : therefore prepare thy-
self ;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes,
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But,
come ; for England ! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : father and mother is
man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ;
and so, my mother. Come, for England !

[*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with
speed abroad ;

Delay it not ; I'll have him hence to-night :
Away ! for every cherub that sees them. But,
That else leans on the affair : pray you, make
haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at
aught—

As my great power thereof may give thee
sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit.* 70

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers,
marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish
king ;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye ;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these ? 10

Cap. They are of Norway, sir

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephews to old Norway, Fortin-
bras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland,
sir,

Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will
defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thou-
sand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw :

This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause with-
out

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ? 30

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little
before. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large dis-
course,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fast in us unused. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40

Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know

Why yet I live to say ' This thing's to do : '

Sith I have cause and will and strength and
means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me :

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare.

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep ? while to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, 61

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain ? O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract :
Her mood will needs be pitted.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her father ; says
she hears
There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and
beats her heart ;

Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
in,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts ; 10

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures,
yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with ;

for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia !

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love
know

From another one ?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ; 30

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain
snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers ;

Which bewept to the grave did go

With true-love showers. 40

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God 'bid you ! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God
be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this ;
but when they ask you what it means, say you
this :

[*Sings.*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window, 50

To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber-door ;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make
an end on't :

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame !

Young men will do't, if they come to't ;

By cock, they are to blame. 61

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be
patient : but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him i' the cold ground. My
brother shall know of it : and so I thank you
for your good counsel. Come, my coach !
Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies ;
good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close ; give her good
watch,

I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]
O, this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs

All from her father's death. O Gertrude,
Gertrude, [*spies,*

When sorrows come, they come not single
But in battalions. First, her father slain :

Next, your son gone ; and he most violent
author 80

Of his own just remove : the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death ; and we have done
but greenly,

In higger-migger to inter him : poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,

Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts :

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France ;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90

With pestilent speeches of his father's death
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack, what noise is this ?

King. Where are my Switzers ? Let them
guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter ?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord :
The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, 100

O'erboards your officers. The rabble call his
lord ;

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king:'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds:

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail
they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you
all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou
vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm pro-
claims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched
brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, 120
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go,
Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be junc-
gled with: 130

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest
devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty 140

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge,

That, swoop-stake, you will draw both friend
and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensible in grief for it, 150

It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times
salt.

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by
weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits

Should be as moral as an old man's life? 160

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And in his grave many'd many a tear:—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
suade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing a-down a-down.

An you call him a-down-a. 171

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray, love, remember: and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts
and remembrance fitted. 179

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colum-
bines: there's rue for you; and here's some

for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:

O, you must wear your rue with a difference.

There's a daisy: I would give you some violets,
but they withered all when my father died:

they say he made a good end.—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my
joy. [itself,

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed:

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God
be wi' ye. [Exit. 200

Laer. Do you see this, O God ?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and I
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;

His means of death, his obscure funeral—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, sir : they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. *[Exit Serrant.]*

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him.
There's a letter for you, sir ; it comes from the
ambassador that was bound for England ; if
your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it
is. 11

Hor. *[Rouls]* 'Horatio, when thou shalt
have overlooked this, give these fellows some
means to the king ; they have letters for him.
Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very
warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding
ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a com-
pelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them :
on the instant they got clear of our ship ; so I
alone became their prisoner. They have dealt
with me like thieves of mercy : but they knew
what they did ; I am to do a good turn for them.
Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and
repair thou to me with as much speed as thou
wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in
thine ear will make thee dumb ; yet are they
much too light for the bore of the matter. These
good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for
England : of them I have much to tell thee.
Farewell. 30

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your
letters ;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my ac-
quaintance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which bath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears : but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
snew'd, 10

But yet to me they are strong. The queen his
mother

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,

Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him ;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to

stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections : but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you
must not think 30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with
danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more :

I loved your father, and we love ourself :
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news ?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw
them not :

They were given me by Claudio ; he received
them 40

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[*Roars*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? 50

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!' And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It warns th sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didst thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes— As how should it be so? how otherwise?— Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; 60 So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under he which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled; The rather, if you could devise it so 70 That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right. You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him As did that one, and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears 80 Than settled age his sables and his weeds, Importing health and graveness. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:— I've seen myself, and served against, the French,

And they can well on horseback: but this galandant

Had withcraft in't; he grew unto his seat; And to such wondrous doing brought his horse, As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you, And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise in your defence And for your rapier most especially,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation, 101

He swore, had had neither motion, guard, nor eye.

If you opposed them— Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so environ with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him. Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 110

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do, We should do when we would; for this 'would' 120

changes

And hath abatements and delays as many As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in deed

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize,

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber. 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss, Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't : 140
And, for that purpose, I'll amoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my
point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh what convenience both of time and
means 150
May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad
performance,
'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this pro-
ject

Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft ! let me see :
We'll make a solemn wager on your cumings :
I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared
him 160

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen !

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,
So fast they follow ; your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream :

There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long pur-
ples 170

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them :

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet
weeds

Claumbering to hang, an envious sliyer broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide ;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up ;
Which time she charnted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued 180
Unto that element ; but long it could not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
'Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our tri k ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are
gone, 189

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord :
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude ;
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I this will give it start again ;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian
burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is ; and therefore
make her grave straight : the crowner hath
sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she
drown'd herself in her own defence ?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo ;' it
cannot be else. For here lies the point : if I
drown myself wittingly, it argues an act : and
an act hath three branches : it is, to act, to do,
to perform : argal, she drown'd herself wit-
tingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman
delyer,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the
water ; good : here stands the man ; good : if
the man go to this water, and drown himself,
it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that ;
but if the water come to him and drown him,
he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not
guilty of his own death shortens not his own
life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law ?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't ; crowner's quest
law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't ? If
this had not been a gentlewoman, she should
have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, thee thou say'st : and the
more pity that great folk should have counte-
nance in this world to drown or hang them-
selves, more than their even Christian. Come,
my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers : they
hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman ?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore
arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none. 39

First Clo. What, art a heathen ? How dost
thou understand the Scripture ? The Scrip-
ture says 'Adam digg'd' could he dig with-
out arms ? I'll put another question to thee .

If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 50

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and mynake.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell. 60

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to 'Yaughan: fetch me a soap of liquor. [Exit *Sec. Clo.*]

[*He digs and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love, 70
Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings.*]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches: one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord. 89

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 101

First Clo. [*Sings.*]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings.*] O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. 130

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky courses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years. 191

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? 200

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so. 220

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination pace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? [*consider so.*]

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; and the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priest, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The curse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warrant: her death was doubtful; 250

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, 270

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,



"Alas! Poor Yörük, I knew him well."

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing.]* What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 280
Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

*[The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.]*

Pam. Why I will fight with him upon this
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand
brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? 300

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *[Exit.]*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him. *[Exit Hamlet.]*

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument: 320
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you
see the other:

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin.

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them: had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Ho-
ratio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons 20
Imputing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the uprevise, no leisure hated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lanies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30

They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labor'd much

How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know

The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,

As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might
flourish. 40

As peace should still her wheaten garland
wear

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these con-
tents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shoving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven or-
dinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal ; 50
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it
safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next
day [quent
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was se-
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to
this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their de-
fect

Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points 61
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me
now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whored my
mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life.

And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil ? 70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him
from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life's no more than to say ' One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;

For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his : I'll court his favors
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ! who comes here ? 80

Enter OSMIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back
to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know
this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for
'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land,
and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and
his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'tis a
cough ; but, as I say, spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt. 90

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from
his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all dili-
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right
use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the
wind is northerly. 99

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry
and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sul-
try,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my
lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that
he has laid a great wager on your head : sir,
this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord ; for mine ease, in
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court
Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society and great showing ; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of
gentry, for you shall find in him the conti-
nuit of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his refinement suffers no perdi-
ction in you ; though, I know, to divide him
inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of
memory, and yet but yaw neither, in re-
spect of his quick sail. A But, in the verity of
extolment, I take him to be a soul of great
article ; and his infusion of such dearth and
rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his
semblable is his mirror ; and who else would
trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly
of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we
wrap the gentleman in our more rawer
breath ?

Osr. Sir ? 130

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in an-
other tongue ? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of
this gentleman ?

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all's
golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith,
if you did, it would not much approve me.
Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excel-
lence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should
compare with him in excellence ; but, to
know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in
the imputation laid on him by them, in his
need he's unfellowed. 150

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but,
well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him
six Barbary horses : against the which he has

imponed, as I take it, six French rapfers and poniards, with their assignas, as girdle, hangers, and so : three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the nargent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assignas, and three liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it ? 171

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits : he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no' ?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 179

Ham. Sir, will walk here in the hall : if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odda hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so ?

Ham. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osrice.*] He does well to commend it to himself ; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter ; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall ; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes : they follow the king's pleasure ; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so : since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it : I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 229

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury : there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all : since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes ?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows.

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd 240

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honor and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never Hamlet :

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then ? His madness : it's he so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge : but in my terms of honor

I stand aloof ; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace, 261

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely ;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes : in mine
ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest
night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrie.
Cousin Hamlet. 270

You know the wager ?

Ham. Very well, my lord ;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker
side.

King. I do not fear it ; I have seen you
both :

But since he is better'd, we have therefore
odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have
all a length ? [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280

Let all the battlements their ordinance fire ;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to
earth,

' Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, be-
gin :

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well ; again.

King. Stay ; give me drink. Hamlet, this
pearl is thine ;

Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off
within.*]

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first ; set it by
awhile.

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit ; what say
you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy
brows ;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam ! 301

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon
me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup : it is
too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by
and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst
my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : you
but dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play*]

Os. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now !

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds
Laertes.*]

King. Part them ; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Os. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it,
my lord ?

Os. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own
sprunge, Osrie ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O
my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy ! Ho ! let the door be
lock'd :

Treachery ! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou
art slain :

No medicine in the world can do thee good ;
In thee there is not half an hour of life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd : the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie, 329

Never to rise again ; thy mother's poison'd :
I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point !—envenom'd too !

Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason ! treason !

King. O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but
hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here ?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served ;
It is a poison temper'd by himself. 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
Mine and my father's death come not upon
thee,

Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I fol-
low thee.





HAMLET.

*"Horatio, I am dead :
Thou livest : report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied "*

HAMLET, p 635

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu !
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
 But let it be. Horatio, I am dead ;
 Thou livest ; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it : 351
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane ;
 Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
 Give me the cup : let go ; by heaven, I'll
 have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
 hind me !

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
 pain,

To tell my story.

{ *March afar off, and shot within.*
 What warlike noise is this ? 360

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
 from Poland,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
 The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :
 I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
 But I do prophesy the election lights
 On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;
 So tell him, with the occurrents, more and
 less,
 Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

{ *Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good
 night, sweet prince : 370
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
 Why does the drum come hither ?
 [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
 and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?
Hor. What is it ye would see ?
 If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud
 death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
 That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck ?

First Amb. The sight is dismal ;
 And our affairs from England come too late :
 The ears are senseless that should give us
 hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 381
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
 Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
 Had it the ability of life to thank you :
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-
 land,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view ; 389
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you
 hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
 me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to
 speak,
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
 more ;
 But let this same be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more
 mischance
 On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have proved most royally : and, for his
 passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410
 Speak loudly for him.
 Take up the bodies : such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the
 dead bodies ; after which a peal of ord-
 nance is shot off.*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1602.)

INTRODUCTION.

Among the plays of Shakespeare mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) occurs the name of *Love's Labour's Won*. This has been identified by some critics with *The Taming of the Shrew* and by others with *Much Ado About Nothing*; but the weight of authority inclines to the opinion that under this title Meres spoke of the play known to us as *All's Well that Ends Well*. It seems not improbable that *All's Well*, as we possess it in the First Folio—and no earlier edition exists—is a re-handling, very thoroughly carried out, of an earlier version of this comedy. Coleridge believed that two styles were discernible in it; and there is certainly a larger proportion of rhyming lines in it than in any other play written after the year 1600. It is, however, far from certain that any portion of the play is of early origin, and assigning conjecturally the date about 1602 as that of the completion of the whole, we may view it as belonging to the later group of the second cycle of Shakespeare's comedies, not so early, therefore, as *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*, and certainly earlier than *Measure for Measure*. The story of Helena and Bertram was found by Shakespeare in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566), Paynter having translated it from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio (Novel 9, Third day). Shakespeare added the characters of the Countess, Lafeu, Parolles, and the Clown. What interested the poet's imagination in Boccaccio's story was evidently the position and person of the heroine. In Boccaccio, Giletta, the physician's daughter, is inferior in rank to the young Count, Beltramo, but she is rich. Shakespeare's Helena is of humbler birth than his Bertram, and she is also poor. Yet poor, and comparatively low-born, she aspires to be the young Count's wife, she pursues him to Paris and wins him against his will. To show Helena thus reversing in a measure the ordinary relations of man and woman, and yet to show her neither self-seeking nor unwomanly, was the task which the dramatist attempted. On the one hand he insists much on Bertram's youth, and gives him the faults and vices of youth, making the reader or spectator of the play feel that his hero has great need of such a finely-tuned, right-willed and loyal nature to stand by his side as that of Helena. On the other hand he shows us Helena's enthusiastic attachment to Bertram, her fears and cares on his behalf, her adhesion to him rather than to herself, when her husband seems to set their interests in opposition to one another, until we come to feel that the imperious need which makes Helena overstep social conventions is the need of perfect service to the man she loves. Bertram's beauty and courage must bear part of the blame for Helena's loving him better than he deserves. With the youthful desire for independence which makes him break away from her, she can intelligently sympathize. In the last Act she appears—when he has entangled himself in falsehood and shame—to save him, and rescue him from his baser self. We feel that when he has at last really found Helena, he is safe, and all ends well. Parolles, the incarnation of bragging meanness, is the counterfoil of Helena—she, the doer of virtuous deeds; he, the utterer of vain and swelling words; she, all brave womanliness; he, too cowardly for manhood. Parolles has been compared to Falstaff, but they ought rather to be contrasted; for Sir John is a man of genius, with real wit and power of fascination, and no ridicule can destroy him, but the exposure of Parolles makes him dwindle into his native pitifulness. The Countess is a charming creation of Shakespeare; in no play, unless it be some of his latest romantic dramas, is old age made more beautiful and dignified.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, } servants to the Countess of
Clown, } Rousillon.
A Page.
COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON, 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
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and
Florentine.

SCENE: Rousillon; Paris; Florence;
Marseilles.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, 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 gentleman had a father,—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon. 31

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 gentleman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplicity; 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 liveliness from

her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it. 61

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.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness share with thy brightness! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy. Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend 75

Under thy own life's key; be check'd for sin. But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, 80

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, so advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best.

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. 85

Ber. [To Helena] the best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts 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 Lafou.]

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father; 90

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him; my imagination

Carries no favor in't but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none.

If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me;

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100

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 hawk-like eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favor;

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside.] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely
bones

† Look bleak 'f 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. 120

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier
in you : let me ask you a question. Man is
enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it
against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity,
though valiant, in the defence yet is weak :
unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man, sitting down
before you, will undermine you and blow you
up. 130

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-
miners and blowers up ! Is there no military
policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will
quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him
down again, with the breach yourselves made,
you lose your city. It is not 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 't !

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though there-
fore 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 offenser
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 in-
hibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you
cannot choose but loose by 't ; out with 't !
within ten year it will make itself ten, which
is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself
not much the worse : away with 't !

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to
her own liking ?

Par. Let me see ; marry, ill, to like him
that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity 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 insuitable : just like the

brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not
now. Your date is better in your pie and
your porridge than in your cheek ; and your
virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our
French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily ;
marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly
better ; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear : will
you anything with it ?

Hel. † Not my virginity yet. . . .

There shall your master have a thousand loves.
A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181

A phoenix, captain and an enemy,

A guide a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;

His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—

I know not what he shall. God send him well !

The court's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which

never

Return us thanks. 200

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
you. *Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell ; if I can re-
member 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. 210

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think,
rather.

Par. Why think you so ? [fight.]

Hel. You go so much backward when you
Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear pro-
poses the safety ; but the composition that
your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue
of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 219

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 capa-
ble 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 : arewell. 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. 230]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so

high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine
eye?

†The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do sup-
pose

‡What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
So show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive
me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING of FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by
the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here re-
ceive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead 10
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?
Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First 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, 20
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your maj-
esty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiery! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was

Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long;

But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth 31
He had the wit which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own soon return to them unmoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honor;

‡So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below
him

He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.

‡In their poor praise he humbled. Such a
man

Might be a copy to these younger times:
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in proof lives not his epitaph 50
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say—

Methinks I hear him now; his plaintive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—Let me not
live,—

This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 59
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judg-
ments are

[stancies
Mere fathers of their garments: whose con-
Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70
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. The COUNT's palace.*
Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, 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 have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may. 21

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 barnes are blessings. [marry]

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt

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. 41

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're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am awary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poydam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave? 61

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,

Which men full true shall find;

Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

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,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then; 80

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 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 one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' 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. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

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; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

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 mis-doubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom ; and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young :
If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :

By our remembrances of days foregone, 140
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 150
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's cure :
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd 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 ; 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honor'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?
Hel. You are my mother, madam ; would
you were.— [ther.—

So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother ! or were you both our
mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven. 170
So I were not his sister, Can't no other.
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my
daughter-in-law :
God shield you mean it not ! daughter and
mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I

The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head : now to all sense 'tis
gross

You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't
so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge
thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
Tell me truly. 191

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !
Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !
Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?
Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note : come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son. 200

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my
love :

Be not offended ; for it hurts not am
That he is loved of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore 211

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 lies !

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 prescrip-
tions

Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 231
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the
rest,

There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

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. 241

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt 250
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 into thy attempt: 260
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, attended
with divers young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine war; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords; these war-
like principles

Do not draw from you: and you, my lords,
farewell;

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain,
all

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my
heart

Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords; 10

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you
seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. 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, 21
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those
wars. [with

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
'Too young' and 'the next year' and 'tis too
early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal
away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a
smock, 30

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.

First Lord. There's honor in the theft,

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so,
farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-
tured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. 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.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!
what will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king. 50

*Re-enter KING, BERTRAM and PAROLLES
retire.*

Par. [To *Ber.*] Use a more spacious cere-
mony to the noble lords; you have restrained
yourself within the list of 'too cold an adieu';

be more expressive to them : for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. after them, and take a more dilated farewell

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sincere sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, 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 kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across ; but, my good lord 'tis thus ; 70

Will you be cured of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them : I have seen a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch,

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand. 80

And write to her a love-line

King. What 'her' is this ?

Laf. Why, Doctor She : my lord, there's one arriv'd

If you will see her : now, by my faith and 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,

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, 90

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, 95

And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

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, 100

That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father ;

In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him :

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me : chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling, 110

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so ;

And hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the 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 120

That laboring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidible estate ; I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :

I will no more enforce mine office on you ;

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again. 131

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :

Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part, I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try, Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister : 140

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn, When judges have been babes ; great floods

have flown From simple sources, and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied, Oft expectation fails and most oft there

Where most it promises, and oft it hits Where hope is coldest and despair moest fits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid :

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid ;

Proffers not look reap thanks for their reward,

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? within what
space
Honest thou my cure ?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainly and confidence
What darest thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traded by odious ballads: my maiden's
name

Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worse—if worse—ex-
tended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou 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 property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved : not helping, death's my
fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?
King. Make thy demand

Hel. But will you make it even ?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command ;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 200
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises ob-
served,

Thy will by my performance shall be served ;

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to
trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on :
but rest 210
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy
meed. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Roussillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you
to the height of your breeding.

Clow. 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 !

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court :
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss
his hand and say nothing, has neither leg,
hands, lip, nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow,
to say precisely, were not for the court ; but
for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions.

Clow. 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 ? 21

Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of
an attorney, as your French crown for your
tuffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-
finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a
morriss for May-lay, as the nail to his hole,
the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a
wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's
mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such
fitness for all questions ? 31

Clow. From below your duke to beneath
your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most mon-
strous size that must fit all demands.

Clow. 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 ?

Clow. O Lord, sir ! There's a simple putting
off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours,
that loves you. [me.]

Clow. O Lord, sir ! Thick, thick, spare not
Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of
this homely meat,

Clo. O Lord, Sir ! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you. 51

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. 61

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time.

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir ! why, there't serves well again.

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. 70

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. The KING's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make ungodly and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right ; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right ; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

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 that ?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it ; I would have said the very same. 30

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most taciturnous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hard of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence ; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head : why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre ! is not this Helen ?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so. 51

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice 60

I have to use : thy frank election make ;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please ! marry, to each, but one !

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than those 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. 70

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,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice ; and, see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my
suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the
rest is mute.

Loaf. I had rather be in this choice than
throw ames-ace 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!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, 90
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my
leave.

Loaf. Do all they deny her? An they were
sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I
would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs
of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake;
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Loaf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll
none have her; sure, they are bastards to the
English; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and
too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Loaf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy
father drunk wine; but if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known
thee already.

Hel. [To Bertram] I dare not say I take
you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech
your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me
from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down

Must answer for your raising? I know her
well: 120

She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,

Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest 130
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born 141
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be
said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she 150
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 should'st
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord,
I'm glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161

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 con-
tempt;

Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power
claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge
and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine an-
swer. [mit

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I sub-
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, 180
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 perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err. 190

[*Exit all but Lafew and Parolles.*]
Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur ?
a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to
make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ! My lord ! my master !

Laf. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My
master ! 200

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rou-
sillon ?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what
is man.

Laf. To what is count's man : count's mas-
ter is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy
you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirs, I write man ;
to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not
do. 210

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,
to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make
tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass :
yet the scarfs and the banners about thee did
manifestly dissuade me from believing thee
a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now
found thee ; when I lose thee again, I erre
not ; yet art thou good for nothing but taking
up ; and that thou't scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of anti-
quity upon thee.— 221

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 case-
ment 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. 231

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it ; and
I will not hate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou
hast to pull at a smack of 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 acquaint-
ance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that
I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupport-
able vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal ; for doing I am
past ; as I will by thee, in what motion age
will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me ; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy
lord ! Well, I must be patient ; there is no
fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by n y
life, if I can meet him with any convenienc'e,
an he were double and double a lord. I'll
have no more pity of his age than I would
of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him
again.

Re-Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's mar-
ried ; there's news for you : you have a new
mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your
wrougs ; 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 ser-
vants 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 breathe themselves
upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy
for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate ;
you are a vagabond and no true traveller ;
you are more saucy with lords and honorable per-
sonages than the commission of your birth
and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not
worth another word, else I'd call you knave.
I leave you. [*Exit.* 281

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then ; good,
very good ; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-Enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for
ever !

Par. What's 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. 290

Par. Fences 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 kicky-wicky 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 house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee ? art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away : to-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :

Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :

The king has done you wrong : but, hush, 'tis so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly ; is she well ?

Clow. 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 ?

Clow. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clow. 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 ?

Clow. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clow. 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.

Clow. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave ; that's, before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clow. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the 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,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so,

Hel. I pray you. [Exit PAROLLES.]
Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true : I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his 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. [To *Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.



HELENA AND THE CLOWN.

ALI'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, p. 698

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?
Par. Sir ?
Laf. O, I know him well. I, sir ; he, sir, 's a
 good workman, a very good tailor. 21
Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king ?
Par. She is.
Ber. Will she away to-night ?
Par. As you'll have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my
 treasure,
 Given order for our horses ; and to-night,
 When I should take possession of the bride,
 End ere I do begin. 29

Laf. A good traveller is something at the
 latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three
 thirds and uses a known truth to pass a
 thousand nothings with, should be once heard
 and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.
Ber. Is there any unkindness between my
 lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to
 run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't,
 boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped
 into the custard ; and out of it you'll run
 again, rather than suffer question for your
 residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my
 lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took
 him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord ;
 and believe this of me, there can be no kernel
 in this light nut ; the soul of this man in his
 clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy
 consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and
 know their natures. Farewell, monsieur : I
 have spoken better of you † than you have or
 will to deserve at my hand ; but we must do
 good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common
 speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my
 clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from
 you,

Spoke with the king and have procured his
 leave 60

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
 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 71

And my appointments † are 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'll ave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
 With true observance seek to eke out that
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have
 fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go : 81
 My haste is very great ; farewell ; lie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
 Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would
 steal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much :
 nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord :
 Faith, yes : 90

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to
 horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good
 my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur ?
 Farewell. [*Exit Helena.*]

Go thou toward home ; where I will never
 come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the
 drum.

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio !
 [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. The Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended ; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have
 you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,
 Whose great decision hath much blood let
 forth

And more thirsts after.

Fust 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.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
 The reasons of our state I cannot yield. 10

But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of
our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be :
And all the honors that can fly from us 20
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. The COUNT'S palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would
have had it, save that he comes not along with
her.

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 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. 10

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.* 20

Count. [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter-
in-law : she hath recovered the king, and un-
done 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, 30
To fly the favors of so good a king ;

To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news with-
in 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. 40

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.*]

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever
gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you,
gentlemen, 50

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 ?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the
duke of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on 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 ?

First Gent. Ay, madam ;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;
if thou engross't all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : he was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence
is he ?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

Sec. 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 ?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest
wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] Till I have no wife I have no
thing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his
hand, haply, which his heart was not consent-
ing to. 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have
no wife !

There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she ; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with
him ?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentle-
man

Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're 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.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worstest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies. 100

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, Ronsillon, 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 messen-
gers. 111

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering
air, [lord.]

That sings with piercing; do not touch my
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the catiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: Letter 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120
With sharp constraint of hunger; better
'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Ronsillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
Tha' pitiful rumor may report my flight, 130
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, BER-
TRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum, and
Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and er-
dence

upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
prove 10

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ronsillon. The COUNT'S palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the let-
ter of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has
done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads*]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have
amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of
war

My dearest master, your dear son, may
hie:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervor sanctify: 11

His taken labors bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to
live,

Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me:

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents, 21
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'ertaken; 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; 30

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light : my greatest
grief.

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return : and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again.
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction : provide this messen-
ger :

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak :
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [Exit.

SCENE V. Florence. Without the walls. A
tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIO-
LENTA, and MARIANA, with 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. [Tucket.]
We have lost our labor ; they are gone a con-
trary 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 com-
panion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one
Parolles ; a filthy officer he is in those sug-
gestions for the young earl. Beware of them,
Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths,
tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not
the things they go under : many a maid hath
been seduced by them ; and the misery is, ex-
ample, that so terrible shows in the wreck of
maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade suc-
cession, but that they are lined with the
twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not
to advise you further ; but I hope your own
grace will keep you where you are, though
there were no further danger known but the
modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim.

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 palmers lodge, I do beseech
you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the
port.

Hel. Is this the way ? 40

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. [A march afar.]
Hark you ! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged ;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
yours 50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Ronsillon : know you such
a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
of him :

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from
France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking : think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth : I know
his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ? 60

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 deserv-
ing

Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I warrant, good creature, whereso-
e'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid
might do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :

Drum and Colors.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole
army.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?
Dia. He ; 80
 That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow.
 I would he loved his wife : if he were honest-
 er
 He were much goodlier : is't not a handsome
 gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest : yond's
 that same knave
 That leads him to these places : were I his
 lady,
 I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs : why
 is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90
Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something :
 look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-car-
 rier ! [*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*]
Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I
 will bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoind 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 100
 To eat with us to-night, the charge and thank-
 ing

Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
 I will bestow some precepts of 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.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't ;
 let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a
 hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
 him ?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own
 direct knowledge, without any malice, but to
 speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most
 notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,
 an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no
 one good quality worthy your lordship's en-
 tertainment.

First 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 busi-
 ness in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular
 action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him
 fetch off his drum, which you hear him so
 confidently undertake to do.

Sec. 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 blind and hoodwink him so,
 that he shall suppose no other but that he is
 carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
 and we bring him to our own 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 di-
 vine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust
 my judgment in any thing.

First 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 bot-
 tom of his success in't, and to what metal this
 counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you
 give him not John Drum's entertainment, your
 inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love
 of laughter, hinder not the honor of his de-
 sign : let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur ! this drum sticks
 sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a
 drum. 49

Par. 'But a drum' ! is't 'but a drum' ? A
 drum so lost ! There was excellent command,
 — to charge in with our horse upon our own
 wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

First Lord. That was not to be blame'd in
 the command of the service : it was a disaster
 of war that Cesar himself could not have pre-
 vented, 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. 60

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 'his jacet'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't,
 monsieur : if you think your mystery in strat-
 agem can bring this instrument of honor again
 into his native quarter, be magnanimous in
 the enterprise and go on ; I will grace the at-
 tempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well
 in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and ex-
 tend to you what further becomes his great-
 ness, even to the utmost syllable of your
 worthiness. [departe it.]

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will un-
 der. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening ; and I will
 presently pen down my dickenmas, encourage
 myself in my certainty, put myself into my
 mortal preparation ; and by midnight look to
 hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace
 you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

Sec. 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?

First 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. 101

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 109

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we cease him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. 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.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once 120
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:

Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, 10

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her
beauty,

Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20

Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he
holds

In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as
won, 31

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 passed 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 41
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

*Enter Second French Lord, with five or six
other Soldiers in ambush.*

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but
by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon
him, speak what terrible language you will:
though you understand it not yourselves, no



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

matter ; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ? 11

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. 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 : choughs' 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 carries it : they begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry it : they will say, 'Come you off with so little ?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ? 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard ; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel. 61

Sec. Lord. How deep ?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's : I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarm within.*]

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. 71

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom ! do not hide mine eyes. [*Then seize and blindfold him.*]

First Sold. Boskos throumuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment : And I shall lose my life for want of language ; if there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me : I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado : I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelyhonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O !

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray ! Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. Oseorbidulchus volivoreo.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet ;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on 90

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.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.

Come on ; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarm within.*]

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother.

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled 100

Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves ;

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got. 10

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that ;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for
ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you ; but when you have our
roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ! 20

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes
the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness : then, pray
you, tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my
oaths,

When I did love you ill ? This has no hold-
ing,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : therefore your
oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion. 31

Ber. Change it, change it ;
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more
off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say thou art mine, and
ever

My love as it begins shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a
scarre

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that
ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no
power 40

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.

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, 50
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 conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall
know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger in the night I'll put 61
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by
wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both
heaven and me !

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart ; she says all men 70
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry
me

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with
him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid :

Only in this disguise I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords and some two or
three Soldiers.*

First Lord. You have not given him his
mother's letter ?

Sec. Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since :
there is something in't that stings his nature ;
for on the reading it he changed almost into
another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame
laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife
and so sweet a lady. 9

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the
overlasting displeasure of the king, who had
even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to
him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let
it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis
dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gen-
tlewoman 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.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion!
as we are ourselves, what things are we !

Sec. 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. 30

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 51

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First 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 time, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First 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. 60

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, so to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we 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.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

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.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 109

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, he has deceived me, like a double-meaning professor.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat 't the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

Sec. 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 sired 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 't the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a' ? 129

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

First 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. 141

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Bobbindo chicurmarco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [Reads] 'First demand of him

how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that? 150

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorie of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. 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.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. 169

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and 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 the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain? 210

Par. I know him; a' was a botcher's 'prentice

in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy. *First Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First 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.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search. 229

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.

First 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.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold.'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First 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. 250

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss: For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it, Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 260
PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the omnipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 269

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.

First 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 ? 279

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister : for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus : he professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking 'em 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.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Par. For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First 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, to instruct for the doubling of files : I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Par. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt. 310

Par. Sir, for a quart d'œn 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.

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain ?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me ?

First Sold. What's he ?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest : not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil : he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is : in a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming : a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run

into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

First 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, headsman, off with his head. [my death !

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see *First Lord.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unblinding him. So, look about you : know you any here ?

Par. Good morrow, noble captain. 349

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew ? I am for France.

First 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 and Lords.

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf ; that has a knot on't yet. 359

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

First 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 ye well, sir : I am for France too : we shall speak of you there.

[Exit with Soldiers.

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, 370

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !

There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel : Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude Through fifty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks ; I duly am inform'd His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead : the army breaking, 11 My husband lies ~~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.

Hol. 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 motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they
hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hol. Yet, I pray you: 30
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;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWNS.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with
a snip-tuffeta fellow there, whose villainous
suffron 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 gentle-
woman that ever nature had praise for
creating. If she had partaken of my flesh,
and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:
we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on
such another herb.

Clow. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjo-
ram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they
are nose-herbs. 20

Clow. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I
have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a
knave or a fool?

Clow. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clow. I would cozen the man of his wife and
do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service,
indeed. 31

Clow. And I would give his wife my bauble,
sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art
both knave and fool.

Clow. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clow. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can
serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clow. Faith, sir, 't has an English name;
but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than
there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clow. 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.

Clow. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that
always loved a great fire; and the master I
speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he
is the prince of the world; let his nobility re-
main in's court. I am for the house with the
narrow gate, which I take to be too little for
pomp to enter: some that humble themselves
may; but the many will be too chill and
tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that
leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be awearry 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.

Clow. 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.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made
himself much sport out of him: by his author-
ity he remains here, which he thinks is a
patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has
no pace, but runs where he will. 71

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 daugh-
ter; which, in the minority of them both, his
majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance,
did first propose: his highness hath promised
me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure
he hath conceived against your son, there is
no fitter matter. How does your ladyship
like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord;
and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Mar-
seilles, of as able body as when he numbered
thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am de-
ceived 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.

Clow. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under't 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.

Clow. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 109

Clow. Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marselles. 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 Gentleman.

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. 10

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 20

To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir !

Gent. Not, indeed :

He hence removed last night and with more haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet, Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ; Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand, 31 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.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.

Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon, Before the Count's palace.*

Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lefeu 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, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clow. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butyering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clow. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clow. Foh ! prithee, stand away : a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself. 19

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a jurr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of per displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal : pray you, sir, use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched. 29

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 knives thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu for you; let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word. 40

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

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. *Rousillon. The COUNT'S palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbeans it and burns on.

King. My honor'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot. 11

Laf. This I must say, But first I beg my pardon, the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; 20 We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill

All repetition: let him not ask our pardon

The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The increasing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me 30 That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail In me at once: but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40 The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favor; Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen; 50 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 60 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 shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had : and here we'll stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse !
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom thy house's name

Must be digested, give a favor from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't,
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to receive her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate. 91

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never saw it : [me,

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought

I stood engaged : but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
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 makest conjectural fears to come into me

Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove [so :—
That thou art so inhuman, 'twill not prove
And yet I know not : thou didst hate her
deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him !

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not :

Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending ; her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations
to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush
to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Ron-
sillon 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 CAPLET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll for this I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafen, 150
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these
suitsors :

Go speedily and bring again the count.

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers !

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are mon-
sters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them
lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that ?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capilet :
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
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, 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 ; 171

You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter ; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highness 179

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.

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
Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed 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 201

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.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Ber. What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd ;

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, 210

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :

She knew her distance and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;

And I had that which any inferior might

At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, 220

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. [abed.]

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

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. 240

King. Come, come, to the purpose : did he love this woman ?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this ! 250

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 knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours? 271

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.

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. 280

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.

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: 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300

He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; And at that time he got his wife with child;

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist? Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310

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? 320

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon;

[To *Parolles*.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: 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.

[To *Diana*.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou keep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that and all the progress, more or less, 331

Resolutely more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Flourish.

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [Exit. 340

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1603.)

INTRODUCTION.

This is one of the darkest and most painful of the comedies of Shakespeare, but its darkness is lit by the central figure of Isabella, with her white passion of purity and of indignation against sin. The play deals with deep things of our humanity—with righteousness and charity, with self-deceit, and moral weakness and strength, even with life and death themselves. All that is soft, melodious, romantic, has disappeared from the style; it shows a fearless vigor, penetrating imagination, and much intellectual force and boldness. Its date is uncertain. Two passages (Act I., Sc. 1, l. 68-73, and Act II., Sc. IV., l. 24-29) have been conjectured to contain "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England;" and possibly the revival in 1604 of a statute which punished with death any divorced person who married again while his or her former husband or wife was living, may have added point to one chief incident in the play. Shakespeare took the story from Whetstone's play *Promos and Cassandra* (1578), and the prose telling of the tale by the same author in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). Whetstone's original had the Duke present in disguise throughout, preserving the honor of the heroine, and introducing the character of Mariana to take her wifely place by Angelo as a substitute for Isabella. *Measure for Measure*, like *The Merchant of Venice*, is remarkable for its great pleading scenes; and to Portia's ardor and intellectual force Isabella adds a noble severity of character, a devotion to an ideal of rectitude and purity, and a religious enthusiasm. In Vienna, "where corruption boils and bubbles," appears this figure of virginal strength and uprightness; at the last she is to preside over the sinful city and perhaps to save it. She is almost "a thing ensky'd and sainted," yet she returns from the cloister to the world, there to fill her place as wife and Duchess. Angelo, at the outset, though he must be conscious of the wrong he has done to his betrothed, is more self-deceived than a deceiver. He does not know his own heart, and is severe against others in his imagined superiority to every possible temptation. A terrible abyss is opened to him in the evil passion of his own nature. The unmasking of the self-deceiver is not here, as in the happy comedies, a piece of the mirth of the play; it is painful and stern. The Duke acts throughout as a kind of overruling providence; he has the wisdom of the serpent, which he uses for good ends, and he looks through life with a steady gaze, which results in a justice and even tenderness towards others. Claudio is made chiefly to be saved by his sister, but he has a grace of youth and a clinging enjoyment of life and love, which interest us in him sufficiently for pity if not for admiration. The minor characters possess each his characteristic feature, but are less important individually than as representatives of the wide-spread social corruption and degradation which surround the chief characters, and form the soil on which they move and the air they breathe. "We never throughout the play get into the free open joyous atmosphere, so invigorating in other works of Shakespeare; the oppressive gloom of the prison, the foul breath of the house of shame, are only exchanged for the chilly damp of conventual walls, or the oppressive retirement of the monastery."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST
THOMAS, }
PETER, } two friars.
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.
ARBORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE : Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the DUKE'S palace.**Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.**Duke.* Escalus.*Escal.* My lord.*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold.

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse : Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you : then no more remains,

† But that to your sufficiency.

. as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms 11

For common justice, you're as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp.

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo.**[Exit an Attendant.]*

What figure of us think you he will bear ?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

And given his deputation all the organs 21

Of our own power : what think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honor,

It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.*Enter ANGELO.**Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo,*

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to the observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30

Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves ; for if our vir-

tues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely

touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor, 40

Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise ;

Hold therefore, *Angelo* : —

In our remove be thou at full yourself ;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure 50

Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :

We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honors.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestio'd

Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :

To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60

Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;

Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do

With any scruple ; your scope is as mine own

So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your

hand :

I'll privily away. I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes :

Though it do well, I do not relish well 70

Their loud applause and Aves vehement ;

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion

That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your pur-

poses !

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in

happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. *[Exit.]**Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me

leave

To have free speech with you ; and it con-

to look into the bottom of my place :

A power I have, but of what strength and

nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw

together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honor. *[Exeunt.]*SCENE II. *A street.**Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.**Lucio.* If the duke with the other dukes

come not to composition with the King of Hun-

gary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but

not the King of Hungary's !

Sec. Gent. Amen.*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimon-

ious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten

Commandments, but scraped one out of the

table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal' ? 10*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.*First Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to

command the captain and all the rest from

their functions : they put forth to steal. There's

not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving

before meat, do relish the petition well that

prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

First Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolors a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more. 51

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Or. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Or. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs. Or. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off. 70

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Or. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. 81

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it. [Exeunt *Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs. Or. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Or. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Or. But what's his offence? 90

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Or. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Or. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Or. And what shall become of those in the city? 101

Pom. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Or. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Or. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear you not; good counselors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Or. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [Exeunt.]

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? 120

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition.

But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the denigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again. 140

Lucio. What, isn't murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir ! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed : 150

You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order : this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chances The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. 160
And the new deputy now for the duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in :—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170

Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by
the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round

And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is : and thy head stands
so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if
she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the
duke and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be
found. 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :

This day my sister should the cloister enter

And there receive her approbation :

Acquaint her with the danger of my state :

Implore her, in my voice, that she make
friends

To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :

I have great hope in that ; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men ; beside, she hath prosperous
art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade. 191

Lucio. I pray she may ; as well for the
encouragement of the like, which else would
stand under grievous imposition, as for the
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-
tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter Duke and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father ; throw away that
thought ;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom—Why I desire
thee

To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and
ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it :

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than
you

How I have ever loved the life removed

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,

A man of stricture and firm abstinence,

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is received. Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me why I do this ?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most
biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
weeds, 20

Which for this nineteen years we have let slip ;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond
fathers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight

For terror, not to use, in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our
decrees,

Dead to inflection, to themselves are dead ;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum. 31

Fri. T. It rested in your grace

To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleased :

And it in you more dreadful would have
seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed,
my father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office ; 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,

And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pri-
thee,

Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise ; 50
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we
see,

If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther priv-
ileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring
more ;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint
Clare.

Lucio. [Within] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of
him ;

You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak
with men 10

But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that
calls ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those
cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead
me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio ? 20

Isab. Why 'her unhappy brother' ? let me
ask,

The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet's you :

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks :
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true. 30
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins
so :

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,
By your renoucement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mock-
ing me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and
truth, 'tis thus :

Your brother and his lover have embraced :
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming
time 41

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ? My
cousin Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change
their names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, 51
In hand and hope of action ; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;

And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

To soften Angelo : and that's my pith of bus-
iness 76

'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. He has censur'd him
Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and
 kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
 No longer staying but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair—I humbly thank you:
 Commend me to my brother—soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu, 90
 [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A hall in ANGELO'S house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Pro-
 vost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the
 law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
 Than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gen-
 tleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
 Let but your honor know,
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
 That, in the working of your own affections,
 Had time cohered with place or place with
 wishing, 11

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own
 purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point which now you censure
 him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
 to justice, 21

That justice seizes: what know the laws
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
 pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
 Because we see it; but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell
 me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must
 die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang.

See that Claudio
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven, forgive him!
 and forgive us all!

Some risby sin, and some by virtue fall:

†Some run from brakes of ice, and answer
 none:

And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and
 POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be
 good people in a commonweal that do nothing
 but use their abuses in common houses, I know
 no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name?
 and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor
 duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do
 lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here
 before your good honor two notorious benefac-
 tors, 50

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefac-
 tors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not
 well what they are: but precise villains they
 are, that I am sure of; and void of all profana-
 tion in the world that good Christians ought
 to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise
 officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of?
 Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak,
 Elbow? 60

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;
 one that serves a bad woman; whose house,
 sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the
 suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,
 which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before
 heaven and your honor,— 70

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is
 an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as
 well as she, that this house, if it be not a
 bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is
 a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she
 had been a woman cardinally given, might
 have been accused in fornication, adultery,
 and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?
Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defiled him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honor's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,— [sir.]

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,— 111

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of four-score pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve, 130

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, 140

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honor, ask me. 150

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honor see any harm in his face? 160

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true? 181

Elb. O thou catiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked catiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 201

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir,

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. 211

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in. 220

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth; farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna. 241

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the lawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, bark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, farewell.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good

counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let earman whip his jade: The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.* 270

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so off upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*

What's o'clock, think you? 280

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful;

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.* 290

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]

I'll know

His pleasure: may be he will relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen, 10

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang.

Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Pror. I crave your honor's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning
Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Pror. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid, 20

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you the fornicatress be removed:

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Pror. God save your honor!

Ang. Stay a little while. *[To Isab.]* You're
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desires should meet the blow of justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Will; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pror. *[Aside]* Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function.

To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor. 41

Isab. O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your
honor!

Lucio. *[Aside to Isab.]* Give't not o'er so:
to him again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire
it:

To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would? 51
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot
do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that re-
morse

As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. *[Aside to Isab.]* You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak
a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's
robe, 61

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slept like him; but he, like
you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your po-
tency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. *[Aside to Isab.]* Ay, touch him;
there's the vein. 70

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit
once;

And He that might the vantage best have
took

Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on
that;

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him: he must die to-
morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve
heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,

bethink you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. *[Aside to Isab.]* Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though
it hath slept: 90

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake

Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ; 100

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him,
wench ! he will relent ;

He's coming ; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :

Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word, 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art advis'd o' that ? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault : if it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you. good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to ; 'tis well away !

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe !

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen :
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160

Isab. 'Save your honor !
[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue :
What's this, what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
Ha !

Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo ?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good ? O, let her brother live !

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I

love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue : never could the

strumpet,

With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd
how. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,
and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost ! so I think you
are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,
good friar ?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one : a gentlewoman of
mine, 10

Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report : she is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenced ; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you : stay awhile,

[To Juliet.]

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry ?

Jul. I do ; and bear the shame most pa-
tiently. 20

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd
you ?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offence-
ful act

Was mutually committed ?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter : but lest you
do repent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this
shame,

Which sorrow is always towards ourselves,
not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we
love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil.
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, Benedicite ! [Exit.]

Jul. Must die to-morrow ! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in ANGELO's house.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
words ;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name ;

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I
studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,

Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume, 11

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,

Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood ;

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn :

'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now ! who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to
you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O
heavens !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself, 21

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness ?

So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons :

Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive ; and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid ? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother can-
not live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honor !

Ang. Yet may he live awhile ; and, it may
be,

As long as you or I : yet he must die.

Isb. Under your sentence ?
Ang. Yea.
Isb. When, I beseech you ? that in his re-
 prievè,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
 That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha ! fie, these filthy vices ! It were
 as good
 To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's
 image
 In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made
 As to put metal in restrained means
 To make a false one.
Isb. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not
 in earth. 50
Ang. Say you so ? then I shall pose you
 quickly,
 Which had you rather, that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem
 him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
 As she that he hath stain'd ?
Isb. Sir, believe this,
 I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul : our compell'd
 sins
 Stand more for number than for account.
Isb. How say you ?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can
 speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this : 60
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :
 Might there not be a charity in sin
 To save this brother's life ?
Isb. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul
 It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your
 soul,
 Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isb. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it ! you granting of my
 suit,
 if that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 71
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
 Your sense pursues not mine : either you are
 ignorant,
 Or seem so craftily ; and that's not good,
Isb. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
 good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
 bright
 When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks
 Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me ;
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
 Your brother is to die.
Isb. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,

Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isb. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,—that you, his sis-
 ter, 90
 Finding yourself desired of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great
 place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-building law ; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;
 What would you do ?
Isb. As much for my poor brother as my-
 self : 100
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as
 rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isb. And 'twere the cheaper way ;
 Better it were a brother died at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the
 sentence
 That you have slander'd so ? 110
Isb. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
 Are of two houses : lawful mercy
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law
 a tyrant ;
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment than a vice.
Isb. O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls
 out,
 To have what we would have, we speak not
 what we mean :
 I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love. 120
Ang. We are all frail.
Isb. Else let my brother die,
 If not a feodary, but only he
 Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isb. Ay, as the glasses where they view
 themselves ;
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women ! Help Heaven ! men their creation
 mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times
 frail ;
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well : 130
 And from this testimony of your own sex,—
 Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Than faults may shake our frames,—let me
 be bold ;
 I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
 That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're
 none ;

If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery. [Lord,

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my
Let me entreat you speak the former lan-
guage. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me
love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose. [lieved,

Isab. Ha ! little honor to be much be-
And most pernicious purpose ! Seeming,
seeming ! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the
world aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the
state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein : 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will ;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-mor-
row,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your
true. [*Exit.* 170

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I
tell this,

Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same
tongue,

Either of condemnation or approval ;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will :
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A room in the prison.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from
Lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other medi-
cine

But only hope :

I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death
or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
with life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou
art,

Servile to all the skyeey influences, 9

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art

not noble ;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself ; 19

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to
get.

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain ;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt
poor :

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou
none ;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee s're,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 20
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth nor age.

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the aims
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
this

That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths : yet death we
fear,

That makes these odds all even. 41

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life : let it come on,
Isab. [*Within*] What, ho ! Peace here ;
 grace and good company !

Procr. Who's there ? come in : the wish
 deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you
 again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with
 Claudio.

Procr. And very welcome. Look, signior,
 here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50

Procr. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where
 I may be concealed.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why,
 As all comforts are ; most good, most good in-
 deed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger ;
 Therefore your best appointment make with
 speed ; 60

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save
 a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live ;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance, a re-
 straint.

Though all the world's vastidity you had,
 To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature ? 70

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
 Would bar your honor from that trunk you
 bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I
 quake,

Least thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die ?

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
 As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch

From dowery tenderness ? If I must die
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ; there my
 father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die ;
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appointments. This outward-sainted
 deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90
 Nips youth in the head and follies doth em-
 mew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;
 His filth with him being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prazie Angelo !

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In prazie guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio !
 If I would yield him my virginity,
 Thou might'st be freed.

Claud. O heavens ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this
 rank offence. 100

So to offend him still. This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death
 to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
 That thus can make him bite the law by the
 nose,

When he would force it ? Sure, it is no sin, 110
 Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least ?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so
 wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fined ? O Isabel !

Isab. What says my brother ?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
 where ;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become 120

A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than

worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought

Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 130

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast !

O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What should
I think ? 140
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father
fair !
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my de-
fiance !
Die, perish ! Might but my bending own
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should pro-
ceed :

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd : 150
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella !

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with
you : the satisfaction I would require is like-
wise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will
attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*]

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath
passed between you and your sister. Angelo
had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he
hath made an essay of her virtue to practise
his judgment with the disposition of natures :
she, having the truth of honor in her, hath
made him that gracious denial which he is
most glad to receive. I am confessor to An-
gelo, and I know this to be true : therefore
prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy
your resolution with hopes that are fallible :
to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees
and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am
so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid
of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell. [*Exit
Claudio.*]

Provost, a word with you !

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone. Leave me awhile with the maid : my
mind promises with my habit no loss shall
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair
hath made you good : the goodness that is
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-
ness ; but grace, being the soul of your com-
plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.
The assault that Angelo hath made to you,
fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ;
and, but that frailty hath examples for his

falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will
you do to content this substitute, and to save
your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had
rather my brother die by the law than my son
should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much
is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever
he return and I can speak to him, I will open
my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : yet,
as the matter now stands, he will avoid your
accusation ; he made trial of you only. There-
fore fasten your ear on my advising : to the
love I have in doing good a remedy presents
itself. I do make myself believe that you
may most uprightly do a poor wronged
lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother
from the angry law ; do no stain to your own
gracious person ; and much please the absent
duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to
have hearing of this business. 211

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I
have spirit to do anything that appears not
foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mari-
ana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier
who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
words went with her name. 220

Duke. She should this Angelo have mar-
ried ; was affianced to her by oath, and the
nuptial appointed : between which time of the
contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother
Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that
perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But
mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentle-
woman : there she lost a noble and renowned
brother, in his love toward her ever most kind
and natural ; with him, the portion and sinew
of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ; with
both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming
Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so ? did Angelo so leave
her ?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one
of them with his comfort ; swallowed his vows
whole, pretending in her discoveries of dish-
onor : in few, bestowed her on her own
lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ;
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with
them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take
this poor maid from the world ! What cor-
ruption in this life, that it will let this man
live ! But how out of this can she avail ?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
heal : and the cure of it not only saves your
brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing
it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in
her the continuance of her first affection : his
mjust unkindness, that in all reason should
have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment
in the current, made it more violent and

unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scolded. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.* 281

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good brother friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, 21
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a man or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice; say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work

Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this time, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her bed, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right; bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. 81

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey ; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the duke ? 91

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to 't. 101

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar. [Must cure it.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well allied : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation : is it true, think you ?

Duke. How should he be made, then ?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him ; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice ; that I know to be true : † and he is a motion generative ; that's infallible. [Apace.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man ! Would the duke that is absent have done this ? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand ; he had some feeling of the sport : he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women ; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived 131

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke ? yes, your beggar of fifty ; and his use was to put a duet in her clack-dish : the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too ; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A sly fellow was the duke : and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause ?

Lucio. No, pardon ; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips : but this

I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise ! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking : the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully ; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him,

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke. 170

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm ; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first : thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no ? 180

Duke. Why should he die, sir ?

Lucio. Why ? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again : the ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light : would he were returned ! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar : I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic ; say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? But who comes here ? 200

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE

Escal. Go ; away with her to prison.

Mrs. Or. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honor is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

Mrs. Or. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time ; he promised her marriage : his child is a year and a quarter old, come Phillip and Jacob ; I have kept it myself ; and see how he goes about to abuse me !

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license : let him be called before us. Away with her to prison ! Go to ; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Or.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered ; Claudio must die to-morrow : let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad 't the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure : but security enough to make fellowships accurst ; much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I by my good leisure

have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe ;

Pattern in himself to know,

† Grace to stand, and virtue go ;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing.

280

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking !

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow !

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side !

‡ How may likeness made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings

Most ponderous and substantial things !

290

Craft against vice I must apply :

With Angelo to-night shall lie

His old betrothed but despised ;

‡ So disguise shall, by the disguised,

Pay with falsehood false exacting,

And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at St. Luke's.*

Enter MARIANA and a BOY.

BOY sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn ;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn :

But my kisses bring again, bring again ;

Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath
such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired
for me here to-day? much upon this time
have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after; I
have sat here all day. 20

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The
time is come even now: I shall crave your
forbearance a little: may be I will call upon
you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with
brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate, 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise

Epon the heavy middle of the night

To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge
find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note
upon't:

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 40
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observa-
nce?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the
dark;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come
forth! 50

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I re-
spect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have
found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by
the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of
false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious
quests

'Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and
low,

'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not. 70

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not
at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:

Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut
off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can;
but if he be a married man, he's his wife's
head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches,
and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow
morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.
Here is in our prison a common executioner,
who in his office lacks a helper: if you will
take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem
you from your gyves; if not, you shall have
your full time of imprisonment and your de-
liverance with an unpitied whipping, for you
have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful lawd
time out of mind; but yet I will be content to
be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to re-
ceive some instruction from my fellow part-
ner.

Prov. What, ho! Alhorson! Where's Al-
horson, there? 21

Enter ALHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you
to-morrow in your execution. If you think it
meet, compound with him by the year, and
let him abide here with you; if not, use him
for the present and dismiss him. He cannot
plead his estimation with you; he hath been a
bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he
will discredit our mystery. 30

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a
feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favor, for surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: [Exit Pompey and Abhorson.]
The one has my pity; not a jot the other. Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labor

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake. 71

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. [Knocking within.]

But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio.]

By and by.
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? 80

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with
that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [Knocking within.]

Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within.] 90

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed
with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it
is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily

You something know; yet I believe there
comes

No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice 101

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Ms. [Giving a paper.] My lord hath sent
you this note; and by me this further charge,
that you swerve not from the smallest article
of it, neither in time, matter, or other circum-
stance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. [Aside] This is his pardon, pur-
chased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extend-

ed,
That for the fault's love is the offender friend-

ed.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens
me with this unwanted putting-on: methinks
strangely, for he hath not used it before. 121

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads]

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.' 130
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all. 161

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

Duke. O, death's a great dissembler; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will feel against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath. [the deputy?]

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to *Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 201

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both. 210

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shirt and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old wougen were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great trav-

eller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now ' for the Lord's sake.'

Enter AMORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir. 40

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brain; with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward: for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exit Amhorson and Pommy.*]

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable

Prov. Here in the prison, father,

There did this morning of a cruel lever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,

A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color—What if we do omit

This reprobate till he were well inclined;

And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 81

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!

Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on

Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I

Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio,

To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. 90

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and
Claudio;

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your true dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head
To Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100

To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold gradation and well-balanced form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things

That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here! 110

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,

When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from
the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other : show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel ! Injurious world ! most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ;

Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven,

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130

By every syllable a faithful verity :

The duke comes home to-morrow ; nay, dry your eyes ;

One of our convent and his confessor,

Gives me this instance : already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, 140

And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give ;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combin'd by a sacred vow

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter .

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother : if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little believing to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou takest him for. 171

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.* 190

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO'S house.*

Enter ANGEL and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness ; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal. He shows his reason for that ; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn ; I'll call you at your house : give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him. 20

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*]
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-pregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !

And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it ! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no ;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch 30
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived, [*sense,*

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived !

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right : we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me :
[*Giving letters*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot,
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift ;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to
that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius'
house,
And tell him where I stay : give the like
notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast
made good haste :

Come, we will walk. There's other of our
friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath :
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I am advised to do it ;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, it perad-
venture

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace ! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a
stand most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the
duke,

He shall not pass you. Twice have the
trumpets sounded ;

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering : therefore, hence away !
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city gate.*

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER,
at their stand. *Enter DUKE, VARRIUS,
LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST,
OFFICERS, and CITIZENS, at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met !
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to
see you.

Ang. { Happy return be to your royal grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you
both

We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I
should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10

When it deserves, with characters of brass,

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time

And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

Favors that keep within. Come, Escalus,

You must walk by us on our other hand ;

And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time : speak loud and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your re-
gard 20

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a
maid !

O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye

By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint

And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs ; in what ? by
whom ? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :

Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil :

Hear me yourself ; for that which I must
speak 30

Must either punish me, not being believed,

Or wing redress from you. Hear me, O hear
me, here !

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm :

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother

Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly,
will I speak :

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?

That Angelo's a murderer ; is 't not strange ?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;

Is it not strange and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange :

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her ! Poor soul,

She speaks this in the intimacy of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-
lievest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness ! Make not impossible 51

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st cuttiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain ; but he, thy royal prince :
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then ;
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself ; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are i' the wrong

To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter. 90

Duke. Mended again. The matter ; proceed. [by,

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debate-
ment,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor, 100
And I did yield to him : but the next morn be-
times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou
know'st not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so
offended, [self

He would have weigh'd thy brother by him-
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on :

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance ! Heaven shield your grace
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An
officer ! 120

To prison with her ! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar
Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
that Lodowick ? [friar ;

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling
I do not like the man : had he been lay, my
lord, [grace

For certain words he spake against your
In your retirement, I had swung him
soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me ! this is a good
friar, belike !

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute ! Let this friar be
found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
that friar,

I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks
of ?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ; 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither.

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false ; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convicted. First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded ; and Mariana comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo ;
In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar ?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then ?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then : neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;

And I confess besides I am no maid ;
I have known my husband ; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord : it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too ! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord ;
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know. 200

Duke. No ? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, [body,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on ;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine ; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel, 211
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more !

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman ; [marriage

And five years since there was some speech of
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity : since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,

Upon my faith and honor.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words
from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows ; and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile till now :
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for
he indeed 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave
you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. 260
[*Exit Duke.*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum:'
honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one
that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the
duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come and enforce them against him:
we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once
again: I would speak with her.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;
you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own re-
port.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess: per-
chance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light
at midnight. 281

*Re-entr Officers with ISABELLA; and
Provost with the DUKE in his friar's habit.*

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentle-
woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I
spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you
to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women
on to slander Lord Angelo? they have con-
fessed you did 291

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let
the devil

Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne!
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me
speak. [*You speak.*]

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's un-
just,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke
of. [*low'd friar,*]

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhal-
lows't not enough thou hast suborn'd these
women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear, 310
To call him villain? and then to glance from
him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll
touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, unjust?!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna, 319

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with
him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him,
Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound
of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the
absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remem-
ber what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke
a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you
then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with
me, ere you make that of my report: you, in-
deed, spoke so of him; and much more, much
worse. 341

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not
I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love
myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close
now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked
withal. Away with him to prison! Where is
the provost? Away with him to prison! lay
bolts enough upon him: let him speak no
more. Away with those giglots too, and with
the other confederate companion!

Duke. [To *Provost.*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.
Ang. What, resists he? Help him, *Lucio.*
Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?
 360

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
 [To *Lucio.*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than langing.
Duke. [To *Escalus.*] What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down:
 We'll borrow place of him. [To *Angelo.*] Sir, by your leave,

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370 And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord. 381

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
 [Exit *Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, 390 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel why I obscured myself, Laboring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!

401

That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
 So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honor, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,— The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!' Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure:

Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste, 420 Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit: else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life [sessions,

And choke your good to come: for his possession, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord, 430 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.]
Duke. You do but lose your labor. Away with him to death! [To *Lucio.*] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take I lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 441 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better

ter

For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived : I partly think 450
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me : since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no
subjects ;

iments but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up,
I say. 460

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed ? [*message.*]

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private

Duke. For which I do discharge you of
your office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice ;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by
Claudio.

Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE,
CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this
man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd :

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide 489
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fel-
low's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head ;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your
brother, for his sake
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Is he pardon'd ; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too : but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
Look that you love your wife ; her worth
worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself ;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;

Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-
cording to the trick. If you will hang me for it,
you may ; but I had rather it would please you
I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's
one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not
marry me to a whore. Your highness said
even now, I made you a duke : good my lord,
do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is press-
ing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 530
[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
store.

Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo :
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness :

There's more behind that is more grateful.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy :
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is
mine.

So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [*Exeunt.*]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1603 ?)

INTRODUCTION.

This play appeared in two quarto editions in the year 1609; on the title-page of the earlier of the two it is stated to have been acted at the Globe; the later contains a singular preface in which the play is spoken of as "never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar," and as having been published against the will of "the grand possessors." Perhaps the play was printed at first for the use of the theatre, with the intention of being published after having been represented, and the printers, against the known wishes of the proprietors of Shakespeare's manuscript, anticipated the first representation and issued the quarto with the attractive announcement that it was an absolute novelty. The editors of the folio, after having decided that *Troilus and Cressida* should follow *Romeo and Juliet* among the tragedies, changed their minds, apparently uncertain how the play should be classed, and placed it between the Histories and Tragedies; this led to the cancelling of a leaf, and the filling up of a blank space left by the alteration, with the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*—a prologue which is believed by several critics not to have come from Shakespeare's hand. There is extreme uncertainty with respect to the date of the play. Dekker and Chettle were engaged in 1599 upon a play on this subject, and, from an entry in the Stationers' register, February 7, 1602—1603, it appears that a *Troilus and Cressida* had been acted by Shakespeare's company, the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Was this Shakespeare's play? We are thrown back upon internal evidence to decide this question, and the internal evidence is itself of a conflicting kind, and has led to opposite conclusions. The massive worldly wisdom of Ulysses argues, it is supposed, in favor of a late date, and the general tone of the play has been compared with that of *Timon of Athens*. The fact that it does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, is, however, almost decisive evidence against our placing it after either *Timon* or *Macbeth*; and the other metrical characteristics are considered, by the most careful student of this class of evidence in the case of the present play (Hertzberg), to point to a date about 1603. Other authorities place it as late as 1608 or 1609; while a third theory (that of Verplanck and Grant White) attempts to solve the difficulties by supposing that it was first written in 1603, and revised and enlarged shortly before the publication of the quarto. Parts of the play—notably the last battle of Hector—appear not to be by Shakespeare. The interpretation of the play itself is as difficult as the ascertainment of the external facts of its history. With what intention, and in what spirit did Shakespeare write this strange comedy? All the Greek heroes who fought against Troy are pitilessly exposed to ridicule; Helen and Cressida are light, sensual, and heartless, for whose sake it seems infatuated folly to strike a blow; Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool; and even Hector, though valiant and generous, spends his life in a cause which he knows to be unprofitable, if not evil. All this is seen and said by Theristes, whose mind is made up of the scum of the foulness of human life. But can Shakespeare's view of things have been the same as that of Theristes? The central theme, the young love and faith of Troilus given to one who was false and fickle, and his discovery of his error, lends its color to the whole play. It is the comedy of disillusion. And as Troilus passed through the illusion of his first love for woman, so by middle life the world itself often appears like one that has not kept her promises, and who is a poor deceiver. We come to see the seamy side of life; and from this mood of disillusion it is a deliverance to pass on even to a dark and tragic view of life, to which beauty and virtue reappear, even though human weakness or human vice may do them bitter wrong. Now such a mood of contemptuous depreciation of life may have come over Shakespeare, and spoilt him, at that time, for a writer of comedy. But for Isabella we should find the coming on of this mood in *Measure for Measure*; there is perhaps a touch of it in *Hamlet*. At this time *Troilus and Cressida* may have been written, and soon afterwards Shakespeare, rousing himself to a deeper inquest into things, may have passed on to his great series of tragedies. The materials for *Troilus and Cressida* were found by Shakespeare in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, Caxton's translation from the French, *Remyles, or Destruction of Troy*, and perhaps also Lydgate's *Troie Boke*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, king of Troy.
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
ÆNEAS, } Trojan commanders.
ANTENOR, }
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with
the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.
 MENELAUS, his brother.
 ACHILLES,
 AJAX,
 ULYSSES,
 NESTOR, } Grecian princes.
 DIOMEDES,
 PATROCLUS, }
 THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
 ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.
 Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.
 Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
 ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
 CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
 CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Troy, and the Grecian camp
 before it.*

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war : sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia ; and their vow is
 made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong in-
 mures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps ; and that's the
 quarrel. 10

To Tenedos they come ;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike freightage : now on Dardan
 plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples
 And responsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard : and hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vauit and firstlings of those
 broils,

Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play. 20
 Like or find fault ; do as your pleasures are :
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

Enter TROIUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet ; I'll narm
 again :

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to
 their strength.

Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness
 valiant ;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this :
 for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no fur-
 ther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat
 must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry
 the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry
 the leavening. 20

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening ; but here's yet
 in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the
 making of the cake, the heating of the oven
 and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cool-
 ing too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er
 she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my
 thoughts,— 30

So, traitor ! 'When she comes !' When is she
 thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer
 than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee :—when my
 heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-
 ness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sad-
 ness. 40

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat
 darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were
 no more comparison between the women ;
 but, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I
 would not, as they term it, praise her : but I
 would somebody had heard her talk yester-

day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie
drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is
fair';

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice,

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love
her; 60

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for
her; an she be not, she has the mends in her
own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!
Pan. I have had my labor for my travail;
ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of
you; gone between and between, but small
thanks for my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus?
what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore
she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not
kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as
Helen is on Sunday. But what care! I care
not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one
to me. 80

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her
to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next
time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor
make no more of the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I
will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. An alarm. 91*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be
fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her
thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague
me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as ready to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India: there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Oursell the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarm. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! where-
fore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's an-
swer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence. 110

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home and
hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to
scorn;

Paris is gone with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarm.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of
town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might'
were 'may.'

But to the sport abroad: are you bound
thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the
vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andronache and struck his armorer,
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many
beasts of their particular additions: he is as
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
as the elephant: a man into whom nature
bath so crowded humors that his valor is

crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints of every thing, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 31

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man. 40

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid : what do you talk of ? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came ? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so : Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so : I know the cause too : he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there's Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 61

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India. 80

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ! no, he's not himself : would he were himself ! Well, the gods are above ;

time must friend or end : well, Troilus, well : I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me. 89

Pan. Th' other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him ; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan. So he has. 109

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.—

Cres. Indeed, a chapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter ? 129

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him : she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy ! how came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then : but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,— 141

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens if the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,— 151

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too? 161

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? 170

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, n y husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an'twere a man born in April. 189

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.]

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man! 220

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 230

PARIS passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace! 250

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?

Paris is dirt to him ; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 260

Cres. Here come here.

Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts ! chaff and bran, chaff and bran ! porridge after meat ! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look : the eagles are gone : crows and daws, crows and daws ! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus. 269

Pan. Achilles ! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. 'Well, well !' Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? Do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

Cres. Ay, a minced man : and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out. 281

Pan. You are such a woman ! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. See one of your watches. 290

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROIILUS'S Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him. 300

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit boy.*]

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle ?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see 310

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing. [not this :]

That she beloved knows nought that knows

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach :

Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, 320

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Ezeunt*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Falls in the promised largeness : checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand ;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,

And call them shames ? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20

To find persistive constancy in men :

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love ; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft seem all affined and kin :

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;

And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk !

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis, and anon behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-

tains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perseus' horse ; where's then the saucy boat

Whose weak intinber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? Either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting
wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
And flies fled under shade, why, then the
thing of courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

To which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for
thy place and sway, 60

[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy
stretch'd-out life

I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-
tree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienced tongue, yet let it please
both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't
of less exact 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,

But for these instances.

The speciality of ruin hath been neglected.

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions. 80

When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being viz-
arded,

The inwardmost shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this
centre

Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol

In noble eminence enthroned and spher'd 90
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the
planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what man-
ning!

What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes,
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states 100
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could commu-
nities,

Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,

The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets 110

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the
shores

And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father
dead;

Force should be right: or rather, right and
wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too,

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite; 120
And appetite, an universal wolf,

So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perform an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a pur-
pose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next. 130

That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,

Troy in our weakness stands, not in her
strength. [cover'd

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
the fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,

Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : with him Patroclus

Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms un-
squared,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd, 160

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud ap-
plause ;

Cries 'Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy
beard,

As he being drest to some oration.'
That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent !
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patro-
clus, 170

Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and
spit,

And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet : and at this sport
Sir Valor dies ; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fash-
ion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of
war, 191

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it
cowardice,

Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act 195
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by
measure

Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war ;
So that the rum that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the en-
gine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution. 210

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles'
horse

Makes many Thetis' sons. [A trumpet.

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I
pray you ?

Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a
prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
arm 220

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?
Agam. How !

Æne. Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus : 230

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men
of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonaire, un-
arm'd, [peace :

As bending angels : that's their fame in
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and,
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips ! 240
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise
forth :

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole
pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?
Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him : 250
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
 That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
 [Trumpet sounds.
 We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
 A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
 lords !
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
 That holds his honor higher than his ease,
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his
 peril,
 That knows his valor, and knows not his fear,
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth 271
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honor him : 280
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not
 worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much,
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
 Æneas ;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home ; but we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector : if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a
 man 291
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old
 now ;
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, tell him from me
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver

And in my vambrace put this wither'd brawn,
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
 As may be in the world : his youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
 blood. 301
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
 youth !
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your
 hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to
 tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.
 [Exit all but Ulysses and Nestor.
Ulyss. Nestor ! 310
Nest. What says Ulysses ?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
 brain ;
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What 's 't ?
Ulyss. This 'tis :
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded
 pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles must or now be clogg'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how ? 320
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
 sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
 substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up :
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of
 judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
 Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
 you ?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet : whom may you
 else oppose,
 That can from Hector bring his honor off.
 If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their finest palate : and trust to me,
 Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly poised
 In this wild action ; for the success, 340
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general ;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is supposed
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd 350
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquer-
ing part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not, 360
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes:
what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with
him:

But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him
fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends,
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarr the mastiffs on, as 'twere their
bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils?
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run? say so: did
not the general run then? were not that a
botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou
not hear? [*Beating him*] Feel, then.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven:
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner
con an oration than thou learn a prayer with-
out book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a
red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclama-
tion.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my
fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to
foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.
When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every
hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy
at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's
beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 40

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou
scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash
Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among
those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If
thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,
and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of
no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do,
camel; do, do. 59

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore
do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's
the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him;
for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool. 71

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! his evasions have ears tuns long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 81

Achil. What ?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool !

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not : he there : that he : look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur ! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

Ther. No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel ?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me. 100

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntarily.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary : no man is beaten voluntary : Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so : a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there he liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains : a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draughtoxen and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth : to, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to ! 120

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites : peace !

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents : I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach ; and such a one that dare

Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not : 'tis put to lottery ; otherwise 140

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—

Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam, 10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out : 'Who knows what follows ?'

Than Hector is : the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure : but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :

Since the first sword was drawn about this

question, Every title soul, 'mongst many thousand

dishes,

Hath been as dear as Helen : I mean, of ours ;

If we have lost so many tenths of ours, 21

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of our ten,

What merit's in that reason when denies

The yielding of her ap ?

Tro. *Fig. fig, my brother !*

Weigh you the worth and honor of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale

Of common ounces ? Will you with counters

sum

The past proportion of his intimate ?

And buckle in a waist most fatless 30

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons ? *fig. for godly shame !*

Hec. No marvel, though you hate so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our

father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him
so

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40
And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and
honor

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lusthood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular
will;

It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god,

And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will:

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by
honor:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought
meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the
Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails:
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a
truce [sired,

And did him service: he touch'd the ports de-
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness [ing,

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morn-
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our
aunt: 80

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crow'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands

And cried 'Inestimable!'—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did, 90

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
'That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her
voice,

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thou-
sand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrin-
kled eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practice your eyes with
tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it.

Nor once deject the courage of our minds, 121
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick rap-
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honors all engaged

'To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain! 129

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propagation is in one man's valor,

To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pr. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the rausack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to
me, 151

Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous
bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unflam'd
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom, we know
well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well,

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially: not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy;
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and re-
venge

Have ears more deaf than adds to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's
opinion

Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of
our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hec-
tor,

She is a theme of honor and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes, 201

And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept, 211
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before
Achilles' tent.*

Enter THERSITES, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in
the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at
him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spite-
ful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare
engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter
of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king
of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine
craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little
little less than little wit from them that they
have! which short-armed ignorance it-self
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in cir-
cumvention deliver a fly from a spider, with-
out drawing their massy irons and cutting the
web. After this, the vengeance on the whole
camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks,
is the curse dependant on those that
war for a placket. I have said my prayers and
devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord
Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out
of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thy-
self upon thyself! The common curse of
mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood
be thy direction till thy death! then if she
that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse,
I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never

shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me! 40

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices methou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigio on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by our appointments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are. 90

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 100

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite. 109

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, 116

If any thing more than your sport and pleasid did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, And after-dinner's breath. 121

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, 130 We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if 139 The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report: 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;

We come to speak with him. *Ulysses, enter you.* [*Exit Ulysses.* 150

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself ; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads. 170

Nest. Yet he loves himself : is 't not strange ? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none, but carries on the stream of his dispose without observance or respect of any, in will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request

Udent his person and share the air with us ?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important ; possess'd he is with greatness. 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath : imagined worth holds in his blood such swom and hot discourse

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages And batters down himself : what should I say ?

He is so plucky proud that the death-tokens of it

Cry ' No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent : 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lent 190 At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles : shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he ? 199

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired ; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, By going to Achilles :

That were to enlarge his fat already pride'

And add more coals to Cancer when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder ' Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside to Dio.*] O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. 210

Dio. [*Aside to Nest.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause !

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride :

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow !

Nest. How he describes himself !

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ? 220

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humors blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion,

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first : shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. A' would have ten shares. 230

Ajax. I will knead him ; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm : force him with praises : pour in, pour in : his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ; 240 I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !

Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ! 250

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck ;

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition :
 But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half : and, for thy vigor,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor ;

261

Instructed by the antiquary times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Di. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart
 Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war : 271
 Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow
 We must with all our main of power stand
 fast :

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
 west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the
 best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles
 sleep :

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
 draw deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you ! pray you, a word : do
 not you follow the young Lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean ?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman ;
 I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, knows me better ; I am the
 Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honor
 better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honor and
 lordship are my titles. [Music within.] What
 music is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir : it is music
 in parts. 20

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir ?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one an-
 other : I am too courtly and thou art too coun-
 ting. At whose request do these men play ?

Serv. That's to 't indeed, sir : marry, sir,
 at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in
 person : with him, the mortal Venus, the
 heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, sir, Helen : could you not find
 out that by her attributes ?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast
 not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak
 with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I will
 make a complimentary assault upon him, for my
 business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business ! there's a stewed
 phrase indeed !

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this
 fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure,
 fairly guide them ! especially to you, fair
 queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow ! 49

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet
 queen. Fair prince, here is good broken
 music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin : and, by
 my life, you shall make it whole again ; you
 shall piece it out with a piece of your per-
 formance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very
 rude. 60

Par. Well said, my lord ! well, you say so
 in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.
 My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out : we'll
 hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant
 with me. But, marry, thus, my lord : my
 dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother
 Troilus,— 70

Helen. My Lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet
 lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to :—commends
 himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our mel-
 ody : if you do, our melancholy upon your
 head !

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen ! that's a
 sweet queen, 't faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a
 sour offence. 80

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ;
 that shall not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not
 for such words ; no, no. And, my lord, he
 desires you, that if the king call for him at
 supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Par. What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where snps he to-night? 90

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Par. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he snps.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Par. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Par. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Par. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Par. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Par. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. 111

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Par. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Par. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Par. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Par. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.* Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Par. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Par. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Par. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Par. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.* 160

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall.

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you.

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd.

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,

Yea, overshines ourself. 171

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROIUS' Boy, meeting.

Par. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Par. O, here he comes.

Enter TROIUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*]

Par. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10 staying for waftage. O, he thou my Charon, and give me swift transportance to those fields where I may wallow in the lily-beds proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, from Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings and fly with me to Cressid!

Par. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet 20
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweet-ness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. 30

Re-Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath a-shout as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40
The eye of majesty.

Re-Enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties inter-changeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse. 79

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the

monstrousness in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we, praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet? 109

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are hurs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. 121

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much.

But I might master it: in faith, I lie; 129
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
draws

My very soul of counsel ! stop my mouth. 141

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss : I am ashamed. O heavens ! what have I done ?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid !

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.— 150

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself,

Cres. Let me go and try ;

I have a kind of self resides with you ; But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone : Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise and love Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As, if it can, I will presume in you— To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love :

To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind 160

That doth renew swifter than blood decays ! Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love ; How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !

I am as true as truth's simplicity And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right ! 179

True swains in love shall in the world to come Prove their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare, Want similes, truth tired with iteration,

As true as steel, as plangence to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited, 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be ! 190 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself, When waterdrops have worn the stones of

Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated

To dusty nothing, yet let memory, From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood ! when they've said 'As false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200

Purd to the hind, or step-lame to her son,' 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of false-

hood, 'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Goto, a bargain made ; seal it, seal it : I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand,

here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-be-

tween be called to the world's end after my name ; call them all Pandars ; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,

and all brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters,

press it to death : away ! And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! [Exeunt. 221

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense. Appear it to your

mind †That, through the sight I bear in things to love,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,

From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me

all That time, acquaintance, custom and condition Made tame and most familiar to my nature,

And here, to do you service, am become 11 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted ;

I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit.

Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you—often have you thanks there-

fore— 20 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,

Whom Troy hath still denied : but this An-

tenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great prin-
ces,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her pres-
ence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, 30
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall
have

What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Without bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Do. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a
burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of
his tent:

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unpleasive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may be good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and
put on 50
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he
ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, ought with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord. 60

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajar. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajar. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles? 70

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were
used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined
is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the sum-
mer,

And not a man, for being simply man, 80
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors

That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-
ers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks
find out 90

Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.

How now Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever
parted,

How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others 100
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face

The beaver knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110
Where it may see itself. This is not strange
at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing,

Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch,
reverberates 120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in
 this ;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.
 Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse,
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what
 things there are
 Most abject in regard and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-
 morrow— 130
 An act that very chance doth throw upon
 him—
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
 do,
 While some men leave to do !
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's
 hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even al-
 ready
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
 And great Troy shrieking, 141
Achil. I do believe it ; for they pass'd by
 me
 As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
 Good word nor look : what, are my deeds
 forgot ?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
 back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are
 devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : perseverance, dear my lord, 150
 Keeps honor bright : to have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant
 way ;
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the
 path
 For emulation hath a thousand sons
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost ; 160
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for payment to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do
 in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
 yours ;
 For time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
 hand, [ly,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would
 Grasp in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not
 virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; 170
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world
 kin,
 That all with one consent praise new-born
 gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things
 past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete
 man, 181
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
 thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
 late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the god-
 themselves
 And drove great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy 190
 I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroic :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha ! known !
Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?
 The providence that's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
 Keeps place with thought and almost, like the
 gods,
 Does thoughts unweil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery—with whom relation 201
 Durst never meddle—in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expression to ;
 All the commerce that you have had with
 Troy
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at
 home, 210
 When fame shall in our islands sound her
 trump,
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 ' Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
 break. [*Erit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved
 you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;

They think my little stomach to the war 220
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous
fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honor
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves;

Omission to do what is necessary 230

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus;

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. 241

Enter THERSITES.

A labor saved!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field,
asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an
heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying
nothing.

Achil. How can that be? 250

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates
like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her
brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip
with a politic regard, as who should say
'There were wit in this head, an 'twould
out:—' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in
him as fire in a flint, which will not show
without knocking. The man's undone fore-
ever; for if Hector break not his neck in the
combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory.
He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow,
Ajax:—' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.'
What think you of this man that takes me for
the general? He's grown a very land-fish,
languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion!
a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather
jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to
him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody;
he professes not answering: speaking is for
beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I

will put on his presence: let Patroclus make
demands to me, you shall see the pageant of
Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus; tell him I hum-
bly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most
valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent,
and to procure safe-conduct for his person of
the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or
seven-times-honored captain-general of the
Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do
this. 280

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to
invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from
Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon! 290

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
o'clock it will go one way or other: how-
soever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is
he? 301

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
music will be in him when Hector has knocked
out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure,
none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews
to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to
him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse;
for that's the more capable creature. 310

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain
stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exit Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind
were clear again, that I might water an ass at
it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than
such a valiant ignorance. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A street.

*Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant
with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEI-
PHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others,
with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company
Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow,
 Lord *Aeneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Aeneas*,—take his
 hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
 You told how *Diomed*, a whole week by days,
 Did hunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir, 10
 During all question of the gentle truce ;
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
 As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other *Diomed* embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long,
 health !

But when contention and occasion meet,
 By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life
 With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will
 fly
 With his face backward. In humane gentle-
 ness, 20

Welcome to Troy ! now, by *Anchises'* life,
 Welcome, indeed ! By *Venus'* hand I swear,
 No man alive can love in such a sort
 The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize ; *Jove*, let *Aeneas*
 live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun !
 But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
 With every joint a wound, and that to-mor-
 row !

Aene. We know each other well. 30

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other
 worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle
 greeting.

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 What business, lord, so early ?

Aene. I was sent for to the king ; but why,
 I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you : 'twas to
 bring this Greek

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him,
 For the enfrèed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid* ;
 Let's have your company, or, if you please,
 Haste there before us : I constantly do
 think— 40

Or rather, call my thought a certain knowl-
 edge—

My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night :
 Rouse him and give him note of our ap-
 proach,

With the whole quality wherefore : I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you :
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to Greece
 Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help ;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord : we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all. 50

[*Exit with Servant.*]

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomed*, faith, tell
 me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
 Who, in your thoughts, merits fair *Helen*
 best.

Myself or *Menelaus* ?

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek
 her.

Not making any scruple of her soiture,
 With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
 Not palating the taste of her dishonor,
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :

He, like a pulling cuckold, would drink up 61
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins

Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor
 more :

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
 woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : hear me,
 Paris :

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight, 71
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could
 speak,

She hath not given so many good words
 breath

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :

But we in silence hold this virtue well,
 We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Court of Pandarus'*
house.

Enter TROIUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself : the morn
 is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
 uncle down :

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;
 To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses
 As infants' empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me ?

Tro. O *Cressida* ! but that the busy day,
 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald
 crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no
 longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous
 wights she stays

As feloniously as hell, but flies the grasps of
 love

With wings more momentary-swift than
 thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry :
You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid ! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark !
there's one up.

Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here ?

Tro. It is your uncle. 20

Cres. A pestilence on him ! now will he be mocking :

I shall have such a life !

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now ! how go maiden-heads ? Here, you maid ! where's my cousin Cressid ?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle !

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ? let her say what : what have I brought you to do ?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart !
you'll ne'er be good, 30

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! ah, poor capocchia ! hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

Cres. Did not I tell you ? Would he were knock'd i' the head ! [*Knocking within.* Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see. My lord, come you again into my chamber : You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha ! 39

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. [*Knocking within.*

How earnestly they knock ! Pray you, come in :

I would not for half Troy have you seen here, [*Exit Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who's there ? what's the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How now ! what's the matter ?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there ? my Lord Æneas ! By my troth,

I knew you not : what news with you so early ?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ? 50

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord ; do not deny him :

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you ? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn : for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here ?

Æne. Who !—nay, then : come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware : you'll be so true to him, to be false to him : do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither ; go.

Re-enter TROIUS.

Tro. How now ! what's the matter ? 60

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash : there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us : and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded ?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy :

They are at hand and ready to effect it. 70

Tro. How my achievements mock me ! I will go meet them : and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exit Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible ? no sooner got but lost ? The devil take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad : a plague upon Antenor ! I would they had broke 's neck !

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now ! what's the matter ? who was here ? 81

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's my lord ? gone ! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above !

Cres. O the gods ! what's the matter ?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in : would thou hadst ne'er been born ! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman ! A plague upon Antenor !

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone ; thou art changed for Antenor : thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus : 'twill be his death ; 'twill be his bane ; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods ! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must. 101

Cres. I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ;

I know no touch of consanguinity ;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine !

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus ! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can ;

But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, 110

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my
praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my
heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from
Troiy. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pan-
darus' house.*

Enter PARIS, TROIUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour
prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently ;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !
Please you walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus' house.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : how can I moder-
ate it ?

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying dross ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROIUS.

Ah, sweet ducks !

Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [Embracing him.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let
me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly
saying is,

'— O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?'
where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart 20
By friendship nor by speaking.'
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast
away nothing, for we may live to have need
of such a verse : we see it, we see it. How
wow, lams ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a
purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my
fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from
me.

Cres. Have the gods envy ? 30

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay. 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from
Troiy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too ?

Tro. From Troiy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly ; where injury of
chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear
vows 30

Even in the birth of our own laboring breath
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-
selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crums his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a lose adieu,
And scants us with a single fannish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 50

Æne. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready ?

Tro. Hark ! here are call'd : some say the
Genius so

Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root. [Exit.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians ?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks !

When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love : be thou but true
of heart,— 60

Cres. I true ! how now ! what wicked deem
is this ?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to
dangers 70
As infinite as imminent ! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.

Wear this sleeve. [see you ?

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentineis,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens ! 'be true' again !

Tro. Hear while I speak it, love :
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
They're loving, well composed with gifts of
nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise : 80

How novelty may move, and parts with person.

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then !

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant : 90

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil
That tempts most cunningly ; but he not
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Ew. [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part. 100

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit 109
Is ' plain and true ; ' there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Iliou.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince
expects :

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed 121
You shall be mistress, and command him
wholly. [teously,

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-
to shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll ent thy throat. 131

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus :
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust : and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
She shall be prized ; but that you say ' be't so,'
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor, ' no.'

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Dio-
med,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head. 139

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Ew. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : come, come, to
field with him.

Del. Let us make ready straight.

Ew. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh
alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. 150

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHIL-
LES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajar. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen
pipe :

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood ; 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his
gait ;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general. 21
Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
 fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing
 once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
 now :

For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment.

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
 scorns ! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss : this,
 mine :

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim :

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. *Lady*, by your
 leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
 for one. 40

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even or give
 none.

Men. An odd man, lady ! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for you know 'tis
 true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
 his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me
 a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
 due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
 you.

Dio. Lady, a word : I'll bring you to your
 father. [*Exit with Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
 Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look
 out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader ! set them down 61

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed ; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
 other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece ! what
 shall be done

To him that victory commands ? or do you
 purpose

A victor shall be known ? will you the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field ? 70

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it ?

Æne. He cares not : he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector : but securely
 done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing

The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles : but, what'er
 know this :

In the extremity of great and little,

Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector :

The one almost as infinite as all, 80

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to
 seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half
 Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then ? O, I per-
 ceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle
 knight,

Stand by our Ajax : as you and Lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight, 90

So be it : either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath : the combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes be-
 gin. [*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks
 so heavy ?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true
 knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
 Speaking in deeds and heedless in his tongue :

Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon
 calm'd :

His heart and hand both open and both free ;
 For what he has he gives, what thinks he
 shows ; 101

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
 bounty.

Nor dignities an impure thought with breath ;
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous :

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender objects, but he in heat of action
 Is more vindictive than jealous love :

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector,
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul 111
Did in great Iliou thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st ;

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well disposed : there,

Ajax !

Dio. You must no more, [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet ; let us fight
again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more :

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son ;

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ; 121

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian
all,

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's

blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's ; ' by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish

member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from my

mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Cousin, all honor to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her lord'st

O yes

Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself

A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both

the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it :

The issue is embracement : Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—

As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great

Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to

me.

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my

cousin ;

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name
by name ; 160

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by is large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to
one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

But that's no welcome : understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd

with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
memnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord
of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting :

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer ?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord ? by Mars his gant-
let, thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus'

glove :

She's well, but bade me not commend her to

you. 180

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
oft

Laboring for destiny make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have

seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword 't

the air,

Not letting it decline on the declined,

That I have said to some my standers by 190

'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy

breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee

in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him : he was a soldier

good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee. Let an old man embrace

thee ;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor. 201

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chrou-
icle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome !—I have seen the time. 210

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Iliou, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you ; There they stand yet, and modestly I think,

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost

A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all,

And that old common arbitrator, Time,

Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome :

After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou ! 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ; I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief : I will the second time.

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er :

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. 240

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there, or there ?

That I may give the local wound a name

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew : answer her, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question : stand again :

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly

As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250

Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well :

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there :

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag ;

His insolence draws folly from my lips ;

But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin : 260

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident or purpose bring you to't :

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field :

We have had pelting wars, since you refused

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;

To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Aygon. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;

There in the full convive we : afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.

Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets

blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus : 279

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;

Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you

so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,

To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honor was

This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover

there

That waits her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their

scars 290

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?

She was beloved, she loved ; she is, and

doth :

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus. let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy !
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news ?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment ?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. 10

Patr. Who keeps the tent now ?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity ! and what need these tricks ?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy ; I profit not by thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limbeckils i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ? 30

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No ! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a profligal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature !

Patr. Out, gall ! 40

Ther. Finch-egg !

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it : Fall Greeks ; fail fame ; honor or go or stay ; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent : This night in banquetting must all be spent. 51
Away, Patroclus !

[*Exeunt* Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood and too little

brain, these two may run mad ; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do I'll be a caver of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails ; but he has not so much brain as earwax ; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to ? To an ass, were nothing ; he is both ass and ox : to an ox, were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care ; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus ! Hey-day ! spirit and fires !

Enter HECTOR, TROIILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general. 80

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : ' sweet' quoth ' a !
sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nestor carries ; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector. 90

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch ; he goes to Calchas' tent :

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* Diomedes ; *Ulysses* and *Troilus* following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblor the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*
Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROIILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THIERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. 11

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,— 20

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,— to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan! 30

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you! 39

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!— why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 50

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!

Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. 60

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient: outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again. 70

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods ! O pretty, pretty pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me:
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; faith,
you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : whose was it ?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better
than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ? 90

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it
on thy horn.

It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, 'tis done, 'tis past : and
yet it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell ;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go : one cannot speak a
word. 100

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes
not you pleases me best

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

Cres. Ay, come :—O Jove !—do come :—I
shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night : I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind : 110

What error leads must err ; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not
publish more,

Unless she said ' My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 120
An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of
madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was
here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advan-

tage 130

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For deprivation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cres-
sid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that
can soil our mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were
she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's
own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cres-
sida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !

Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 151
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved,

and loosed ;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy

relics 159
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth ex-

press ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus : never did young man

fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul,

Hark, Greek : as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it : not the dreadful
spout 171

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false,
false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither. 181

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous
lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven; I would bode,
I would bode. Patroclus will give me
any thing for the intelligence of this whore:
the parrot will not do more for an almond than
he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;
still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds
fashion: a burning devil take them! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you
in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous
to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in
intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted rivers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persnaded I do not count it
holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong
the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROIUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[Exit Cassandra. 30]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy
harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave
boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus?
chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armors buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from
ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priam's and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn.

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, 61

Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back

Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks ;
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.

Pril. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. 71

You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect : but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him !

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector !
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns
pale ! 81

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours
forth !

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro. Away ! away !

Cas. Farewell : yet, soft ! Hector, I take
my leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her ex-
claim : 91

Go in and cheer the town : we'll forth and
fight,

Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell : the gods with safety stand
about thee !

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it, hark ! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
fisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl ; and what one thing, what another, that
I shall leave you one o' these days ; and I have a
rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my
bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot
tell what to think on 't. What says she there ?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart :

The effect doth operate another way. 105

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-
gether.

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Gre-
cian camp.*

Alarums : excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one
another : I'll go look on. That dissembling
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same
scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of
Troy there in his helm : I would fain see them
meet : that that same young Trojan ass, that
loves the whore there, might send that Greek-
ish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve,
back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a
sleeveless errand. O the 'other side, the
policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that
stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and
that same dog-lox, Ulysses, is not proved
worthy a blackberry : they set me up, in
policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that
dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is
the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles,
and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Gre-
cians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy
grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes
sleeve, and 'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not : for shouldst thou take the
river Styx, 20

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :

I do not fly, but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :

Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for
thy whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the
sleeve !

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for
Hector's match ?

Art thou of blood and honor ?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal ; a scurvy rail-
ing knave : a very filthy rogne. 31

Hect. I do believe thee : live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe
me : but a plague break thy neck for frightening
me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ?
I think they have swallowed one another : I
would laugh at that miracle : yet, in a sort,
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Ge, go, my servant, take thou Troiluz
horse :

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew ! The fierce Poly-
damas
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10
Epistrophus and Cediüs : Polyxenes is slain,
Amphinachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers : haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, 20
And there lacks work ; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale : then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and
takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. O, courage, courage, princes ! great
Achilles 30
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing ven-
geance :
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy
blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution.
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, 41
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [*Exit.*]
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face ;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry :
Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head !

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?
Ajax. What wouldst thou ?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst
have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say ! what,
Troilus !

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed ! turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse !
Dio. Ha, art thou there ?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone : stand,
Diomed. 9
Dio. He is my prize ; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks ;
have at you both ! [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus ? O, well fought, my
youngest brother !

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha ! have at thee,
Hector !
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
Trojan :
Be happy that my arms are out of use :
My rest and negligence betrids thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]
Hect. Fare thee well : 19
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother !

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas : shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him : I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off : tate, hear me what I say !
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in sumptuous armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art
a goodly mark :
No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armor well ;
I'll crush it and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it : wilt thou not, beast,
abide ? 30
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
midons ;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath :

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting* ; *then*
THRESITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it. Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo ! now my double-henned sparrow ! 'loo,
Paris, 'loo ! The bull has the game ; ware
horns, ho ! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards ;
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing
illegitimate. One bear will not bite another,
and wherefore should one bastard ? Take
heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts
judgment : farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter HECTOR

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done : I'll take good
breath :

Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death.

[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES *and* MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set :

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the veil and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike : this is the
man I seek. [*Hector falls.*]

So, Hion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink
down !

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark ! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er-
spreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would
have fed,

Placed with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail :

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NES-
TOR, DIOMEDES, *and* others, *marching.*
Shouts within.

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums !

[*Within.*] Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain !
Achilles.

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along : let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended, O
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AENEAS *and* Trojans

Aene. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the
field :

Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ! the gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at
Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the
host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone :

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him that will a screech-owlave be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone :

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away :
Hector is dead : there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you ! and, thou great-
sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates :

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's
thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. 31
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching
bones! O world! world! world! thus is the
poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds,
how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill
requited! why should our endeavor be so
loved and the performance so loathed? what

verse for it? what instance for it? Let me
see: 41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones,
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

OTHELLO.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1604.)

INTRODUCTION.

Othello is the only play which appeared in quarto (in 1622) in the interval between Shakespeare's death and the publication of the first folio. We have no means, except by internal evidence, of ascertaining the date at which the play was written. Upon the strength of a supposed allusion to the armorial bearings of the new order of Barons, instituted in 1611 (Act III., Sc. IV. L. 46-47), the play has been referred to a year not earlier than 1611; but the metrical tests confirm the impression produced by the general character and spirit of the tragedy, that it cannot belong to the same period as *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*. It is evidently one of the group of tragedies of passion which includes *Macbeth* and *Lea'r*. The year 1604 has been accepted by several critics as a not improbable date for *Othello*. The original of the story is found in Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*, but it has been in a marvellous manner elevated and re-created by Shakespeare. Coleridge has justly said that the agonized doubt which lays hold of the Moor is not the jealousy of a man of naturally jealous temper, and he contrasts Othello with Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, and Leonatus in *Cymbeline*. A mean watchfulness or prying suspicion is the last thing that Othello could be guilty of. He is of a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his barbaric simpleness of soul in midst of the subtle and astute politicians of Venice. He is great in simple heroic action, but unversed in the complex affairs of life, and a stranger to the malignant deceptions of the debased Italian character. Nothing is more chivalrous, more romantic, than the love of Othello and Desdemona. The beautiful Italian girl is fascinated by the real strength and grandeur, and the tender protectiveness of the Moor. He is charmed by the sweetness, the sympathy, the gentle disposition, the gracious womanliness of Desdemona. But neither quite rightly knows the other; there is none of that perfect equality and perfect knowledge between them which unite so lawlessly Brutus and Portia. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago. He is envious of Cassio, and suspects that the Moor may have wronged his honor; but his malignancy is out of all proportion to even its alleged motives. Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weaknesses, is a chivalrous nature, possessed by enthusiastic admiration of his great general and the beautiful lady who is his wife. But Iago can see neither human virtue nor greatness. All things to him are common and mean, and he is content that they should be so. He is not the sly, sneaking, and too manifest villain of some of the actors of his part. He is "honest Iago," and passes for a rough yet shrewd critic of life, who is himself frank and candid. To ensnare the nobly guileless Othello was, therefore, no impossible task. Shakespeare does not allow Iago to triumph; his end is wretched as his life has been. And Othello, restored to love through such tragic enmity, dies once more reunited to his wife, and loyal, in spite of all his wrongs, to the city of his adoption. It is he who has sinned, and not she who was dearer to him than himself, and of his own wrongs and griefs he can make a sudden end.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, senator.
Other Senators.
FRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: Venice: a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him
in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place: 11

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Excades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,

'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
'One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
'A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
practice.

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calu'd 30

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the
curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affined

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's
ass,

For nought but provender, and when he's
old, cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-
selves, 51

And, throwing but shows of service on their
lords,

Do well thrive by them and when they have
lined their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul:

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself:

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60

For when my outward action doth demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-
lips owe,

If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse him: make after him, poison his de-
light,

Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kins-
men,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
Plague him with flies: though that his joy
be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,

As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call
aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and
dare yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio!
thieves! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter and your
bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for
shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your
soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise ;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90
Or else the devil will made a grandsire of
you ;

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice ?

Bra. Not I : what are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charged thee not to haunt about my
doors :

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in
madness,

Being full of supper and distempering
draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ?
this is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service and you
think we are ruffians, you'll have your daugh-
ter covered with a Barbary horse ; you'll have
your nephews neigh to you ; you'll have
cousers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee,
Roderigo. 120

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I
beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gon-
dolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy
wrongs ;

But if you know not this, my manners tell
me 130

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your rever-
ence :

Your daughter, if you have not given her
leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt ·

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy
yourself :

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ! call up all my people !

This accident is not unlike my dream :

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say ! light ! [*Exit above.*]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my
place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—

Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's em-
bark'd 150

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,

To lead their business : in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.* 160]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ? O unhappy girl !
With the Moor, say'st thou ? Who would be
a father !

How didst thou know 'twas she ? O, she de-
ceives me

Past thought ! What said she to you ? Get
more tapers ;

Raise all my kindred. Are they married,
think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven ! How got she out ? O
treason of the blood ! 170
Fathers, from hence trust not your daugh-
ters' minds

By what you see them act. Is there not
charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused ? Have you not read, Rod-
erigo,

Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you
had had her !

Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you
please

To get good guard and go along with me. 180
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house
 I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of night.
 Oh, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have
 slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
 To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten
 times

I had thought to have yerk'd him here under
 the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honor

That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,
 sir, 10

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
 My services which I have done the signiory
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
 know,— 19

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
 come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
 friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found: 30
 My parts, my title and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my
 lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may
 divine:

It is a business of some heat: the galleys 48
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels,
 And many of the consuls, raised and met,
 Are at the duke's already: you have been
 hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several
 quests

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a
 land carack: 56

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Mary, to—Come, captain, will you
 go? 10

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
 you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
 He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers
 with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for
 you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
 dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with
 years 60

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou
 stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
 For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,
 Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
 So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Ran from her guardage to the sooty bosom? 70
 Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
 That thou hast practised on her with foul

charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or
 minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on,
 'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him : if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest ;
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known
it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I
go

To answer this your charge ?
Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state 90
To bring me to him ?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior ;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night ! Bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their
own ;

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen
be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A council-chamber*

*The Duke and Senators sitting at a table ;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these
news

That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred :

But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all con-
firm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judg-
ment :

I do not so secure me in the error, 10
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho ! what, ho !
what, ho !

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes ;

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

First Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason : 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in ; if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many,
as you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now they do re-
stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Mon-
tano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town ?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him ; post-post-
haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the
valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO.

RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight
employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you ; welcome, 50
gentle signior ;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-
night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace,
pardon me ;

Neither my place nor ought I heard of busi-
ness

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the
general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !
Duke and Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
banks ; 61

For nature so preposterously to err.

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 70
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.
Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending 80
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

[used
I'll now some nine moons wasted, they have
their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-
tions?

Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120
Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best
know the place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd. 131

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the pro-
cess;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence:

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I, observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good
means 151

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas pas-
sing strange, 160

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spoke:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady: let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke I think this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father, 180
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my
husband.

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be wi' you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. 191
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my
heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child.
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay
a sentence, 199

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pendeth.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone is
the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from
the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 211
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
row.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear

That the bruised heart was pierced through
the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
of state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepa-
ration makes for Cyprus. Othello, the forti-
tude of the place is best known to you; and
though we have there a substitute of most
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
on you: you must therefore be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave sena-
tors, 230

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake

These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him, 249

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:

I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honor and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,

The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 269

Oth. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments, 271

That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going the affair cries
haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll
meet again. 280

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall on your commission bring to you ;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust ;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [To *Brab.*] And,
noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona
well.

Brab. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see :

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona : I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee
after. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is
torment ; and then have we a prescription to
die when death is our physician. 311

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years ; and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an
injury, I never found man that knew how to
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue
to amend it. 321

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that
we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,
to the which our wills are gardeners : so
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set
hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one
gender of herbs, or distract it with many,
either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured
with industry, why, the power and cor-

rigible authority of this lies in our wills. If
the balance of our lives had not one scale of
reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood
and baseness of our natures would conduct us
to most preposterous conclusions : but we
have reason to cool our raging motions, our
carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I
take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man.
Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies.
I have professed me thy friend and I
confess me knit to thy deserving with cables
of perdurable toughness ; I could never better
stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ;
follow thou the wars ; defeat thy favor with an
usurped beard : I say, put money in thy
purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should
long continue her love to the Moor,—put
money in thy purse,—nor he his to her ; it
was a violent commencement, and thou shalt
see an answerable sequestration :—put
money in thy purse. These Moors are change-
able in their wills :—fill thy purse with money :
—the food that to him now is as luscious as
locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as
coloquintida. She must change for youth :
when she is sated with his body, she will find
the error of her choice : she must have change,
she must : therefore put money in thy purse.
If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a
more delicate way than drowning. Make all
the money thou canst : if sanctimony and a
frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a
supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my
wits and all the tribe of bell, thou shalt enjoy
her ; therefore make money. A box of drown-
ing thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy
than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Will thou be fast to my hopes, if I
depend on the issue ? 370

Iago. Thou art sure of me :—go, make
money :—I have told thee often, and I re-tell
thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my
cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason.
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against
him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy-
self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many
events in the womb of time which will be de-
livered. Traverse ! go, provide thy money.
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morn-
ing ? 381

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Rode-
rigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

Rod. I am changed : I'll go sell all my
land. [*Exit.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my
purse :
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should pro-

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor :
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my
sheets

He has done my office : I know not if't be
true ;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man : let me see now :
To get his place and to plume up my will 399
In double knavery—How, how ? Let's see :—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
'That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed to make women
false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
'That thinks men honest that but seem to be
so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit. 410

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open
place near the quay.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern
at sea ?

First Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-
wrought flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud
at land ;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,

Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of
this ?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish
fleet : 10

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd :

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads ! our wars are
done. 20

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks,

That their designment halts : a noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How ! is this true ?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa ; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy gov-
ernor. 30

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though
he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be ;
For I have served him, and the man com-
mands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial
blue

An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so : 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this war-
like isle,

That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stontly timber'd, and his
pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeit'd to death,
Stand in bold cure. 51

[*A cry within* 'A sail, a sail, a sail !'

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise ?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty ; on the
brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail !'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the gover-
nor. [*Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy :
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wived ? 60

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achieved a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gen. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. Has had most favorable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—

Traitors onsteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's

captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'night's speed. Great Jove, Othello

guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful

breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's

arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits

And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODER-

IGO, and Attendants.

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio,

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I

ought

But that he's well and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you com-

pany?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and

skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[*Within* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gen. They give their greeting to the

citadel;

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit gentlemen.*

Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]

Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy

100

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of

her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures

out of doors.

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchen,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives

in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if

thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't:

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to

the harbor?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my inven-

tion

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from

frize;

It plucks out brains and all; but my Muse

labors,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black

and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a

wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was

fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make

fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable

praise hast thou for her that's foul and fool-

ish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-

unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones

do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the

worst best. But what praise couldst thou

bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that,

in the authority of her merit, did justly put on

the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never

proud.

Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,

Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'

She that being anger'd, her revenge being

nigh,

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what? 160

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were elyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas Olympus-high and duck again as low 190
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.* 200
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffers: 210
Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*
Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.
Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforsed position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and

foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or taunting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in cholour, and haply may strike at you; provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity. 290

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her
too; 300

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; & the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-
wards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 310
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to
do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward
me.

For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet 319
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outspout discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [*To Desdemona*]

Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.
Good night. 11

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 21

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could

well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you. 39

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, 51

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress's dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits, That hold their honors in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle, Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 60 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle.—But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen; servants following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! 70

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink; And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. 81

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. 90

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 100

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 131 On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 132 And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside to her*] How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second With one of an ingrat infirmity:

It were an honest action to say So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark ! what
noise ?

[*Cry within* : 'Help ! help !']

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty ! 151

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

Mon. [Striking Roderigo.]
Nay, good lieutenant ;

[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [They fight.]

Iago. [Aside to Roderigo] Away, I say ; go
out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen ;—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch indeed !

Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !

The town will rise : God's will, lieutenant,

hold !

You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to
the death. [*Faints.*]

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Mon-
tano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you : hold, hold,
for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence
arise this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ? 171
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-
ters ?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now,
even now, 179

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Dressing them for bed ; and then, but now—

As if some planet had unwitting men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be
civil ; 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : what's the mat-
ter,

That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught 200
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way : if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ; 210
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a

birth,
Shall lose me. What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't ?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagu'd in office,
Thou 'ost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near : 220
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help :
And Cassio following him with determined
sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his elamor—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of

foot,

Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords.
And Cassio high in oath ; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust : even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report : 240
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best.

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received

From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! 250
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away
to bed. [Jeon:]

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your sur-
Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with
strife. [Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 260

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is
bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought
you had received some bodily wound; there
is more sense in that than in reputation.
Reputation is an idle and most false imposi-
tion: oft got without merit, and lost without
deserving; you have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser.
What, man! there are ways to recover the
general again: you are but now cast in his
mood, a punishment more in policy than in
malice, even so as one would beat his of-
fenceless dog to affright an imperious lion:
sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than
to deceive so good a commander with so
slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an offi-
cer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squab-
ble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian
with one's own shadow? O thou invis-
ible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be
known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but
nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing
wherefore. O God, that men should put an
enemy in their mouths to steal away their
brains! that we should, with joy, pleasure,
revel and applause, transform ourselves into
beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough:
how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness
to give place to the devil wrath; one imper-
fectness shows me another, to make me
frankly despise myself. 300

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler:
as the time, the place, and the condition of
this country stands, I could heartily wish this
had not befallen; but, since it is as it is,
mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again;
he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as
many mouths as Hydra, such an answer
would stop them all. To be now a sensible
man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!
O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed
and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good
familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim
no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I
think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk
at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall
do. Our general's wife is now the general: I
may say so in this respect, for that he hath
devoted and given up himself to the contem-
plation, mark, and denotement of her parts
and graces: confess yourself freely to her;
importance her help to put you in your place
again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so
blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in
her goodness not to do more than she is re-
quested: this broken joint between you and
her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my
fortunes against any lay worth naming, this
crack of your love shall grow stronger than it
was before. 331

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and
honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and sometimes in the
morning I will beseech the virtuous Desde-
mona to undertake for me: I am desperate of
my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night,
lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play
the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor—were't to renounce his
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350
His soul is so infetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she
list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a
villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 360

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo !

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like
a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the
cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been
to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and I
think the issue will be, I shall have so much
experience for my pains, and so, with no
money at all and a little more wit, return
again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not pa-
tience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft ;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd

Cassio ; 381
Though other things grow fair against the
sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe ;
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis
morning ;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem
short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted ;
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more here-
after ;

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two
things are to be done ;

My wife must move for Cassio to her mis-
tress ;

I'll set her on ; 390

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio
find

Soliciting his wife : ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here ; I will content
your pains ;
Something that's brief ; and bid ' Good morn-
row, general.' [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments
been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose
thus ?

First Mus. How, sir, how !

Clow. Are these, I pray you, wind-instru-
ments ?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clow. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ? 9

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instru-
ment that I know. But, masters, here's
money for you ; and the general so likes
your music, that he desires you, for love's
sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clow. If you have any music that may not
be heard, to't again ; but, as they say, to
hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your pipes in your bag,
for I'll away ; go ; vanish into air ; away ! 21

[*Exit Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clow. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I
hear you.

Cas. Prithce, keep up thy quillets. There's
a poor piece of gold for thee ; if the gentle-
woman that attends the general's wife be
stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats
her a little favor of speech ; wilt thou do this ?

Clow. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir
hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife ; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
ness

May be more free. 41

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*]
I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I
am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be
well.

The general and his wife are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly ; the Moor
replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome
wisdom

He might not but refuse you ; but he protests
he loves you 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And by him do my duties to the senate ;
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we
see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will
do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do : I warrant it
grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not
doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't ; I thank you. You do love
my lord : 10

You have known him long ; and be you well
assured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,

That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia
here

I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it 21

To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of pa-

tience ;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a
shrift ;

I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit : therefore be merry, Cas-
sio ;

For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now : I am very ill at
case,

Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not
what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my
wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot
think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40

Des. How now, my lord !

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good
my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;

For if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face : 50

I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some
other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night ; or Tues-
day morn ; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday
morn :

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-

amples .

Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he
come ?

Tell me, Othello : I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I should deny.

Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael
Cassio, 70

That came a wooing with you, and so many a
time,

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,

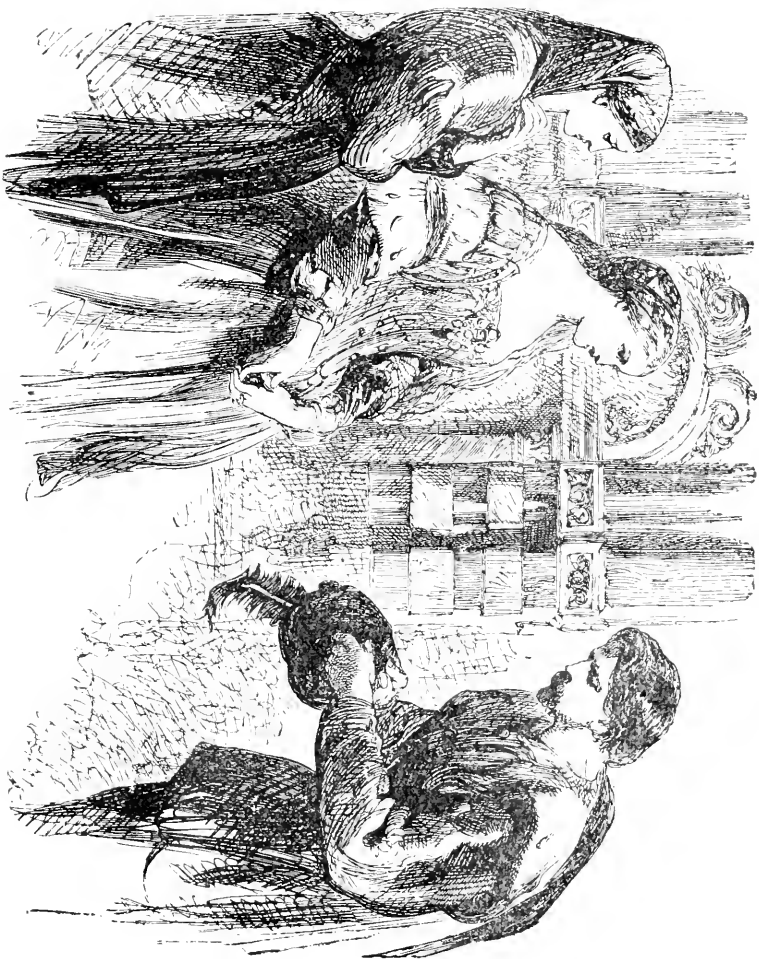
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

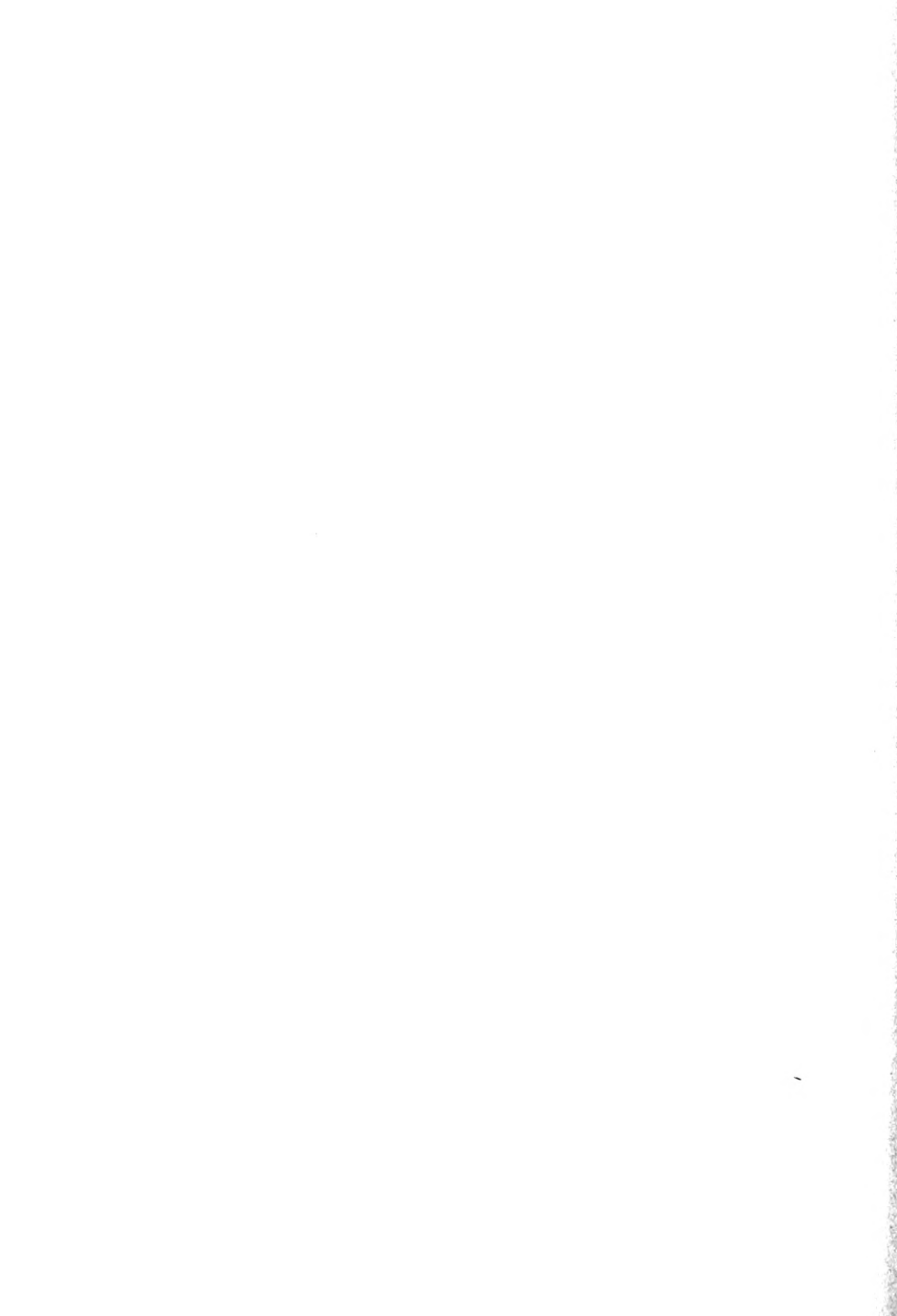
Oth. Prithee, no more : let him come when
he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,



CASSIO AND DESDEMONA.



Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm.

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, 87
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you ;

Whatever you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought : No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ! 101

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed : discern'st thou aught in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Oth. Think my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say even now, thou liked'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ? 110

And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst

'Indeed !' [*together,*]

And didst contract and purse thy brow to-
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost ;

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath.

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more : 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this : 130
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile

and false ;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so

pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago, [his ear]

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom
yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a

trouble 150

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear

my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis some-
thing, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands ;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your

hand ;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on ; that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly
loves ! 170

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich
enough,

But riches fineness is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why, why is this ?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in
doubt

Is once to be resolved ; exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
[pany,
mits tree of speech, sings, plays and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous ;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy !

Iago. I am glad it is ; for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit ; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with
Cassio ;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure ;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused ; look to't : 200
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands ; their best
conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you ;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a
seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—210
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much
to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're
moved :

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion. 220

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved :
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you
to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it-
self,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : as—to be bold
with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches 229
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Where'to we see in all things nature tends—
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear
Her will, receding to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago.

Iago. [Going] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest crea-
ture doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he
unfolds.

Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might
entreat your honor

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time ;
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ; 251
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her hag-
gard, 260
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To pray at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

She's gone. I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a
toad,

And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
ones;

Prerogative are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill
away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

*[He puts the handkerchief from him; and
it drops.]*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wood'd me to steal it; but she so loves the
token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common
thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give
me now

For the same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negli-
gence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you
have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. *[Snatching it.]* Why, what's that to
you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port,

Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledg'd on 't; I have use
for it.

Go, leave me.

[Exit Emilia.] 320

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.

The Moor already chafes with my poison:

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poi-
sons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:

Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me
on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours
of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: 341

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plume'd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dead clamors counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof: 360
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath !

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture
me,

Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ; 370
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amazed ;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !

Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?
God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched
fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay ; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just and think thou art
not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied ! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas-
sion :

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may ; but, how ? how satisfied,
my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—
Behold her topp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ? 401
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as mon-
keys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office : 410

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;' 420
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry ' O sweet creature !' and then kiss me
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd ; and
then

Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the
Moor !'

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone con-
clusion :

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs 430

That do demonstrate thine.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see noth-
ing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a hand-
kerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 440
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand
lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content. 450

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble
love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble
heaven, 460

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.
[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning lights
above,

You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*]

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your
request :

But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart : I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before the castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies ?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clow. He's a soldier, and for one to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to : where lodges he ?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ? 10

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for
me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or
he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report ?

Clow. I will catechize the world for him ;
that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell
him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and
hope all will be well. 20

Clow. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit : and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handker-
chief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of crusadoes ; and, but my noble Moor
is true of mind and made of no such base-
ness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?
Des. Who, he ? I think the sun where he
was born 30

Drew all such humors from him

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady [*Aside*] O, hard-
ness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord

Oth. Give me your hand : this hand is
moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues truthfulness and liberal
heart : This equities

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours re-
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise of void : 41
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That coun only rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one
Des. You may, indeed, say so ;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave
hands

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now,
your promise.

Oth. What promise, dear ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you, 50

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum o' my
me :

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while
she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies ; she, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me
wife,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of
it ;

•

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't
well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never
seen 't !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and
rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out
of the way ? 80

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Oth. How !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit :

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief : my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come ; 90
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away !

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before. 100
Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-
chief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a
man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but
food ;

To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my
husband !

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must
do 't :

And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.
How now, good Cassio ! what 's the
news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech
you 110

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honor : I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content, 120
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's aims.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio !

My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know
him.

Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech ! you must awhile be
patient :

What I can do I will ; and more I will 130
Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the
caimon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother :—and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then : I will go meet
him :

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something, sure, of state, 140

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit : and in such
cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even
so ;

For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that
sense

Of pain : nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances

As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, 151

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as
you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy

Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd
so ;

They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a mon-
ster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from
Othello's mind !

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here-
about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170
'Faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd:

But I shall, in a more continueate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this hour out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this? 180

This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied: 190
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring
you;

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon. 200

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-
stanced. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean
harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.— 10

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,
being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honor is an essence that's not
seen:

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory, 20
As doth the raven o'er the infected house.

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too:
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assured, 30

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie

on her, when they belie her. Lie with her!

that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—

handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for

his labor;—first, to be hanged, and then to

confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not

invest herself in such shadowing passion with-

out some instruction. It is not words that

shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips,

—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O

devil! [*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools

are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my

lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter? 50

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy :
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, no, forbear ;

The lethargy must have his quiet course :
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight : when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. 59

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,

And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you : there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those improper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is
better. 70

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know ;
And knowing what I am, I know what she
shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your
grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'sense upon your ecstasy, 80
Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;
The which he promised. Do but enave your-
self,

[*scorns,*]

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? 90
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio ; as 'tis the strumpet's
plague

To beguile many and be beguiled by one :
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain 99
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light be-
havior,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-
tenant?

Cas. The worsor that you give me the ad-
dition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are
sure on't.

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in
Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! 110
Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs
it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er : go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry
her :

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 120
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you
triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what? a customer! Pri-
thee, bear some charity to my wit : do not
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so : they laugh that win.
Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall
marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. 130
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out :
she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the
story.

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts
me in every place. I was the other day talk-
ing on the sea-bank with certain Venetians ;
and thither comes the bawle, and, by this hand,
she falls me thus about my neck— 140

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were.
his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon
me ; so hales, and pulls me : ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to
my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but
not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me I look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a
perfumed one. 151

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you
What did you mean by that same handker-

chief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some mix'n's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't. 161

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now! [Kerchief]

Oth. By heaven, that should be my hand-

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else. 171

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithce, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.]

Oth. [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 181

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live; no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is; so delicate with her needle; an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:— 201

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain; but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night,

Iago

219

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [Opens the letter, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [Reads] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—' 240

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his command.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,— 250

Oth. [Striking her] Devil!

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:

Make her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260
Oth. Mistress !
Des. My lord ?
Oth. What would you with her, sir ?
Lod. Who, I, my lord ?
Oth. Ay ; you did wish that I would make
her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient.
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-
sion !—

I am commanded home. Get you away :
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the man-
date, 270
And will return to Venice. Hence, avant !
[*Exit Desdemona.*]
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-
night,

I do entreat that we may sup together :
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys ! [*Exit.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate
Call all in all sufficient ? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much changed,
Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of
brain ? 280

Iago. He's that he is : I may not breathe
my censure

What he might be : if what he might he is
not,

I would to heaven he were !
Lod. What, strike his wife !

Iago. Faith, that was not so well ; yet
would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst !
Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !
It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
serve him,

And his own courses will denote him so 290
That I may save my speech : do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did sus-
pect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she
together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between
them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?
Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?
Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
nor nothing ?

Emil. Never, my lord. 10
Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake : if you think
other,

Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy ; the purest of their
wives

Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither : go.

[*Exit Emilia.*]
She says enough ; yet she's a simple bawd 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
whore,

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen
her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?
Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this ?
Oth. [To *Emilia*] Some of your function,
mistress ;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery : nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Emilia.* 30

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your
speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?
Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils
themselves

Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double
damn'd :

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false
as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ?
how am I false ? 40

Oth. O Desdemona ! away ! away ! away !
Des. Alas the heavy day ! Why do you
weep ?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?



DESDERONA. "Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?"

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost
him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction ; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare
head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me
† A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at !

Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well ;
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence ! 60
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cheru-
bin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me
honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou
weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-
mitted ? 70

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book, [mitted !

Made to write ' where ' upon ? What com-
mitted ! O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon
winks.

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed ! 80
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are you not a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then :

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [Raising his voice.]

You, mistress, 90

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell !

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for
your pains :

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.
[Exit.]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive ?

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good
lady ?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter
with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me,
Emilia ;

I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithce, to-
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets : remem-
ber ;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed ! [Exit.]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very
meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might
stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ?
How is't with you ? 110

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :

He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored
her.

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon
her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I
was.

Emil. He call'd her whore : a beggar in his
drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the
day !

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,

To be call'd whore ? would it not make one
weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,

130

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devised this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man : it is im-

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

[Knave.

The Moor's abused by some most villainous
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

140

O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door,

Emil. O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,

150

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

D-lighted them in any other form ;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly.

Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

160

But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore' :

It does abhor me now I speak the word ;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humor :

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !

The messengers of Venice stay the meat ;

170

Go in, and how not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO,

How now, Roderigo !

Rod. I do not find that thou dearest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all convenience than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With no light but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have laid from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well ; nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant to build or thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo ; thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valor, this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident : wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do ?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me : 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?
O,—Desdemona.—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith ; dismiss your attendant there : look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. 10

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent :

He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding : therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu : We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him !

Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds !

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara : She was in love, and he she loved proved mad And did forsake her : she had a song of 'willow ;'

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it ; that song to-night

Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 46

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow :

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones :—

Lay by these :—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Prithee, lie thee ; he'll come anon :— 50

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him ; his scorn I approve.— Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is't that knocks ?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.— [itch]

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men ! 60

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ; I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. The world's a huge thing : it is a great price

For a small vice,

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 70

Emil. In troth, I think I should : and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world. 79

Emil. Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world : and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90
Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite ;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them : they see
and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
I think it is : and doth affection breed it ?

I think it doth : is't frailty that thus errs ? 100
It is so too : and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?
Then let them use us well : else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night : heaven me
such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight
will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home :
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy
elbow :

It makes us, or it mars us : think on that,
And yet be most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand : be bold, and take
thy stand. [*Retires.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword ; he
dies. 10

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost
to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much
peril : 21
No, he must die. But so : I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou
diest ! [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st :
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*]

Rod. O, I am slain !

[*Iago, from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exi-*
Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho !
murder ! murder ! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. The voice of Cassio : Iago keeps his
word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

Oth. 'Tis he :—O brave Iago, honest and
just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's
wrong !

Thou teachest me. Mimion, your dear lies
dead,

And your unblest fate hies ; strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes,
are blotted :

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood
be spotted. [*Exit.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ?
murder ! murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help !

Lod. Hark ! 40

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groan : it is a heavy
night :

These may be counterfeits : let's think't un-
safe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to
death.

Lod. Hark !

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with
light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this
that cries on murder ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ! for heaven's sake, help
us !

Iago. What's the matter ? 50
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed ; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?
Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !
 Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, and cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains !
 What are you there ? come in, and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]
Rod. O, help me here ! 60
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !
 [*Stabs Roderigo.*]
Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !
Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody thieves ?—
 How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !—
 What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico ?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio ! 70
Iago. How is't, brother !
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !
 Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cried ?
Iago. Who is't that cried !
Bian. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !
 O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !
Iago. O notable strumpet ! Cassio, may you suspect
 Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?
Cas. No. 80
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus : I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So, O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence !
Bian. Alas, he faints ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.
 Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come ; Lend me a light. Know we this face or no ?
 Alas my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo ! no ;—yes, sure ;—O heaven ! Roderigo. 90
Gra. What, of Venice ?
Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?
Gra. Know him ! a ?
Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio ? O, a chair, a chair !
Gra. Roderigo !
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*]
 O, that's well said ; the chair.
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence ; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*]
 For you, mistress. 100
 Save you your labor. He that lies slain here, Cassio, [you ?
 Was my dear friend : what malice was between
Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale ? O, bear him out o' the air.
 [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]
 Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress ?
 Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
 Behold her well : I pray you, look upon her :
 Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak.
 Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ? what's the matter, husband ?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
 By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped :
 He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithée, Emilia,
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
 [*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that ?
Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me. 120
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !
Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
 As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
 Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
 Emilia, run you to the citadel,
 And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.
 Will you go on ? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night
 That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle : DEMONIA in bed asleep ; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore, 9
 Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excellèd nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have
 pluck'd the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[Kissing her.

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one
 more,

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
 thee,

And love thee after. One more, and this the
 last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav-
 enly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by
 that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
 by: 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill
 me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal
 then

When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I
 know not.

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I
 fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for
 loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved
 and gave thee
 Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, 50
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-
 bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong concep-
 tion

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven 60
 As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief
 in's hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my
 heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
 I never gave it him: send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay. 70

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O! my fear interprets: what, is he
 dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
 revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him
 to my face? [not!]

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-
 night! 80

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.
 [He stifles her.]

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what,
 ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not
 yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain:

So, so.

Emil. [Within] What, ho! my lord, my
 lord!

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 90

Oth. Yes : 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—

The noise was here. Ha ! no more moving ? Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? were't good ?—

I think she stirs again :—no. What's best to do ?

'Tis she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife : My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.

O, insupportable ! O heavy hour ! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you 101 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in, Emilia ; Soft ; by and by. Let me the curtains draw. Where art thou ? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now ?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done !

Oth. What, now ?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, 110

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !

And Cassio kill'd !

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ! then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Emil. Alas, what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice. 119

Help ! help, ho ! help ! O lady, speak again ! Sweet Desdemona ! O sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord : O, farewell ! [*Des.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Emil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell : 'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, 130

And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false : O, she was heavenly true ! [*Exit*]

Oth. Cassio did top her : ark thy husband, O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell.

But that I did proceed upon just grounds To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband ! 140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband !

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first. An honest man he is, and hates the name That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband !

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ? I say thy husband. 150

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love,

My husband say that she was false !

Oth. He, woman ; I say thy husband : dost understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart :

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst :

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven Than thou wast worthy her. 161

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt ! As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murder ! murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? How now, general !

Emil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

Gra. What is the matter ?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :

He says thou told'st him that his wife was

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain :

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ; 180

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio !—did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak :

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters : it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villany, villany, villany ! 190

I think upon't, I think : I smell't ; O villany !—I thought so then : — I'll kill myself for grief :—

O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O ! [*He falls on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul ! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle : there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet *Iago* knows 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand :

It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out : I peace !

No, I will speak as liberal as the north : 220
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*]

Gra. Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by accident and did give my husband ;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,

More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emil. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it. 230

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Fiith, thou liest !

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool

Do with so good a woman ?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villian !

[*He runs at Iago : Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exits.*]

Gra. The woman falls ; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villian. Take you this weapon.

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass, 241

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villian,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :

But why should honor outlive honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow,—

Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true : 250
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber ;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper :—

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, ~~it~~ will cost thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gr. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain 260

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop : but, O vain
boast !

Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now,
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;
Man but a rash against Othello's breast, 270

And he retires. Where should Othello go ?
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd
wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl !

Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave !
Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ! 281

Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was Othello ; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

Lod. O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
An honorable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy ;

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil 301

Why he hath thus ensur'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Gr. Torments will open your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n.

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here another : the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook 311

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathensh and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;

But that belike Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catiff !

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber : 320

And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came

That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us : 330

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose
 hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose sub-
 dued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350

Their medicinal gum Set you down this ;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog

And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way
 but this ;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Falls on the bed, and dies.]

Cus. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon ; 360

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [To Iago] O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord gover-
 nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture : O, enforce
 it !

Myself will straight aboard : and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. 371

[Exeunt.]



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